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WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE FOURTH VOLUME *containing the conclusion of*
MISCELLANY POEMS ¶ MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS ¶ HERO AND LEANDER
¶ POSTHUMOUS WORKS

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MISCELLANY
POEMS
Concluded

MISCELLANY POEMS

(CONCLUDED)

The World Unmask'd. *A* SATYR: *Againſt all Vain Pretenders, their Hypocriſie, Affectation, and Vanity; which generally make Men diſappoint their own Ends, by their own Deſires.*

VAIN Men ſeek but Appearances to ſave,
Not Credit ſo much to deſerve, as have;
The leſs their Worth is, or their Virtue's Store,
Their Affectation of 'em is the more;
So Bullies prove, for Bragging moſt, leſs ſtout,
Hypocrites leaſt Saints, ſeeming moſt devout;
Falſe Courtiers leaſt Friends, by moſt Courteſie,
Lovers leſs true, for open Vanity,
And great Profeſſions, which true Faith belie;
Both Men and Women, who moſt ſtrict appear,
Are given on their Honour moſt to Swear,
Diſſemblers, or Faith-breakers ſooneſt are;
But the more real is their Truth or Paſſion,
The leſs of either is their Affectation;
Since great Profeſſions greater Falſhood prove,
And give that Diffidence, they wou'd remove;
For Men who conſcious of moſt Falſhood are,
To the leaſt Truths, are given moſt, to Swear;
Whoſe Words, or Oaths unask'd, unqueſtion'd too,
(By which, they more Sincerity wou'd ſhow,)
Are rather Vouchers of their Falſity,
And for their Truth againſt it, teſtifie;
Who being conſcious of their little Troth,
Muſt to their Word give Credit, by their Oath;
So, whilſt they'd clear Suſpicion, give more Doubt,
Of Truth, which needs an Oath, to make it out;
Whilſt True Men, who ſtand moſt upon their Troth,
Diſparage leaſt their True Faith by their Oath;
But Lyars moſt incredulous appear,
Of others Faith, as theirs is leſs ſincere;

Others, from their own Falſeneſs, moſt ſuſpect,
Whoſe Words, as more, prove leſs ſtill in effect;
Thus, out of Int'reſt, Cuſtom, Vanity,
Moſt Men profeſſing moſt Truth, moſt will lie,
Whoſe Oaths, their Words, Aſſertions moſt deny;
Have, know, think leaſt, of what they talk of moſt,
Vain, empty Gameſters of ſmall Winnings boaſt,
The Cunning brag of more than they have loſt;
Prodigals, boaſting much their laviſh'd Store,
But prove their Senſe leſs, as their Loſſes more;
Miſers their Gains, on t'other ſide, belie,
And, for their Credit, will their Wealth deny,
Glory more in Affected Poverty;
Which by their Avarice, is truly ſuch,
Of Wealth have but too little, as too much,
Which as more, they more, to their own Uſe grutch;
The Cully for a crafty Knave wou'd paſs,
The true Cheat for a Bubble, and an Aſs,
Better to bring his Knaviſh Ends about;
The Cowards brag moſt, but becauſe leaſt ſtout,
Talks moſt, and moſt big, to be leaſt found out;
The ſilent Braves, who no Fleſh dare to fear,
To Brag, or Lie, for Life nor Honour dare;
Vain Fools, more to their Shame, ſet up for Praiſe,
Old Fumblers for brisk Whore-maſters wou'd paſs,
Boaſt their Abilities, to their Diſgrace;
Young Luſty Whore-maſters, for Fumblers too,
And Impotent, with Men will often go,
But with their Women to have more to do;
Exacteſt Beauties affect Careleſneſs,
Nature's neglected, as their Beauty's leſs,
Affect ſtill more Exactneſs in their Dreſs;
Each Strict Dame in her Carr'age is more free,
The Looſe in hers, ſeems more conſtrain'd to be:
More to be with her Friend, in private, looſe,
Abroad, reſervedneſs, to 'ſcape Scandal ſhows,
Fools, but to ſtop our Ears, their Silence break,
The True Wit's dumb, whom we wou'd court, to ſpeak;
As the good Voices, and beſt Singers are,
More giv'n to hold their Tongues, whom we wou'd hear,
Mouths we wou'd ſtop, from ſinging can't forbear;
The Single Man, moſt fain wou'd Marry'd be,
The Marry'd Man, more fain from Marr'age Free;

The Free Young Maid, a Marry'd Life wou'd chuſe,
Ty'd to one Man, to be with all more looſe;
Travellers gain Reſt, but by coming Home,
Men at Home none, till that Abroad they come;
Thus is Love of Variety, Man's Curſe,
Which us to ſuch a Love of Change does force,
Rather than not change, we wou'd for the worſe;
In fine, all ſorts of Affectations ſo,
In Queſt of Praiſe, Eaſe, Shame, and Trouble, grow;
To make our vain Endeavours, loſe our Aim,
By more Pride, ſeeking more Praiſe, more our Shame,
Which Fame we merit, forfeits by our Claim;
Till our own Affectation of more Praiſe,
Makes our Pretence to Honour, our Diſgrace,
And us our Pride does, by our Height, debaſe;
Whilſt our Contempt of Fame, or Praiſe of Man,
Wou'd it ſure, from him, for us ſooner gain,
As we ſeem leſs (more Praiſe to merit) vain;
Thus Affectation, of Good Mien, or Dreſs,
In Setting off, but heightens Uglineſs,
Which, but by Careleſneſs alone, ſeems leſs;
Since Affectations give themſelves the Lie,
Whilſt Truth is ſeen, thro' its Simplicity;
Our Self-Denials then, our Praiſes are,
Since Virtues beſt, by hiding them, appear;
Then he who wou'd get, and deſerve Eſteem,
Not Wiſer, Juſter, than he is, muſt ſeem,
Since Affectation does itſelf condem',
And all Vain, Self-Juſtification, does
Praiſe, elſe its Due, Pretending to it, loſe;
Provoking Envious Men to Calumny,
Who Contradiction love, Truth, Praiſe, deny,
To Vain Men, but from their own Vanity;
Yet to the Meritorious, Praiſe, or Fame,
Refuſe not, (if their Right) till 'tis their Claim,
Feign'd Virtues, more than own'd Crimes, are our Shame,
And Vain Pretenders, will but more expoſe;
No Man's ſo Faulty, ſo Ridiculous,
For Faults, or Follies he has, and avows;
Or, for Bad Qualities, which he does own,
As Good Ones, he pretends to, having none;
Which, tho' he had his Vain Pretence to them,
Wou'd loſe him, what he ſought for, Men's Eſteem.

A SONG *to* Lucinda: *Upon the News of Her Returning to Town in* Winter; *and, Her Enquiry by Letter*, How Things went in Town, ſince Her Departure.

I.

THE Town is, like the Seaſon, ſad,
Since you, and your Bright Brother Sun,
Are at ſuch Diſtance, with us, made,
We Chill'd, for want of Heat, are grown;
So, Nought but your Return ſure, to us can,
Reſtore our Senſe, and make us Live again;

II.

Our Winter's now ſeverer grown,
Taking you from us out of Sight,
Than taking from our Eyes the Sun,
Leſs Chearful to us, and leſs Bright;
Your Coldneſs, Diſtance, ſhortens more our Days,
Than our Miſs of the Sun's Reviving Rays;

III.

Rather than Freeze ſtill, we wou'd Burn,
Rather than we wou'd undergo
Your Abſence, wou'd have you Return,
T'enflame us, as you us'd to do;
Since it, in you, more Mercy wou'd appear,
To Kill with Love, than Save with Cold Deſpair;

IV.

We, like our Days, o'er-clouded are,
Now you, ſo far, are from us gone;
Our Short Days are, more tedious far,
By loſing your Eyes, than the Sun;
Return then to us, your Eyes Brighter Rays,
You, tho' in Winter, will prolong our Days.

To Play the Fool in General, is to be Wiſe in Particular: To a Conceited Fop, *who pretended to be more Wiſe, as more Singular.*

SINCE but by Cuſtom, not by Reaſon, all
Is done, which Juſt, Wiſe, Reaſ'nable, we call,
Then Practice, Pow'r, not Juſtice, or True Senſe,
Our Actions, Notions, Lives, muſt influence;
Since New Conceits, Old Practices explode,
Knowledge itſelf, muſt be then Alamode;
Experience muſt for Antic Nonſenſe go,
And Novelty the True Wit's Study grow,
Who, but his Parts, and Reaſon, beſt to ſhow,
Try'd Truths for New Conjectures, muſt forſake,
Muſt Truth from Fancy, not Experience take,
From his Senſe, not Example, Act, Think, Speak;
As Thoughts, Tongues, Stiles, change with their Ages, ſo
Muſt Reaſon, Fancy, Wit, and Judgment too;
Since, by the Major Vote, not Greater Senſe,
By Reaſon not, or Good Intelligence;
But Bought Experience, all Things here, muſt paſs,
The Wit, who ſcorns Examples, proves an Aſs;
For, ſince Dull Cuſtom is too hard for Wit,
He ſhows moſt Senſe, who leaſt depends on it;
So none now, Fops for Want of Senſe appear,
Made, as moſt of their Fellow-Creatures are;
The Wits, moſt Fools are, as moſt Singular,
Who, to their Senſe, againſt the World's, adhere;
Since Men, by Numbers, not by Reaſon vote,
They muſt tell Noſes, not Examples quote;
By Reaſon, not determine what is what,
By Rules diſpute, Form'd Arguments debate,
But thinks, he thinks beſt, who the moſt does Prate;
Who Talks not the moſt Reaſon, but moſt Loud,
Since moſt Noiſe, not moſt Senſe 'tis, leads the Crowd;
So he, who truly has more Senſe or Wit,
(Since it makes Foes) is ſhie of ſhowing it;
Who not, like Wits, the Populace defies,
But to be Popular, with it complies,
So, making one of many Fools, is Wiſe;

And proves to Knaves, or Fools, but more his Senſe,
As leſs he ſhows it, to give more Offence,
By which, Good Senſe wou'd prove Impertinence;
To make his Foes more, than they were before,
Friends Truſt him leſs, but as his Wit is more;
More Folly, but by more Wit, ſo to ſhow,
Since for moſt Fools, the moſt Wiſe ought to go,
When they have moſt mind to make others ſo;
As Rooks at Play, conceal their Art, or Skill,
Their Ends, beſt on their Cullies, to fulfil.

A SONG. *To an* Antiquated Miſtreſs, *accuſed by Her of Falſeneſs, and not being the ſame Man He was once to Her; but call'd a* Renegade *to Love and Beauty.*

I.

ME ne'r for being fickle, blame,
Since thou but alter'd art, not I;
Who, true to Love and Beauty am,
Thy Change makes my Inconſtancy;
Who, ſince not now the ſame to me,
Mak'ſt me now not the ſame to thee;

II.

Becauſe to Beauty I am true,
When that left thee, I left thee too,
I paid thee my Love, when thy Due;
But ſince it does another's grow,
Who now ſeems Fair, as once you were,
I'm true ſo, to thy Charms, in her;

III.

Since Beauty's Due, Love is alone,
He Faithful is, that follows it;
When in a Miſtreſs it is gone,
'Tis juſt its Lover her ſhou'd quit;
For he to Love does juſteſt prove,
Who does moſt, the moſt Lovely love;

IV.

By the ſame Juſtice, that I was
Thy Beauty's conquer'd Slave before;
I'm more enſlav'd by that New Face,
Whoſe Charms both me, nay thine o'erpow'r,
Muſt not your Subjects Vaſſals grow,
To her, who triumphs over you?

V.

Ceaſe then, to call me Renegade,
Since thou, ſure 'tis, art chang'd, not I;
I have the Paſſion ſtill I had,
For Beauty, love Variety;
Others I left, to come to you,
For others, juſtly leave you now;

VI.

Then as the Fire is ſtill the ſame,
Altho' new Fuel keeps it in,
So ſtill the ſame, has my Love's Flame,
Through all its Change of Paſſions been;
Since Love, Variety does love,
To Love, in Change, I Conſtant prove;

VII.

For Truth to one Old Miſtreſs, were,
To the whole Sex more falſe to grow;
And Faith to one Particular,
But Wrong to all the reſt wou'd do;
The Dues of all, to pay to one,
Were moſt Injuſtice cou'd be done;

VIII.

Since Man's Heart is by Nature Free,
And Common, it, like Commons, n'er,
For any private Right ſhou'd be
Incloſ'd by one Particular;
Since all we call Peculiar Love,
But Wrong does to the Public prove;

IX.

You might as well, a laſting Fire
  Expect, where all the Fuel's gone;
As think Love's Flames ſhou'd not expire,
  Where, they have nothing to feed on:
Love's fierce Flames are, like others ſo,
But with freſh Fuel kept in too;

X.

You, with my Fellow-Servants, might,
  As well as much enrag'd have been,
For letting out the Fire, or Light,
  Allowing nought, to keep 'em in;
For my Change, but thy Changing blame,
'Tis you, not I, ſeem not the ſame.

Upon a LADY'S *Fine* Back-Side, *it being Her Beſt Side; ſeen by chance, and given for a Subject to Write upon.*

LET Fools praiſe Faces, cry to Breeches fie,
Mine Arſe on each Affected Face, I cry;
Who will mine Arſe, that is, my Miſtreſs's,
Expoſe, to make its Credit more, not leſs;
Will her mine Arſe, with my Love, and its Praiſe,
Raiſe in Eſteem above the fineſt Face;
Which does, with Love to her, my Fancy raiſe;
To which her fair Face me had n'er inclin'd,
Before I ſaw her beautiful behind;
Of whoſe Mien, worſe I do not think a whit,
For having neither Eyes or Noſe to it;
The Want of which, in any other Face,
Wou'd a Maid's Fame or Beauty, more Diſgrace;
The Want of which, I think, mine Arſe's Praiſe;
For what ſerve all fine Features, Noſe, Lip, Eye?
But to make Faces look affectedly;
By which, as they more Lovers think to make,
Them leſs, they by more Affectation take;
By their Good Features Multiplicity,
Which but as more, look more affectedly;
Heightning their Pride, which them but more diſgraces,

By mending their Good Looks, ſpoils their Good Faces;
Who ſurely, by their having but too many
Good Features, ne'r leave till that they leave any;
By Affectation ſtill to make 'em more,
Make 'em leſs taking, than they were before;
Much Art, is Nature's worſt Diſparagement,
That Credit, which it aims at, to prevent;
Beauty does Wants imply, requiring Aid,
Deformity, by Affectation's made,
And Beauty, by Repairs, ſeems moſt decay'd;
Then, what! ſerve each Fine Feature, Lip, or Eye,
Which Graces, 'ſpight of Nature, multiply?
But, to make Good Looks look Affectedly,
Or proudly, to make Womens Good Looks prove,
Of Invitations, but the Checks to Love;
Thus, us, to love them, greateſt Beauties move
Leſs, by their Good Looks, Multiplicity,
Which Pride and Affectations multiply,
To make the Beſt Looks, look moſt Uglily;
For when, with more Art, Women more wou'd pleaſe,
And take us more, they ſatisfie us leſs;
With Artful Looks, and Motions, too conſtrain'd,
Make our Love, they wou'd move more, at a ſtand;
But the Dear Bum is grateful to our Love,
Whether it, for us, does lie ſtill, or move;
Has not an Eye to Languiſh, Lip to Pout,
To Toſs up, or take Snuff at us, a Snout;
Or Mouth, or Cheek, with borrow'd Teeth, or Red,
Without a Word ſaid, Kiſſing to forbid;
No Motions has, which Men Affected call,
Hers to beget Love, ſtill are Natural;
She, but her Modeſty, the more to ſhow,
Still hides her ſelf, as the beſt Beauties do;
Whence ſhe, not like Mask'd Beauties, is by Men,
For hiding ſo her ſelf, thought moſt Unclean,
But more deſir'd, for hiding, to be ſeen;
Whence, like a Bold Friend, ſtill to Beauty, I
Make of it now here, a Diſcovery;
As when, by Force, Men, to no Maid's Diſgrace,
Pull off the Vizard, from the Beauteous Face;
So that I wou'd, my Miſtreſs's Back-Side
Have ſhown, not to its Shame, but to its Pride,
To have its Fame not blam'd, but juſtify'd;

For ſuch, its Modeſty has always been,
That it before, by Man, was never ſeen;
Or ever, with its Good Will, took a Touch,
From Bold Man, but what ſhe did to him grutch;
Was, in its Looks and Actions, Spotleſs ſo,
Hard, White, and Cold as Preſs'd, or Driven Snow;
Whoſe conſtant Silence ſpoke its Modeſty,
In being never heard in Company;
Thus it, but like a Baſhful Lover too,
Does its Good Breeding, by its Silence, ſhow,
At leaſt its Modeſty, by ſpeaking Low;
Its Bold Speech ſtill endeavouring, to reſtrain,
Tho', that its Silence does, as to the Vain,
O'th' Modeſt Female Sex, become its Pain;
Whoſe Silence does, Reſpect to Lovers prove,
Since them, its Speech wou'd from it, more remove;
For as Loud Winds, wou'd down Stiff Pine-Trees blow,
Which the more Gentle, more aſſiſt to grow;
So will a Fart (ſaving to you Reſpect)
Blow down that, which a Sigh made more Erect;
But for its Credit, which it kept with Men,
This Beauty was as ſeldom heard, as ſeen;
Whoſe Owner's Fall (ſince it was on her Face)
Showing her Back-Side, was not her Diſgrace;
But, to her Honour was, ſince to her Praiſe,
Whoſe Fall did her more, in Men's Value, raiſe;
Since my Love's made ſo Modeſt by't (I find)
Tho' 'twas before, to go before inclin'd,
It now wou'd be more Proud, to come behind;
Such was the Dear, Plump, Fair Thing, that the Sight,
That it did, from me, take my Seeing quite;
Fixing my Eyes upon its Snow (I find)
Like other Snow gaz'd on, it made me Blind;
So Blind, that I, my Way to Bliſs, no more
Can find, by Groping, as I did before;
For which, this Paper muſt make my Excuſe,
Which now I Dedicate but to its Uſe,
The Beſt Breech ſcarce, the Worſt Muſe will refuſe;
Nor the moſt Coarſe Senſe, or moſt Beaſtly Wit,
Which the Worſt Poet, on Worſt Paper, writ,
When, for its Credit, it had Uſe of it;
Wherefore, that my Verſe may more uſeful be,
Dear Bum! I Dedicate it now to thee;

This Paper ſend you, to your Honour now,
Since that Uncleanneſs wou'd diſhonour you,
Wou'd leſſen you, nay my Love to you too;
Then I, your Trueſt Lover, may be ſtil'd,
Who ſend you this, to keep you undefil'd;
To ſerve you, like your Trueſt Friend, indeed,
That is, to ſerve you (Dear Bum!) at your need;
That at my need ſo, you might ſerve me too,
By your Beſt Motions, Love's Beſt Buſ'neſs do;
Who, the Support of Love's Beſt Buſ'neſs art,
For, if in Love, you did not Play your Part,
(My Dear Back-Side!) I ſhou'd not give a Fart,
For your Fore-Side, if that you did not move,
By which, thou art the Balance made of Love,
Which uſeleſs wou'd (but for thy Motion) prove;
Thus thou, Dear Bum! art thy Dame's Honour, Praiſe,
So far from being her Shame, or Diſgrace;
That, but for thee (Dear Bum!) we ſhou'd not like her,
Who, but for thee, Love's Balance, were no Striker;
Since Women, like Clocks, but for Motion too,
Not half ſo well, our Paſt-time ſure wou'd grow;
Who, like Clocks from their Motion, have their Pow'r,
To give their Keepers the more Happy Hour.

A SONG, *in praiſe of* Solitude.

I.

MOST Happy he himſelf may boaſt,
Whoſe Happineſs depends on none;
Who, for his knowing this World moſt,
Lives in it, to it, moſt unknown;
Who ſcorning to Proud Knaves, or Fools, to creep,
For Want of Pride, does Diſtance with 'em keep;

II.

Who, but the more for his Self-Love,
For others has more Charity;
His Innocence, but more to prove,
Does hide his Head moſt Hon'rably;
Who but the more, for his Wiſe Selfiſhneſs,
Of Avarice, or Vanity, has leſs;

III.

Who but much more the wiſer grows,
As of the World more ignorant;
More Self-ſufficiency he ſhows,
Shows leſs his Pride, his Fear, or Want,
Is to himſelf a God on Earth alone,
In Want of no Good, ſince in Care for none;

IV.

So Solitude, juſt Selfiſhneſs,
Does the World's Selfiſhneſs prevent;
Makes Man's Peace more, as his Fear leſs,
Him more ſafe, as more innocent;
To gain more Honour, Eaſe, for want of Pelf,
By Content, all-ſufficient to himſelf.

In Praiſe of Induſtry *and* Action, (*preferr'd to* Good Senſe, Thought, *or* Wit,) *in* Buſineſs *or* Love; *to a* Miſtreſs, *who commanded Her* Lover *to ſit ſtill, and be more Quiet, to be leſs Idle.*

IN Love, as Buſ'neſs, Induſtry (we ſee)
Will, more than Idle Wit, prevailing be;
Then he's a Fool, who does on Wit rely,
To do his Buſ'neſs the more ſpeedily,
As 'twere in ſpight of Pow'rful Induſtry;
Without which, Idle Wit were more in vain,
Since without Motion, uſeleſs were the Brain;
And Life but Circulation is alone,
Of Blood and Spirits, which if ſtopt, were gone;
Nay Heav'n and Earth, but by their Motion too,
Support themſelves, both Wonders are, and do;
The various Seaſons, but by Changing can,
Do Nature's Work, the World and Man maintain;
When Univerſal Ruine, wou'd attend
Its ſtanding ſtill, to all things put an End;
So Motion we but neceſſary find,
To the Support, as making Human Kind;

Nature's preſerv'd by that, as Man, is made,
Without which, neither Beings cou'd have had;
The World at firſt (but for its Motion) was
A Melancholy, Uſeleſs, Fallow Maſs;
In Nature's dark Womb, Seeds of all things had,
(If Motion had not quicken'd them) lain dead;
Increaſe of Life, Health, Wealth, Felicity,
(You ſee) depends on Active Induſtry;
Then why muſt only you, and I, (my Dear!)
Lie ſtill, when all things elſe in Motion are?
Why muſt not we, like other Creatures too,
Nature's chief Buſ'neſs (we were made for) do?
Since 'tis Heav'n's Will, which ſays, That Man in vain
Was made, who does not make another Man;
Why ſhou'd we then oppoſe our Maker's Will,
Stand, ſit, or lie, againſt our Nature, ſtill?
Since we our Maker, moſt ſure, muſt offend,
As we reſiſt moſt our Creation's End;
Show your Religion, Duty then, and Senſe,
In yielding to, not thwarting Providence;
Your Honour, by your Gratitude you prove,
Wou'd loſe it, if ungrateful to my Love;
Your Pleaſure then, and mine too, ſure you will,
Both for your Honour's ſake, and mine, fulfil,
And let me not (my Dear!) let you lie ſtill;
More to the Shame ſure, both of me and you,
Since Want of Motion, Want of Senſe wou'd ſhow,
In Queſtion bring your Reaſon, Spirit too;
For if you ſtill lie ſtill, then ſtill I ſhall,
With Reaſon think you have no Senſe at all;
Since Motion beſt our Life or Senſe muſt prove,
Move more, that you may move me more to Love;
Learn of your Eyes, which from their Motion too,
Seem much more bright to me, more moving grow,
Influence both our Lives and Fortunes ſo;
Pow'r over us, but by their Motion, have,
Men, like your Eyes, can both deſtroy and ſave.

The RECANTATION. *A* SONG: *To a Vain, Inſenſible* Miſtreſs, *who ſaid*, Her Beauty, as Her Heart, was Her own; *asking Her* Lover, What He thought of Her and Them.

I.

WHEN firſt I lov'd, I thought you Fair,
Whether that ſo you were, or no;
Now my Mind's chang'd, you likewiſe are,
Who, your Charms to my Fancy ow;
Your Eyes ſo ſhine, like Stars, from borrow'd Light,
Are not, from their own Native Luſtre, Bright;

II.

As the *Chameleon*, moſt Men own,
Of no peculiar Colour is,
But by Reflection has alone,
From the next thing that's near him, his;
Thy Beauty thus, is truly not in thee,
But in my Love, and does proceed from me;

III.

Your Eyes from mine, their Luſtre took;
But ſince that mine again ſee right;
Yours do not half ſo glorious look,
Nor to me ſeem (as once) ſo bright;
For, as our Eyes more open are, and clear,
Thine, but leſs bright and taking to them are;

IV.

Then why Proud, and Ungrateful too?
Shou'd that ſame Beauty make thee be;
Since that you to my Fancy ow,
Of it to me, you ſhou'd be free;
Love out of Pride then let your Eyes return,
To me they'll ceaſe to ſhine, when I to burn.

Againſt INDUSTRY: *To a* Laborious Poetaſter, *who preferr'd* Induſtry *to* Wit.

INduſtry, Wealth and Honour often gains,
The Praiſe of Wit is loſt, by taking Pains;
For our Heads Labour, as our Bodies too,
Does but more plain, the Wants of either ſhow;
So more you loſe the Credit of your Wit,
But the more Pains you take, in ſhowing it;
Since, for a Man to be ſtil'd Labourer,
In Wit, as Law, but his Diſcredit were;
He's the Beſt Wit, as the Beſt Gentleman,
Who, for his Wit, or Money, takes leaſt Pain;
For Wit, to gain Eſteem, like Beauty too,
Muſt ſeem, an Artful Negligence, to ſhow;
Muſt, for its Fame on Nature, more rely,
Than either upon Art, or Induſtry;
Since Wit, like Beauty, with Art, Pains ſet out,
Its Natural Perfection brings in Doubt;
The greateſt Grace to both, is Careleſneſs,
The more affected, either's Pow'r is leſs;
Not too much ty'd to Forms, nor yet too looſe,
Either of them, the more Surprizing grows;
So, too much Labour on Fine Fancies ſpent,
As on Fine Faces, does their Praiſe prevent;
For like a Good Face, ſo too, will Good Senſe
Seem, more Surprizing for its Negligence;
But Oſtentation loſes either's Aim,
And even makes their Merit grow their Shame,
More Pains they take for Praiſe, to get more Blame;
In fine, the Wit who too Laborious grows,
The Name of Wit, with Wits, will juſtly loſe
More, as with more Pains, he his Buſ'neſs does;
For in a Wit, Pains-taking Induſtry,
Does rather, Want of Genius more imply,
And ſhows more, Nature's Inſufficiency;
As if a Muſe, but like a Miſtreſs too,
Shou'd more, by Pains than Art, complying grow;
Fame ſhou'd be ſought, like Love then, careleſly,
Like it, beſt gain'd by Mens Indiff'rency,
As often loſt too, by their Induſtry;

For when Wit is become our Buſ'neſs too,
Like Buſ'neſs, 'twill a Wit's Diſcredit grow;
Wit ſo, like Beauty, has leſs Influence
Over the World, from Art, than Negligence;
Like Unaffected, Careleſs Beauty, gains
Moſt Praiſe for them, who take leaſt for it, Pains.

To a LADY, *with* Sleepy Eyes, *and a* Cloudy Look; *affecting to make Her* Eyes *more* Sleepy *by* Art, *than they were by* Nature.

IF ſtill you Sleep ſo, I will lay you down,
Since, but to Wake at Night, you Sleep at Noon;
Think, in your Sleep, you no Diſcredit gain,
Whatever then is done to you by Man;
So ſure, you ſeem to Sleep to us Awake,
But that, we thee to Bed may ſooner take;
You Sleep to gain Love, and your Honour keep,
Since none are Sham'd, for ought done, in their Sleep;
So, by the Twy-light of your Eyes, we ſee,
Like Maids, you wou'd moſt Kind in Twy-light be;
For you to us, half ſhut your Eyes, ſo bright,
As Ladies, who ſhut out the Window's Light,
When they, to Groping, Baſhful Friends invite;
And you, like Fowlers, by your Winking ſtill,
Make us to ſee, your Buſ'neſs is to Kill;
To Kill with Kindneſs yet, and make Fools think,
You, to Sleep with 'em, on 'em Tip the Wink;
And that but Dog-Sleep, is your Sleep awake,
But us, the Bolder in our Love to make,
And yours, a Napping, as it were, to take;
Your Eyes eclipſ'd then, by your Eye-lids ſo,
But, as the Sun eclipſ'd, more Miſchief do,
The leſs they of their Glorious Luſtre ſhow;
And as the Sun it ſelf, ſeems much more Bright,
But for the Cloud, o'er-ſhadowing its Light.

The Poor Lover *to His* Rich Miſtreſs, *about to* Marry *His* Coxcombly Rival ; *but for His making better* Preſents, *and offering* Better Settlements *to Her*.

HEav'n is not gain'd with Wealth, or Bribes, we know,
So (Divine Thing!) I nothing bid for you,
No Shining Dirt, as my Rich Rivals do;
Tho' Di'monds, Pearl, may purchaſ'd be with Gold,
Your Eyes, Teeth, at a Higher Rate I hold;
My Precious, and Ineſtimable Dear!
He who wou'd buy thy Love with Money, were
But more your Undervaluer, than I,
Who, thy Love, for thy Honour, wou'd not buy;
But beg to give nothing for it, or you
But more, how much I prize you, both to ſhow;
He, to cry down your Charms, or Wit, does ſeem,
Who, at the Rate of Gold, but Values them;
Whilſt I, much more, my Value of 'em prove,
Thinking, there's nought can purchaſe them but Love;
Is he ſo Richly Poor, he has but Gold
To bid for thee? 'Twas Fooliſh, as 'twas Bold,
To think, that thou wert to be bought, or ſold;
To put his Baſe Coin in the Scale with thee,
But Baſe, or Light, he thought thee ſure to be;
Thee, with his Coin, to think to purchaſe ſo,
As *Turks*, their She-Slaves in Love's Markets do;
Or, as in ours, we Barter for a Mare,
To make our Hackney, and our Burthens bear;
So with his Gold, he'd make a Beaſt of thee,
But mounted, at his Pleaſure, ſtill to be,
And, in his Abſence, Shackled, never Free;
Who, in Right to thy Beauty, Honour, ſhou'd
Think, there is nothing, which Injuſtice cou'd
Prove a fit Purchace for your Love, and them,
The more to ſhow, for you, and them, Eſteem;
But he, who wou'd put off your Chains of Love,
Wou'd, putting Wedlock's Bonds upon you, prove
But more your Undervaluer, than I,
By Bargain, and by Sale, thy Love to buy;
By which, he leſs Eſteem wou'd for you ſhow,

Thinking, with Gold alone, to purchaſe you;
That he by Weight of Pocket, not of Senſe,
Shou'd, to his gaining you, have juſt Pretence;
When Free Gifts of our Hearts, not Money, prove,
For you, moſt True, moſt Honourable Love;
But he who thinks his Coin your Love cou'd buy,
Is more your Undervaluer, than I;
So honours you, but to your Infamy;
Since 'tis not Love of Man, but Love of Gold,
Which we for Love Diſhonourable hold;
Not Love of Man, but Money, makes the Whore,
Not the Kind Act, but Coin 'tis purchaſ'd for;
Then I, who Bid leſs for you, prize you more;
Were Lovers Worth by Scales, Weight, Meaſure known,
Each Heavy, Rich Fool ſure wou'd weigh me down;
But you, by your more certain Meaſure go,
Your Judgment, which can never cozen you;
Againſt Light Fools Wealth, you weigh Truth and Senſe,
Without which, Wealth's an Inconvenience;
Weigh Native Worth, with High Birth, Great Eſtate,
Wou'd have your Man more Wiſe, than Fortunate,
In Merit rather, than Vain Title, Great;
The Bart'ring Fool, whom I my Rival call,
But puts thee, with his Baſe Coin, in the Scale,
Whilſt I will my beſt Value for you prove,
Pawning my Body, Life, Soul, for your Love;
All the Stores Wiſe Men with Rich Fools can vie,
My weightieſt Good of Life, my Liberty,
Whilſt thee he'd buy, but into Slavery;
Your *Indian* Fool has but bright Shells, or Duſt,
That ſhine, to make his Bargain ſure, not juſt;
Not by his Native Worth, but yours, wou'd fain
Your Love, but for his Intereſt, obtain;
Gives you Rich Bribes, to take all from you ſo,
Whilſt I'd give all I have, my ſelf to you;
I court your Love, he bribes your Avarice,
Which he, (to leſſ'ning of your Worth) implies;
Thinking, that Money cou'd your Favour buy,
To make you guilty of *Love-Simony*;
For ſince thy Love, a Thing is ſo Divine,
'Twere Sacrilege, to purchaſe it with Coin;
And in the Church to ſell thy Faith, wou'd be,
But moſt Diſparagement to it and thee;

Thy Love, that moſt Divine Thing, to prophane,
And barter in the Church, for Wicked Gain;
No Hand for Gold, in a Church-Bargain take,
The moſt Diſhonourable Truck to make;
By Marr'age thought moſt Honourable ſo,
To make your Love moſt Mercenary! grow;
Which (ſince a Thing Divine) ſure ought to be,
Like Heav'nly Bleſſings, moſt Unbrib'd and Free;
Prophanely Guilty, a God's Name! you grow,
(At once) of Sacrilege, and Av'rice too;
To your Beaſt's Bed, to go for Hire, not Love,
But your Injuſtice to my Faith you prove;
Since Beauty is, like Heav'n, the Poor Man's Right,
Which he with Faith, not Off'rings, wou'd requite;
Since the Divine Gift, to our Faith, by *Jove*,
Whence I, to gain the Bleſſing of thy Love,
(Which the Reward ſhou'd of Devotion be)
Have but my Faith and Love, for thine and thee;
Have only but my Tears, my Vows, and Pray'r,
To make my Claim to thee, Divinely Fair!
Who my ſole Goddeſs, on my True Faith, art,
Who have, to prove it, but my broken Heart;
Then let my Love-Hymns, Watching, Faſting too,
And Penance, which I for your Abſence do,
Gain here your Love, my Bliſs, my Heaven you;
Let thee my Vows to make me Happy, move,
My Faith, in thine, beſt my Devotion prove,
Both by my Conſtant Service, Fervent Love;
Which ſhou'd ſave thee, my Precious Soul, for me,
Who damn'd elſe to Deſpair of Joy muſt be;
Humility, Self-Condemnation too,
Are all, and the beſt Claims I have to you,
And to you my True Faith, Love, Duty ſhow;
Thou leaſt, like Heaven, ſhou'dſt his Portion be,
Who vainly thinks, that moſt he Merits thee;
Preſumption was the great Pretender's Fall,
Who Loſt, by his Pretence to Merit, all
That he cou'd Bleſſings, Joys, or Glory call;
But I, with Fear and Trembling, on my Knees,
With Penance, Watching, Faſting, Nakedneſs;
Like Devout Wreſtlers, thee my Paradiſe,
By Service, Zeal, and my Heart's Sacrifice,
Wou'd not by Merit crave, but Faith wou'd ſeize;

Thee, wou'd not by mean Offerings Prophane,
Thee not by my Right, but thy Grace, wou'd gain,
Since Divine Beings let none Serve in vain;
Let my Devotion then be not out-done,
But by my Rival's Offerings alone;
All he, to gain Salvation, mine prevent,
Can plead is, that he is an Innocent;
All I can ſay, for my Faith, Hopes, or Love,
May my Faith, your Election of me prove;
Let him loſe thee, as the Preſumptuous do,
Their Heav'n, becauſe he thinks he merits you;
But thee (my Heav'n on Earth, here) let me gain,
Becauſe I think none here, by Merit can.

A SONG. *To* Phillis, *the Cruel, and Proud.*

I.

PHILLIS! thy Pride, ſo general,
My Heart, in ſpight of me, has won,
Who but moſt kind art to us all,
In ſhowing Kindneſs yet to none;

II.

You make me love your Cruelty,
Which, tho' 'twill not give me your Love;
Yet, takes away my Jealouſie,
And makes your Scorn, my Comfort prove;

III.

Though I my Miſtreſs can't enjoy,
No Rival need I yet to fear,
I'd rather have thee to me coy,
Than with Mankind, thy Kindneſs ſhare;

IV.

I am, in Love, a Miſer ſo,
Am pleaſ'd, to think you mine alone;
Nay, tho' to have no Uſe of you,
Only, that others may have none;

V.

Let then thy Scorn be general,
Rather than let thy Love be ſo;
I'd rather have no Love at all,
Than Jealouſie I'd undergo;

VI.

Tho' Hereſie in Love, it is,
As likewiſe in Religion too;
I'd rather quit the Hopes of Bliſs,
Than Pain, in Hopes of Joy, to know;

VII.

Annihilation in your Heart,
I rather wou'd have undergone,
Than in Love's Flames, Deſpair, and Smart,
For Bliſs, no ſooner known than done.

In Praiſe of LAZINESS.

O God-like State! thou Heav'nly Lazineſs!
Which, in thy Rags, canſt thy Profeſſors Bleſs,
Enſure their Innocence, Peace, Eaſe, or Reſt,
Ev'n here, with Poverty, to make 'em Bleſt;
Their Faith, and Honour, beſt doſt juſtifie,
Securing their Good Name, and Liberty,
From Scandal, Care, Fear, Pain, and Slavery;
Bleſt State on Earth! for which, in Rags we go,
Hunger and Thirſt, Reproach, Shame, ſuffer too,
In ſpight of Fate, but to make ſure of you;
The Poor Man's only Joy, Reſt, Safety, which,
Like Heav'n, are leſs enjoy'd too, by the Rich;
Thou true Contempt of all Vain, Worldly Things!
Which all thy Wiſe Profeſſors, ſooneſt brings
To Peace, and Reſt; to which, Kings but aſpire
In vain, whilſt them, Supineneſs does acquire;
The Poor Man's Lot, the Rich Man's vain Deſire;

Thou Foe to Pride, Luſt, Avarice, or Strife!
True Sign of Faith, contemning Mortal Life;
Since, but on Providence, with Conſtancy,
You, for Eaſe, Peace, Life, Livelihood, relie,
Your Faith, beſt by your Sloth, to juſtifie;
For True Faith and Philoſophy, ſo you
Shou'd with Men of beſt Senſe and Morals, go;
Whoſe Want of Action, Miſchief does prevent,
Since few Men Buſie prove, and Innocent;
Then thou! reſign'd in all, to Deſtiny,
Art Chriſtian Faith, Heathen Philoſophy;
Since they, the moſt Wiſe, beſt Believers are,
Who, for this Life, are leaſt in Pain, Fear, Care;
Then, for True Stoiciſm, ſhou'dſt thou go,
The Body's Eaſe, and the Mind's Quiet too;
True Stoiciſm, Strict'eſt Virtue, and
Over our Paſſions, haſt the beſt Command;
Art Conſtancy, which no Vain Paſſion can
Move, to Falſe Hopes, or Fears, Luſt, Rage, or Gain,
Pride, or Ambition, Trouble, Care, or Pain;
To Man's Inconſtancy, the ſureſt Stay
To Labour, Pain, or Grief, his Wife Delay,
When Paſſions wou'd, with Reaſon, run away;
Art Patience, ſo to Fate, doſt ſtill conſent;
Art Prudence, wou'dſt not certain Fate prevent;
Man's Reſignation ſtill, in any State,
To make Vain Man contented with his Fate;
His Paſſive Valour, and Firm Conſtancy,
Doſt not ſeek Vengeance, nor from Danger flie,
And doſt renounce all Active Knavery;
Thou Proof of Honour, Badge of Courage, art,
Doſt make Man bear all, at no Danger ſtart;
The beſt Badge of Nobility Men bear,
Which, for Wealth, Fame, wou'd take no Pains, or Care,
By which, Great Active Men diſhonour'd are;
For Pride, or Gain, you ſell not Liberty,
Safety, or Eaſe, for Selfiſh Induſtry,
Nor for Vain Honour, gain Proud Slavery;
You give Men, o'er their Paſſions, their Command,
And Shocks of Fate, or Death, you make 'em ſtand;
Till by their Paſſive Valour, beſt they grow,
O'er-comers of their Fates, their own ſelves too,
Since you, 'gainſt your own Peace, will nothing do;

True Stoiciſm are you, and maintain
Nothing in Life, is worth our Care, or Pain;
Contempt o'th' World are, beſt Philoſophy,
Innocent Life, ſo beſt Divinity,
Beſt Faith, ſubmitting all to Deſtiny;
Which makes us to depend on Providence,
More than upon our Humane Strength, or Senſe;
Since againſt Fate, our Labour, or our Pain,
Were to it as Offenſive, as in Vain;
So Lazineſs, ſtill Thoughtleſs, and Supine!
Thou doſt Men to Faith, Innocence, incline,
Doſt ev'n make Mortals lead a Life Divine;
Art more Man's True Faith, as his Pains are leſs,
Who with Content, doſt ev'n th' Unhappy bleſs,
And make 'em, in Worſt Fortune, acquieſs;
Thou, without Wealth, canſt Happineſs beſtow,
Since all our End of Wealth, Pow'r, State, below,
Is but to have here, nothing e'er to do;
Thou Heav'n on Earth art, mak'ſt all Poor Men Bleſt,
Doſt keep them Innocent, giv'ſt Peace, Eaſe, Reſt;
Then if, O Lazineſs! my Praiſe of thee,
Be ſhort of thee, 'tis long of thee, not me;
Which had been on thee, to thy Credit more,
If on me, you had had now, but leſs Pow'r.

A SONG: *To a* Lady *ſomething Superannuated, who ſtood more upon Her* Good Name, *than the* Ill Deed *of* Love; *and told Her* Lover, She was afraid, He cou'd not keep a Lady's Secret.

I.

SINCE, Silly Fool! all your Excuſe,
Why me, nay my Love, you refuſe,
Is, Fear of loſing your Good Name,
More, than to loſe your Maidenhead;
Know, Poets can reſtore your Fame,
When that is gone, nay you are Dead;

II.

Since Beſt Men ſpeak moſt Ill of thoſe,
Who Honour for 'em will not loſe;
If you then wou'd keep your Good Name,
And Honour, give it up to me,
Whoſe Pride 'tis, to ſave Women's Fame,
When made by their Love, its Truſtee;

III.

Your Secrets to me then expoſe,
If you wou'd not your Honour loſe;
For ſhe, who thinks her Friend unjuſt,
E'er try'd, gives him Cauſe to be ſo;
Knaves are made Juſt, by their Foes Truſt,
Diſtruſt makes Knaves, of Juſt Friends too;

IV.

Make thy Beſt Secret, mine alone,
By none elſe, ſhall it e'er be known;
For I no Secret e'er reveal'd,
But what my Friends wou'd keep from me;
Which, when from Friends it is conceal'd,
They then are made to tell it, free;

V.

Our Breach of Faith's made by Diſtruſt,
Confiding in Knaves, makes 'em juſt;
More to the Shame, it wou'd be ſaid,
Of Thee, thy Beauty, Fame, or Wit;
That thou ſhou'dſt have thy Maidenhead,
In ſpight of thee, me, thy Friends, yet.

To the DUKE of B———, *Impriſon'd in the* TOWER, *by a* Court-Faction.

YOUR late Diſgrace, is but the Court's Diſgrace,
As its falſe Accuſation, but your Praiſe;
Your Sufferings, which you ſo bravely bear,
The Puniſhments of your Accuſers are,
Which ſhow their Spight, you more contemn, than fear;

Us of the Court's Faults, not of yours, convince,
Since beſt Convictions of your Innocence;
Your Puniſhment, thus is the State's Offence;
So well Ill Fortune is now born by you,
That you by bearing it, above it grow,
Who no Conſtraint i'th' Priſon undergo;
Since in it, your Free Heart, aſpiring Mind,
No more can, than your Genius, be confin'd;
Your Liberty of Thought, there's no Pow'r can,
To Antique Cuſtom, or Dull Form reſtrain;
So, tho' now you are, by the Court immur'd,
Your Cenſure muſt be by it ſtill endur'd,
You are from that, that not from you ſecur'd;
You bear your late Diſgrace, ſo Hon'rably,
Your Proud Foes grutch you, your Adverſity;
Thus in your Priſon now, you grow but more
Vain Courtiers Envy, than you were before;
Who rage to think, you turn their Spight to Sport,
Scorning Court-Pity, pity more the Court,
Which now has parted with its beſt Support;
Leſs at your Peril, than the Sinking State,
Which you, its Prop, from it does ſeparate;
So that the Mad Court you may pity now,
The more, the leſs that it does pity you;
Where, ev'n the Looſeſt Men are Priſ'ners more,
To Tyrant-Paſſions, than you, in the *Tow'r*;
Where moſt are Priſ'ners to their narrow Souls,
Where ſtill their Fear, their Liberty controuls;
Where Reaſon, by Man's Int'reſt, is confin'd,
He ſhut up in his Little-Eaſe, his Mind,
As more t'enlarge ſtill his Deſires inclin'd;
Where Men, Love's Chains, Ties of Falſe Honour too,
Bind up to Forms, and Ceremony ſo,
That they give up their Senſe or Liberty,
To live, Proud Volunteers in Slavery,
More to their Trouble, Pains, and Infamy;
Where ev'n the moſt Unruly Libertine,
In Queſt of Freedom, does himſelf confine;
In's Pride a Prince, and yet his Paſſions Slave,
Which him a Priſ'ner, in his Looſneſs, have;
To Love, Ambition, or ſtrait Avarice,
A Bond-Slave, or, to ſome leſs Tyrant-Vice;
Or, to the curſt Old Gaoler, Cuſtom too,

Which, ev'n in Priſon, cannot Fetter you;
You, though a Prif'ner, can your ſelf releaſe,
From Cuſtom only, the Fool's Little-Eaſe,
And the World's worſt ſort of Captivity,
Which makes us Free-Will quit, for Slavery;
Our Senſe renounce, but to comply with thoſe,
Who on our Reaſon wou'd their Wills impoſe;
The Senſleſs Many, who we know are Fools,
Live more Irregularly too by Rules;
But ſince no Cuſtom you to Rules can bind,
Your Thought's free, tho' your Body be confin'd,
Your Priſon's but the Enlargement of your Mind;
And makes your undiſturb'd Thoughts, now, more free,
Than they, when you your Freedom had, cou'd be;
Since with Love, or Ambition, you were ſtill
Abroad, kept from your Free Thoughts, or Free Will;
So you have Liberty, by Loſs of it,
Of your Confining Viſitors are quit;
Who, when you were at Liberty, did come,
With Viſits, to confine you more at Home;
Now you from Falſe-Friends are, in Priſon, free,
Who Friends in Priſon, never care to ſee;
You there are now but more at Liberty,
To keep the Beſt Sort of all Company,
Your own; which was impoſſible for you,
When you Abroad were, undiſturb'd, to do;
Your Life, which was the Public's, is your own,
Now but employ'd, to pleaſe your ſelf alone;
So by your Priſon, freer are you grown.

An Heroic Epiſtle. *To the Moſt Honourable* Match-Maker, *a* Bawd, *call'd* J. C.——; *proving Free Love more Honourable, than Slaviſh, Mercenary Marriage.*

IF Public Spirits, which the Public ſtill
Will ſerve, altho' againſt the Public's Will,
Beget, for Public Men, the Public Praiſe,
Why ſhou'd they be, all Public Dames Diſgrace?

Whilſt Men gain (as more Public) much more Fame,
Yet Public Women get more Public Shame,
As more t'oblige all Mankind, is their Aim;
Who ſhou'd obtain more Kindneſs, and more Praiſe,
As Suff'ring, for the Public, more Diſgrace;
And why ſhou'd Men, but for deſtroying Man
From Mankind, but more Fame, and Honour gain?
Yet you, for your increaſing Human-Kind,
From Men, more Shame and Enmity ſhou'd find;
Whilſt Men get Praiſe, for being Public Foes,
Yet you, your Fame for Public Friendſhip loſe;
Who, tho' a Friend to Soul, as Body too,
Yet, for an Enemy to both you go,
And ſuffer Shame, for Charities you do;
Tho' for Sin's Aid, you Scandaliz'd have been,
Who, more the Cauſe are, to keep more from Sin,
Than Luſt's Ill Means, to draw the Frail Fleſh in;
Nay, you keep Men from Sins unnatural,
Into which they, for Want of Women, fall,
From Foul Adult'ries, Inceſt, Sodomy,
Keep the Hot Youth's Luſt, Old Man's Lechery,
To ſave the Honour of each Family;
For had you not the Brother's Luſt allay'd,
Abroad, at Home, the Siſter never had
Liv'd, or continu'd long a Spotleſs Maid;
Whoſe Pangs of Love, (if them you had not eas'd
Abroad) at Home, had her much more diſgrac'd;
And of her Father's Menial Servant, had
Her Lord and Maſter, by Reſtrain'd Love, made;
Soft Females, but for you, Hard-hearted prove,
Wou'd Murther Babes for Honour, Men for Love;
Inceſt, Rapes, Murthers, often you prevent,
Ev'n by your Guilt, keep others Innocent,
For by you, Love's beſt, readieſt Inſtrument,
Marriage, (on Free Love, the worſt kind of Rape)
Unwilling Maids, forc'd by Relations, 'ſcape;
Nay, ſhun the greateſt Sin, or Infamy,
Of Love, made by Church Bargain's Simony;
When that Divine Thing Love, i'th' Church is ſold,
Not for the juſt Exchange of Hearts, but Gold;
Thus, you do Good Turns ſtill of ſev'ral Kinds,
Of Fall'n-out Lovers, make Agreeing Friends;
To th' Faithleſs, Cruel, give Faith, Charity,

Your Houſe, from Ruine ſaves each Family;
Whoſe too Hot Heir, for Want of Woman, had
Himſelf a Bondſman of a Keeper made;
A Fetter'd Cuckold of a Libertine,
Did you, not him, to a Looſe Woman join;
Old Mothers, and Church-Panders, Matchmakers,
But for thee, had undone too moſt Young Heirs;
So Man's, and Woman's Freedom, and their Fame,
(Keeping 'em Looſe) you keep from Guilt or Shame,
When an Ill Match had been their Honour's Blame;
Oft, for the Craving Widow, Love-ſick Maid,
You, with a Private Match, their Stomach's ſtaid,
And their Impatient, Raging Luſt allay'd;
Who, but for thee, might elſe have been undone,
Making a Firſt, or Second Match, too ſoon;
So thou then art, Love's juſteſt Inſtrument,
The World's, and Man's Deſtruction, to prevent,
Who none doſt Match againſt their own Conſent;
Which the Prieſts often, more Unjuſtly do
Thus, for the beſt Match-maker, ſhou'd you go,
Nay, the moſt Conſciencious are you ſo;
Since, in Love's Franker Bargains, which you make,
You force no Lovers Vows, for Life, to take,
Which they, but as more ſtrict, more often break;
But you make your Pairs, of their own accord,
More Honourably take each other's Word;
More Honeſtly you make each Party try,
(E'er they deal for it) their Commodity,
Which Prieſts to them, unjuſtly ſtill deny;
To turn by Ties on Love, Free-Love to Strife,
A Bed-fellow, let none have but for Life,
Of a Free-Miſtreſs, make a Slaviſh Wife;
And of a Free-man, but a Horn'd-Beaſt too,
To Drudgery to turn his Pleaſure, ſo,
To make his Free-Love, but Forc'd Labour grow;
Whence, Marriage ſhou'd go for the greateſt Force
On Conſcience, which makes Strangers oft of Courſe,
Each other take, for Better, or for Worſe;
To make that Vow which Two Free Lovers make,
For being Bound, more liable to Break;
Since all Frail Lovers, always are (we find)
To Things, as more bound from 'em, more inclin'd;
Forc'd Love's a Rape, by which, th' Unwilling Dame

May have the Pleaſure, yet eſcape the Shame,
By the Kind Tyrant, who uſurp'd her Lap,
But a Forc'd Marriage is, for Life, a Rape;
Forc'd Love does Force, but on our Friendſhip prove,
But Marriage is a Rape oft, on our Love;
Free Love in Woman, ſhou'd be leſs her Shame,
As leſs from her Friend, for it, is her Claim;
Then truly, none ſure Love more dearly buy,
Than they who for it, pay their Liberty;
Thus Free Love, more ſhou'd a Maid's Honour grow,
But as it is more Cheap, and Private, ſo
Shou'd, for the Beſt Love, as moſt Modeſt, go;
Whilſt Marriage, ſince for Int'reſt, Public Love,
Its ſelf ſo, the moſt Impudent does prove;
Forc'd Love, the Shame of Yielding does prevent,
Marriage is, to the Filthy Deed, Conſent,
Which ſhou'd be more the Dame's Diſparagement;
So can't be call'd, moſt Honourable Love,
By which, but Bond-Slaves, moſt Free-Lovers prove;
Each other's Gaolers, and forc'd Priſoners, ſo,
To Love's, and Faith's Diſparagement, to grow,
Their Want of both, by Marriage, ſo to ſhow.

To a Rich, Mercenary, Matrimonial Miſtreſs; *who ſaid,* The moſt Honourable Match, was that, which was made for moſt Money.

RICH, Precious Thing! you'll not be mine, it ſeems,
Becauſe you ſay, no Wit, but Wealth contemns;
Wherefore, ſince your Wealth is your Merit, you
Will it on him who loves it moſt, beſtow;
Whilſt you the Rich, the Proud, and Covetous,
For your Gallant, True Lover, or your Spouſe,
For loving Money more, but leſs ſhou'd chuſe;
My Rival, the Rich Miſer, then refuſe,
Since thee he'd ne'r, becauſe a Rich Thing, uſe;
But you great Fortunes, like your Money too,
Shun Laviſh Wits, who wou'd make uſe of you,
And to the Miſer wou'd moſt freely go;
Who, for his Covetous, Baſe Love of thee,

Thy Gaoler wou'd of thy Kind-Keeper be;
Thy Liberty out of his Love betray,
Thee, like his Gold, keep under Lock and Key:
Say not, you Marry then moſt Hon'rably,
As for moſt Coin you Sell your Liberty;
Since ſure, moſt Infamouſly wou'd you Wed,
As for moſt Money you wou'd ſell your Bed;
You with a Bargain wou'd the Church Prophane,
Turn Divine Free Love, into Wicked Gain;
Like the *Jews* Temple-Money-Changers, you,
Wou'd make the Church your Change and Market too,
Which, Love's Fair *Jew!* you ſhou'd for nothing do;
To make ſo, by the Church, your Marr'age prove,
Moſt Sinful, as moſt Mercenary Love;
Since 'twere the worſt ſure of all *Simony*,
For you to Sell i'th' Church your Liberty,
Or make me you, Life's Bleſſing, there to Buy;
Int'reſt in Love, as in Devotion too,
Wou'd prove my Sin, ev'n of my Service ſo,
My Prophane Off'ring, for my Heav'n, thy Love,
By thee receiv'd, wou'd both's Damnation prove;
Since True Love is our only Heav'n below,
Then it, but like our Heav'n above us too,
Ours but by Faith, and Broken Hearts, ſhou'd grow;
And thee, Divine Thing! ſhou'd I more Prophane,
To think thy Favour, by my Bribe to gain;
To think to gain her, whom I thus adore,
Leſs on my Faith's, than on my Money's Score,
Were of my Goddeſs, but to make my Whore;
He moſt Prophanes his Female Deity,
Whoſe Bleſſings he with Offerings wou'd Buy;
Falſe Heathen Goddeſſes claim Sacrifice,
But Service, Pray'rs, Vows, Faith, True Deities;
Then each Divine She's Faithful Worſhipper,
With Bribes, for Juſtice, wou'd diſparage her,
By Gifts, grow more her Undervaluer;
Wherefore, my Goddeſs! I ſo value thee,
For thee, to thee I'll but beholding be,
I, by Gifts, were from Obligation free;
To thee, Love, Faith, Devotion, more to prove,
But Pray'r and Praiſe, I'll give thee for thy Love;
He wou'd your Love ungratefully requite,
Who thinks his Baſe Droſs a Return for it;

Since Love, till Bought or Sold, is no *Nymph*'s Shame,
He her, who Bids Gold for her, does Defame;
Since Love is but (when Sold) a Maid's Diſgrace;
But when 'tis giv'n, Her Honour and her Praiſe;
So more my Gratitude I to you prove,
The leſs I think, I can repay your Love,
Wou'd thee to Gratitude by Money move;
Since you for Beauty, and for Goodneſs are,
A Mortal Angel, Innocent, as Fair,
Your Love is ſought, repaid with Praiſe and Pray'r;
Since Love-Joys are like thoſe of Heaven, which,
Are due to th' Poor, forfeited by the Rich;
Whoſe Hopes upon their Merits moſt rely,
To gain their Joys, but by their *Simony*,
Whoſe Bold Preſumption does their Faith deny;
Whilſt I, your Faithful Poor in Spirit, do,
But only by my Fear, and Trembling too,
Hope for True Bliſs, to gain my Heaven, you.

A Song. *To One who ſaid*, She did not believe Her Gallant's Love, becauſe He had never ſaid any thing of it to Her before.

I.

TRUE Love, ſure, needs no kind of Aid,
From Vows, Tears, Oaths, to make it good;
Love but in Silence beſt is made,
And by it, better underſtood;

II.

Like Hypocrites, ſo thoſe of Love,
Are by Eye, Lip-Devotion known;
Leſs their True Faith, and Worſhip prove,
As more Appearance of 'em's ſhown;

III.

Since True Love, like True Piety,
Does ſtill all Oſtentation ſhun;
By Silence, and by Secrecy,
It makes itſelf more truly known;

IV.

Then I have more True Love for you,
The leſs that it is by you ſpy'd;
True Love, like True Faith, more we ſhow,
As our Devotion more we hide.

To a Paſſionate, Noiſie FRIEND.

LET not your Choler your Revenge betray,
Its Purpoſe not to haſten, but delay;
If to Revenge your Wrongs, be your Intent,
Let not your Fury your Revenge prevent,
More to your own, than to your Foes Offence,
Till your ſtrong Paſſion grows your Impotence,
Both to the Weak'ning of your Pow'r and Senſe,
Does you, to your Foe's Fury, more expoſe,
Till your ſpight does, your Pow'r to hurt him loſe,
Your Senſe of Honour, your Diſhonour grows,
Your Vengeance, which your Paſſion does betray,
Fame it ſhou'd give you, from you takes away;
Nay does, of your Revenge, your Danger grow,
Since Paſſion does but the Mind's Weakneſs ſhow,
And to prevent your Vengeance, Warns your Foe;
Ev'n on the Right Side, Paſſion turns the Blame,
Your Honour's Vindication were your Shame,
You'd loſe your Credit ſo, to right your Fame;
Rage is your Weak Head's Sober Drunkenneſs,
Which, like Pot-Valour, proves your Courage leſs;
For Men, with Paſſion Drunk, as Liquor, ſhow
They Reaſon, but for Want of Reaſon, do,
Both to themſelves, as to their Injur'd Foe;
No Wiſe Foes are, of Open Rage, afraid,
Which, of their Oppoſition, grows their Aid,
By which, leſs fit for Quarrels, Men are made;
And Men, with Paſſion Drunk, as ſhamefully,
As in their Wine, their Reaſon juſtifie;
For, if a Man be Mad, 'tis all one ſure,
Whether his Madneſs, Wine, or Rage procure,
Whether 'tis from his Heat of Blood, or Wine,

Which him, to Senſleſs Actions, does incline;
The Drunkard's Courage, is no more his Praiſe,
Than his Affront, a Sober Man's Diſgrace;
Nor can a Man's Bold Deeds his Honour grow,
When, what he ſays, or does, he does not know;
As Ill Acts are not, till our Guilt, our Shame,
Good Deeds, when not our ſelves, can our Good Name,
Procure no more, than can the Bad, our Blame;
Thus, a Man does not Credit get, but loſe,
When 'tis the Wine, not he, the Bold Thing does;
Then Man's own Rage, but his own ſelf, does worſt,
As their own ſelves, o'er-heated Canons burſt;
He then, whoſe Mad Rage, Self-deſtructive Ire,
His Foe's Confuſion ſooner, wou'd acquire,
Is like him, who ſets his own Houſe on Fire,
That he, the Ruine of his Neighbour might
Procure, feels firſt the Miſchief of his Spight,
And vainly makes his Torment, his Delight;
So madly Reaſon to himſelf to do,
To Right himſelf, and ſave his Honour too,
Shame, Pain, of his own Rage, does undergo;
Suffers his own Revenge upon his Foes,
Till his own Prejudice his Paſſion grows,
Which, to his Foes, his Weakneſs does expoſe;
But ſure, True Hatred, like True Love, is Dumb,
To worſt our Foes, our Selves we ſhou'd o'er-come;
Our Paſſion, its own Diſappointment grows,
From our Rage, of their Danger, warns our Foes,
Which we ſhou'd keep (to make effectual) cloſe;
So, 'tis not the Loud Thunder does the Harm,
But rather, heedleſs Mortals does Alarm,
Of the Swift Light'ning's Danger, to beware,
Which we moſt, like a Silent Foe, ſhou'd fear
The leſs, its Grumbling Menaces we hear;
But Rage, which Men, with Noiſe, ſo fiercely vent,
Fruſtrates the Miſchief of its own Intent,
Out of more Malice, proves moſt Innocent;
Our Vengeance harmleſs, from our Paſſion's made,
Which makes our Wrath our Enemies beſt Aid;
Who, for our Loud Rage, ſafer from it are,
For High Words, rather ſhow, than give Men Fear;
Moſt ſafely, ſurely, he his Foes deſtroys,
Whoſe Rage, not Him, more than his Foes, annoys;

Wrath, like White-Powder, does its Aim fulfil,
By being in its Execution ſtill,
More ſurely, with leſs Noiſe, or Warning, kill;
Whilſt Loud Rage, wou'd but more Alarm its Foe,
To get the Harm, which it deſign'd to do;
To make its own ſelf but an Inſtrument,
Its Vengeance, by its Malice, to prevent,
Made, by more Paſſion, but more Impotent.

To the Univerſal FRIEND.

AT once, a Common Foe, as Common Friend,
You ſeem, ſince Friendſhip, you to all pretend
Alike, all leſs t'oblige ſure, than offend;
You, by your Honeſt Friends, who flatter none,
Are thought no Friend, for being ſo much one;
More Diſobliging, with your Courteſie,
Are you, who nothing can to none deny,
So you do Kindneſs, but Injuriouſly;
For Kindneſs, which does make no Difference,
'Twixt Good, and Bad, is to the Good Offence;
In Treating all alike, the Good, and Bad,
You made Friends Foes, when Friends of Foes you made;
Benefits, which to all alike are done,
Muſt Welcome, or Obliging be, to none;
When you, betwixt Men, no Diſtinction make,
What you give all Men, you from Beſt Men take;
From the moſt truly Meritorious Few,
That which is only but their proper Due;
To give it others, but to thoſe Mens Wrong,
To whom, of Right, it truly does belong;
The Beſt, and Worſt Men, but alike to make,
So, from the Good Men, for the Bad to take
Th' Honour of Diff'ring from the moſt of Men,
Since moſt Men, Knaves, and Fools, have always been;
Praiſes, which Raſcals muſt, with Good Men, ſhare,
Affronts to the True Meritorious, are;
And when the Benefit too Public grows,
Twill Honour, Thanks, it ſeeks from all Men, loſe;
That Common Good, which, to Mankind is, done,
Rewards, and Thanks, returns itſelf alone,
Since, there's none due to that from any one;

The Public Act, it ſelf, does gratifie,
Repaid in its own Coin, with Vanity;
You then, in Courteſie, ſo general,
Diſguſt moſt, as you moſt wou'd Pleaſure all;
Thus a Male Whore, in Friendſhip, as in Love,
You, to both Sexes, generally prove;
In giving all your Hand, to none your Heart,
Since that to all, none juſtly can impart;
Thus, your too Common Generoſity,
Like the Whore's Love, grows more your Infamy,
The more you give it, Univerſally;
Friendſhip, like Love, does true, but then appear,
When it is Private, and Particular;
In growing Public, grows the Giver's Shame,
Who, ſeeking all Men's Praiſe, gets all Men's Blame;
Obliging all, deſerves the Thanks of none,
Since his Good Deeds but to himſelf are done;
Whoſe Juſtice, or whoſe Charity for Man,
End but at home, as they but there began;
Whoſe Friend's Want, did not cauſe his Noble Deed;
Who but of his Friend's Praiſe ſtood more in need;
Thus he his Good Act only ſold for Praiſe,
To make his Bart'ring Bounty his Diſgrace;
Himſelf a Merchant of his Benefit,
Which he did, but for what he got by it;
Not for his Wanting Friend's ſake, but his own,
So makes his Kindneſs, but for Praiſes done,
Not his Gift, but his Mercenary Loan;
Who but from Selfiſhneſs lends, gives his Pelf
His Friend to gratifie, leſs than himſelf;
A Common Friend then, like a Common Whore,
Does but Good Turns, upon the Common Score,
More Kindneſs does, to make Friends do him more;
Who loving all alike, gets Scorn for Love,
Till his Free Heart does his Diſhonour prove;
And till his Public Generoſity,
Is but his Friendſhip's Blame, and Infamy,
His Public Kindneſs, private Injury;
Since Public Good, is oft Peculiar Wrong,
Which does but to the few Good Men belong;
Kindneſs to all, no one Man ſhou'd repay,
Since Payment, or Returns, but take away
From the Vain Donor, more ungratefully,

Honour, that's due to Generoſity;
Since the true Great Man's Satisfaction is,
More to give his Friends theirs, than purchaſe his;
His Satisfaction, from his Friends to ſhun,
Leſt his Good Deeds ſhou'd ſeem for Wages done;
Whoſe Praiſe for them, and Pleaſure's in 'em more,
As their Return is leſs in his Friend's Pow'r,
And more in his, his Friend's Wants to ſupply,
His Friends, more than they him, to ſatisfie;
Since Vain Fools but for Oſtentation give,
Their own Wants, not their Friends, ſo to relieve;
Not their Friend's Want of Coin, their own of Fame;
Not ſo much out of Honour, as for Shame,
To get more Credit, as to 'ſcape more Blame;
The Common Friend then, like the Common Shore,
Uſeful to ſome, ungrateful is to more;
Does of a Public Benefit, become
To moſt a Nuſance, to ſerve only ſome;
So Benefits to all alike ſtill done,
Are, being to much Kindneſs, reckon'd none;
No more to Common Friends then, Poor Men ow,
Than Poor Soils do to Showr's, which them o'erflow,
And only but whether they will or no;
Who, like Forc'd Friends, but do the Benefit,
But becauſe they can't help their doing it;
No Thanks are due to the Vain Prodigal,
Nor can One ow, the Debt that's General;
No Man's oblig'd to pay, what's lent to All;
Nor Money, which is giv'n but to relieve
The Donor's Want of Credit, which he'll give,
A Kindneſs leſs to do, than to receive;
But in Exchange of Honour, Fame, or Praiſe,
Which to him, for his Boon his Friend repays;
Which he more than his Money values, ſo,
He does the Favour, rather take, than do;
Which he does only to the Grateful Man,
But for Thanks, Praiſe, which he does for it gain;
Not for his Friend's Advantage, but his own,
So to his Int'reſt, turns his Gift or Loan,
Not for his Friend's ſake, but his own ſake done;
His Friend, to pleaſure him, does not relieve
So much, as Pleaſure by it to receive.

A SONG. *To an* Impertinent MISTRESS, *who affected Reſiſtance to Her* Lover's *Kindneſs; and Crying out, which diſcover'd Her Intrigue, ſo became Her Shame by Her Modeſty; whoſe* Lover *endeavour'd to ſtop Her Tongue in Her Mouth, by His.*

I.

VIRTUE, ſure is, but Sin unknown;
For Love, till Scandal 'tis, is none,
Not our Fault, till our Shame 'tis grown;

II.

All Virtue but Diſcretion is,
Not any Crime, is that, or this,
That is ill done, but tak'n amiſs;

III.

Modeſty proves but Impudence,
To Virtue but a Vain Pretence,
Againſt our Nature, and our Senſe;

IV.

She, who for Love lets her Friend die,
Saves her Fame, to her Infamy;
Whoring's no Sin, when Charity;

V.

To ſave your Fame, I loſt my own,
Who but more Pleaſure, as Renown,
Had had, had I our Joys, made known;

VI.

My Gratitude to juſtifie,
I did your Love to me deny,
Show'd my Truth to you, by my Lie;

VII.

You made your Modeſty, your Shame,
Which did, what we had done, proclaim,
Your ſelf, for Fear of Shame, defame;

VIII.

My Kiſs had done your Fame no Wrong,
By ſtopping your Mouth with my Tongue,
Had not your own Tongue been too long;

IX.

So you may thank your Modeſty,
Which publiſh'd moſt your Infamy,
Whilſt my Tongue had kept Secrecy.

X.

Then, for your own Fault, blame me not,
Your own Tongue ſham'd you, crying out,
Whilſt mine did ſtop your Mouth, and Throat;

XI.

I, what we did, had ſtill conceal'd,
By my Tongue, in your Mouth, I held,
Had your Tongue, not your Shame, reveal'd;

XII.

The Sin, till known, is not our Shame,
Your Long-Tongue then, not mine, pray blame,
Your Modeſty 'twas, loſt your Fame;

XIII.

Which made you to reſiſt me ſo,
Till my Deſire did Stronger grow,
So you forc'd me to Raviſh you;

XIV.

Then 'twas not, what by me was done,
To thee, by my Tongue, but your own,
Which ſince, is your Diſhonour grown.

To the Delaying, Vain, yet Mercenary FRIEND.

TEnacious Uſurer, in Friendſhip! you
Ne'r did one Good Turn, but to get by't two;
And are ſo Covetous, you, to your Shame,
Wou'd get, what's not your Due too, your Good Name;
To Double Uſe, put out your Benefit,
Both Praiſe, and Gain, to get at once, for it,
Which you ne'er did, but for it, more to get;
So Forc'd Loans brought you in your Debtor's Debt;
Since a Good Turn you never yet wou'd do,
Till, for our Waiting, it did Wages grow;
Was our Due from you, e'er our Debt to you;
So, ſince our Due, with Shame, or Pain, we get,
From you, to you, we nothing are in Debt;
Your Friends your Favour, with ſuch Hardſhip gain,
For what they borrow from you, take ſuch Pain,
They juſtly of the Favour forc'd, complain;
Who, for it, Wait ſo long, ſuch Duty do,
Your Grant, does their Diſobligation grow;
Which makes you more in Debt to them, than they
To you, for Time they loſe, and Service pay;
Whilſt, by your Flat-Denial giv'n us, ſoon
Your Kindneſs, Manners, to us beſt were ſhown;
Since, a Denial were a Courteſie,
Or an Unkindneſs, a Civility,
Which lets no Friend, on you depend in vain,
For any Kindneſs he wou'd from you gain;
Which him, from Vain Hopes in you, beſt relieves,
Kindneſs, from your Denials, ſo receives;
Since, a Denial, which is giv'n us ſoon,
Men, for a greater Obligation, own,
Than a Slow Favour, done unwillingly
For Kindneſs not, but Importunity,
Than a Vexatious, Lingering Delay,
Which, for your Gift, our Patience takes away;
So the Slow Favour; Man does grudgingly,
Does, of a Kindneſs, turn an Injury,
But an Affront, of a Civility;

A Wrong, does of an Obligation grow,
Taking his Poor Friend's Patience from him ſo,
Till the Slow Favour a Dear Bargain grows,
Which we to gain, our Time and Patience loſe;
So nothing now can ow, for ſuch a Loan,
Granted by Force, for Oſtentation done,
Not for Men's wanting Friends Sakes, but their own;
Like a quick Death then, quick Denials too,
From Friends, who will to Friends no Mercy ſhow,
Of Injuries, but greater Favours grow;
Since he, who will not ſoon his Friend relieve,
Is kind, if him he ſoon does undeceive;
Which, but the ſooner for him it is done,
He ſhou'd ſure, for the greater Kindneſs, own,
Which brings him in his Debt, without his Loan;
Since Diſappointment, all Men needs muſt grant,
Is more our Shame, or Trouble, than our Want;
For Diſappointments, make Fools of the Wiſe,
When Want, Men, with more Patience, Senſe ſupplies;
Then he's a Friend, who ſoon does Friends deny,
Their Vain Deſires, with which he won't comply,
So them, denying them, does ſatisfie;
But, if a Friend be truly Generous,
He does himſelf, the Pleaſure which he does,
Gives himſelf, what on others he beſtows;
So, Reſtitution to himſelf he makes,
I'th' Pleaſure, which, done to his Friend, he takes;
Is, for his Doing it, before-hand Paid,
By Satisfaction, he i'th' Good Deed, had;
Whilſt he, who for the Favour, asks, or prays,
Or e'er 'tis done, long ſerves for it, or ſtays,
Makes it his own, for Precious Time he pays;
Or Flattery, he to his Vain, Great Friend,
Does give, his own Diſparagement i'th' End;
The forc'd Good Turn, is ſo the Giver's Blame,
A Wrong to the Receiver, ſince his Shame;
A Rude Affront of a Kind Benefit,
Since he's made, out of Countenance, with it,
Which, if he Pardons, he is with it, quit;
Which was, e'er 'twas done to him, ſo delay'd,
It him, of Want of Merit, did upbraid;
To make the Boon, Diſobligation, grow
An Injury, to make the Favour; ſo,

Tedious Relievers, like Phyſicians, are,
For their Relief, make Poor Men pay ſo dear,
And, for it, ſo much Pains, and Shame endure,
Their Evil's ſcarce as tedious, as its Cure;
Such Friends then, like the Mercenary Quack,
Their Cure much worſe, than t'other's Evil, make,
Keep Patients, in Vain Hopes of Remedy,
At laſt, but more themſelves to Magnifie,
Than to Relieve their Patient's Miſery;
Keep them, in ling'ring Pain, till paſt Relief,
But by Vain Hopes of Eaſe, augment their Grief;
When they more charitably far wou'd do,
If they can't do 'em Good, to tell 'em ſo,
Not of their Precious Time, and Patience too;
To cheat 'em, by Vain Hopes of Remedy,
Since Juſtice 'tis, nay Height of Charity,
Soon to deny, as to give Speedily.

To the UPBRAIDING FRIEND.

WHEN me, you poorly, Vain Rich Friend! upbraid,
With my Debt to you, you your ſelf have Paid:
When Benefactors grudge once their Good Deed,
From Obligations their Oblig'd are freed;
Boaſting about, what thou haſt done for me,
Thou pay'ſt thy ſelf my Debt, elſe due to thee;
Your Pride, at my Fame's Coſt, you gratifie,
In your own Coin, with your own Vanity;
You, (when my Gratitude you from me take,
By ſaying it, I for your Kindneſs lack;)
Become my Debtor, of my Creditor,
Make my Debt leſs your Boon, as boaſted more;
Take, for your Baſe Pelf, my Good Name, away,
Which with more Money lent, you can't repay;
So, ſince thy Money I can't Pay to thee,
A better Thing, you for it, take from me;
For your Bad Debt, take away my Good Name,
Bring me to th' Puniſhment of Debtors Shame,
For Money lent me, rob me of my Fame;
Wrong to me, by grudg'd, boaſted Kindneſs do,
More in my Debt, than I in yours to grow;
Then Satisfaction muſt I have from you,

For having wrong'd me with your Benefit,
Lent me, but to upbraid me more with it,
Till me you from all Obligation quit;
Your Love's Delay, ſeems but your baſe Diſtruſt
Of me, that I ſhou'd to you prove unjuſt;
Wrong to my Faith, your Truſting me has done,
Since you your Diffidence in me have ſhown;
You, by your Cenſure of my Truth to you,
Cancel my Obligation to you ſo;
Upbraiding me with what y'ave done, you hint,
That of your Kindneſs done me, you repent;
Or, that I did not merit it from you,
By which I'm quit from all you did, or do
For me; nay ſince your Friendſhip you repent,
Or brag of, you forbid Acknowledgment;
By your grudg'd Kindneſs you have to me done,
You Rob me of your Honour, by your Loan,
Have giv'n me Credit, till you leave me none;
Who ſhou'd thy Boaſted Kindneſs done to me,
In vain acknowledge to Mankind and thee;
Which you your ſelf, to all Mankind made known,
To my Diſparagement, as ſoon as done;
So gave me no Time to acknowledge it,
Who did, in Gratitude, my Thanks omit;
Since I, with more Thanks, had leſs Grateful grown,
To ſeem to think, you, but for Thanks alone,
The Kind Things, which you did for me, had done;
'Twere Ill to you, (for Good done me) to do,
'Twere thankfully, indeed, to injure you;
Thus I conceal'd your Kindneſs gratefully,
Leſt that I ſhou'd offend your Modeſty;
Since we the truly Generous repay,
But beſt, as leaſt we of their Bounty ſay;
As much more ſure is made that Benefit,
The leſs Thanks, or Praiſe, Donors ſeek for it,
Which when bragg'd of, th' Oblig'd, from Thanks are quit;
So you, by Bragging what you did for me,
Me, from my Obligation to you, free;
Since Bragging of your Generoſity
To me, ſeems to ſuppoſe ungen'rouſly,
That I your Kindneſs done me, wou'd deny;
For when Men call the World to Witneſs, to
The Kind, Great, Good Things to their Friends they do,

Of their Friend's Gratitude they ſhow Diſtruſt,
Which then ſure makes it Reaſ'nable, nay Juſt;
Such Kindneſs, but for Oſtentation done,
Or Thanks, an Obligation is, on none,
Is thought, not for one's Friend's ſake, but one's own;
For when we Reck'nings keep, for Kindneſs paid,
Our Generoſity turns Selfiſh-Trade;
Reck'nings are only kept by Trucking *Jews*,
Whoſe Gift their Selfiſhneſs, not Kindneſs ſhews,
Whoſe Good Deed, rather is their Trade, than Loan;
Not ſo much to their Friends Uſe, as their own;
A Bargain, rather than a Benefit,
Done but for more, that may be gain'd by it;
Since thoſe Good Deeds moſt Mercenary ſeem,
Which we do Friends, not for Reſpect to them,
But to get by them all the World's Eſteem;
When Benefits, we, like the Sun, ſhou'd do,
And like it, nothing of 'em ſeem to know,
To grow like it, by them more glorious ſo;
Not as the Lawyer, or Phyſician wou'd,
Who to Mankind, but ſelfiſhly do Good;
Eſtates, Lives, ſave for their own Livelihood.

A Dialogue, *betwixt* Chloris *and* Thyrſis, *after a Forc'd Favour*; *to be Set and Sung.*

Chloris. I.

WHAT haſt thou done? O how I hate thee now,
Who cou'dſt ſo Cruel out of Kindneſs grow;
Thief of my Honour, thou haſt both undone,
I've loſt my Credit, thou haſt loſt thy Love;
Thy Pleaſure now is thy Repentance grown,
Thy Theft thy Loſs, as well as mine, does prove;

Thyrſis. II.

What we have done (my Dear!) I cannot tell,
I'm out of Breath, the Joy's unſpeakable;
But this I'm ſure of, I have done no Hurt,
For all the Pleaſant Pain for me you bore,
Tho' 'twas ſo piercing, 'twas but for a ſpurt,
Which (for your Comfort) you will feel no more;

III.

Chlo.

Not for my Body's Hurt, I cry out ſo,
'Tis for my Honour, you have Butcher'd now;
For which, thou ne'er canſt make me ſure, amends,
With all thy Soothing, Fawning Flattery;
The Loſs I ne'er can Anſwer to my Friends,
Who muſt, with me too, ſhare this Infamy;

IV.

Thyr.

What have you Loſt? You have Loſt only Pain
For Joy, which Pain no more you will ſuſtain;
Love will no more a Terror to thee be,
And you will cry no more out, (as you did)
From Pain in Mind, Heart, elſewhere, wou't be free,
Deliver'd of thy Burth'nous Maidenhead;

V.

Chlo.

'Tis my Loſt Honour I complain of, more,
No Gift, or Art, can that to me reſtore;
Wretch! I for ever am undone by thee,
And never more ſhall be my ſelf again;
Nor can there any Reparation be
For me, or ought, to take out Honour's Stain,

VI.

Thyr.

Honour (my ſilly Dear!) was never loſt,
By Private Act, but Public Plaint, or Boaſt;
Women are Modeſt thought, till what they do,
Their own Tongues, Tears, or Bluſhes, may betray;
How ſhou'd Men your Loſs (as you call it) know?
Since I'll be Dumb, if you your Tongue can lay;

VII.

Chlo.

My Crime will, thro' my Guilty Cheeks, appear,
My Sad Eyes, Mourning for my Loſs, will wear;
Altho' I 'ſcape the Cenſure of the Croud,
My Heavy Puniſhment will be within;
My Pains will, Nine Months hence, confeſs aloud,
My Shame, and Bloody Author of my Sin;

VIII.

Thyr.

If ſo, be thou then not in Pain a jot,
To keep that Secret which muſt needs come out;
The Cauſe of thy Shame, will thy Shame requite;
If you think, you, by me, have loſt your Fame,
Make not your Loſs more, loſing your Delight,
Shame, for one Fault, as many proves the ſame;

IX.

Chlo.

Well, then I ſee, I can but Ruin'd be,
All Harm thou canſt do, thou haſt done to me;
You Cruel, Filthy, Naughty, Rude Dear Man!
I'm Guilty now, and hate the Tell-tale Light,
Your worſt y'ave done, then do all that you can,
You'd do worſe, not, to do't again, to Night;

X.

Thyr.

If I ſhou'd to you, come to Night again,
Again, you'd cry out, to put me in Pain,
And make both's Pleaſure, both's Diſpleaſure grow;
Make of our Secret Love, Diſcovery,
Proclaim your ſelf, what you'd have none to know,
Own my Guilt, your Shame, by your Modeſty;

XI.

Chlo.

No, you muſt (if you Love me) come again,
Since, if you did not, you'd give me more Pain,
For, tho' you ſo did Hurt me, (Cruel Dear!)
If that again, to hurt me, you deny,
I, crying out for Love, ſhou'd leſs forbear,
Be leſs in Pain for Love, than Jealouſie.

To a Loud, Talkative, Minor WIT, *who us'd to repeat often, in His Vindication, the* Latin *Saying,* Loquere, ut te videam.

YOU vain Weak Wits, like vain Weak Lovers too,
Your ſelves, the more you Talk, leſs able ſhow,
Like Bullies, more you Talk, the leſs you do;
More Strength you boaſt, more Impotent you prove,
For Talk, more Weak in Arms, Diſputes, or Love;
Who, more you Prate, but make Men hear you leſs,
In many Words, leſs Meaning, but Expreſs;
Till by your Talking thus inceſſantly,
You make your Wit, your Judgment, to deny
Mens Cenſure of your Senſe, to juſtifie;
If you Talk'd leſs, your Senſe wou'd more appear,
Your Silence, wou'd your Wiſdom more declare,
And thee, Wits (who love Talking) more wou'd hear;
As your own Talk, but your own Self does pleaſe,
It can get, from your own Self, only Praiſe,
And Man's own Praiſe, is moſt his Wits Diſgrace;
The more Loud, and Inceſſantly you Prate,
'Tis leſs known, what you wou'd be driving at,
Who Deafen your few Hearers, by your Chat;
Hold then thy Tongue, to prove thy Reaſon good,
Speak leſs, to have thy Senſe more underſtood;
Your Loud Talk, takes our Hearing quite away,
The more you Talk, we mind leſs what you ſay;
Then Pratler! hold your Tongue once, (if you can)
Your Underſtanding better to maintain;
Since by concealing ſtill your Folly, you
Will, to us, more your Senſe, or Reaſon, ſhow,
That your own ſelf, you beſt, like Wiſe Men, know;
For if you cou'd, to hold your Tongue, be brought,
We might be brought, to think, you had ſome Thought;
Had you Senſe, you might, by your Talking, find,
The more you Talk, we leſs, what you ſay, mind;
For Frothy, Pert Chat, like Wine, Sharp and Small,
The Converſation it ſhou'd mend, does Pall;
By which, it rather is debas'd, than rais'd,
And makes us ſpue, inſtead of being pleas'd;

Our Stomach turns, e'er it can reach our Heads,
Mirth it ſhou'd give, Good Company forbids;
Wit is, like Valour, lying in the Tongue
Alone, itſelf 'twou'd Right, does much more Wrong,
Like Rage, the more ſoon up, but laſts the leſs,
To prove a Jeſt more, for its Earneſtneſs;
So you, who ſhow leſs Strength of Senſe, than Voice,
Prove your Senſe leſs, the more you make a Noiſe;
As Watches, leſs True, for Alarums go,
So Men their Falſe Senſe, by Loud Tattle ſhow;
To prove thy Senſe, let not thy Mind be known,
Silence, without Wit, proves a Coxcomb none,
Nay, tho' far from a Wit, to paſs for one;
For, if our Silence makes not our Wit out,
'Tis Wiſe to leave our Nonſenſe ſure, in Doubt;
Silent Fools ſhow, that their own ſelves they know,
And that is all the Height of Senſe can do;
As Good Wits more Senſe, in few Words, diſplay,
Small Wits ſhow moſt Senſe, but the leſs they ſay;
If Wits, who talk moſt, leaſt their Judgment ſhow;
Fools, as it were Wits by their Silence grow;
By which they ſhow, they know themſelves at leaſt,
Which the moſt uſeful Knowledge is, ſo beſt.

A SONG. *To a* Lady, *who ſaid*, Men of Wit were Atheiſts in Love, as well as in Religion; *and that* Fools were every way Faithful Adorers, ſince True Believers.

I.

THE Grave and Dull I did deſpiſe,
Now moſt my Spleen and Envy move;
Whom Want of Senſe has made ſo Wiſe,
As to live Ignorant of Love;

II.

So Fools, the Wiſe *Turks* reverence,
Whoſe Want of Senſe and Wit, ſecures
Them from thoſe Troubles, too much Senſe,
For the too Knowing ſtill procures;

III.

Since Fools in this World, as elſewhere
Are, from their Want of Senſe, moſt Bleſt;
Love's Pains or Flames, they feel not here,
But have their Senſleſs Souls at Reſt;

IV.

So you, Divine Thing! and my Fate,
But like the Deſtinies above,
Believing Fools in Bliſs eſtate,
Make our Senſe, your Doubt of our Love;

V.

If they prove to you moſt their Love,
Who have the moſt Senſe yours to know,
They who have moſt Senſe, moſt ſhou'd prove,
Knowing you moſt, moſt Love for you.

Upon AVARICE. *To a Miſerable* Wretch, *who pretended to hate Vanity, more than he lov'd Money.*

THE Miſer is, ev'n in his Thrift, moſt vain,
Who loſes all he has, but more to gain;
Who, by his Wealth's Increaſe, does rob himſelf,
Whoſe Avarice increaſes with his Pelf;
In Pain for that, by which he ſeeks his Eaſe,
Makes that his Trouble, which ſhou'd buy his Peace;
Loſes his Wealth, by keeping up his Store,
So ſtill, has but the leſs, as he has more,
By Plenty's made moſt miſerably Poor;
Is, but by his Increaſe of Wealth, undone;
Who, but for keeping all, has Uſe of none;
So ſenſleſs, ſaving, craving Avarice,
Its Satisfaction, to itſelf denies,
Which makes Man's Wealth, as more, him leſs ſuffice;
Whilſt moſt Sins elſe, their Satisfaction have,
In the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Things they crave;
Revenge, Ambition, Vanity, Luſt, Pride,
And Gluttony, can all be ſatisfy'd,
When they are, with thoſe Things they ſeek, ſupply'd;
But Avarice, that Wolf, of Greedy Minds,

Itſelf leſs ſatisfy'd, for Cramming, finds;
Not to be Covetous, is to be Rich,
Gain of Content, is ſure the higheſt Pitch
Th' Aſpirer ſeeks, or beſt Eſtabliſhment,
The Hoarder craves, which Av'rice does prevent;
Since Man's Deſires, ſtill with his Gains increaſe,
Which make, as more, his Satisfaction leſs,
Till his Good Luck, turns his Unhappineſs;
So Gold, the Common Miſtreſs, (ſtill we ſee)
Like other ſhining, tempting Jilts, will be,
Inſtead of the Fop's Credit, his Diſhonour,
Who too cloſe keeps her, too much doats upon her;
In being kept, or left, by her Fond Man,
Is equally his Trouble, or his Pain;
Thus is, in being kept up, or let go,
Its Lover's Joy, and his Diſpleaſure too;
Of his Ambition, his Diſhonour grows,
Till his Gain is his Reputation's Loſs;
So you, Vain Miſer! are extravagant,
In wanting what you have, for Fear of Want;
For Fear of being Ruin'd, are Undone,
Are, out of Love to your own Money, grown
So ſaving, that you leave your own ſelf none,
Since from your ſelf, for your Heirs, all you have,
With Avarice, moſt laviſhly you ſave;
For them who grudge you your Life, lay it up,
Out of your Pow'r, or Uſe, i'th' Scriv'ner's Shop;
Who think, whilſt you live on, you do them Wrong,
To keep them from their own, not yours, ſo long;
Their own, who wou'd for Pleaſure part with it,
Which you cannot, ev'n for your Pleaſure quit;
Can't on your own Wants, or your Self, beſtow,
So that it ought not for your own to go,
Since you but nothing with it have to do;
Thus on Life's Road, like careful Travellers,
You risk your Life for Gold, leſs yours than theirs,
You call your Friends, (but are your Foes) your Heirs;
You lug about Gold, but for thoſe Men, who
Moſt ſeek your Death, wou'd ſtrip you for it too;
Who but like Thieves, are ſo your Followers,
But to make all you live poſſeſs'd of, theirs;
Till you, full gorg'd, like ſucking Leeches, die,
To make Foes, by your Death, live merrily;

Since but your Friends for your Long Life can grieve,
Whom you, by Living, of their Hopes deceive,
And them of their Inheritance bereave;
Which you gain'd, not ſo much to keep, as loſe,
Since you but uſe it leſs, as more it grows,
And of it, as 'tis more, can leſs diſpoſe;
Then leave your Avarice, but out of Thrift,
And be not by your Stores of them bereft;
For you, Poor Rich Man, are the Prodigal,
Who give, e'er you die, from your own ſelf, all;
Not to your beſt Friend, but worſt Enemy,
Your Heir, who cannot live, till that you die,
Thus of your Death, is in neceſſity;
You Muck-Worms, like the Silk-Worms, only ſo,
Labour but for your Shining Riflers, who,
Wou'd for your Pains and Gains, rob, kill you too;
Juſtly your Death, but for their Wealth, contrive,
Who your Heirs, of their Livelihood, deprive,
Since, till you Die, you will not let 'em Live;
Then ſay not, 'pray, you hate all Vanity,
Since, but for that, you live ſo Miſ'rably;
For nothing is ſo Vain, as hoarding Store,
Which, the more 'tis, makes your Deſires the more,
So you, but as more Rich, more truly Poor;
To be more Rich, more to your Infamy,
By being Guilty moſt Felonioufly,
Moſt to your Shame, of your own Poverty.

A SONG *to* Phillis ; *Reviving Her Friend's Old Love, by Singing a New Song of His, written on Her.*

I.

LET me thy Kindneſs but revive,
Who Dy'd long ſince for Love of thee;
My Songs ſhall make thy Beauty live,
Altho' that it has Murther'd me;

II.

As Arrows ſhot back, on the Foe,
By them, at whom they firſt were aim'd,
Of their Defence, Offenſive grow,
When by their own Arms, they are maim'd;

III.

My Song's ſo meant, for my Love's Aid,
In overcoming Cruel thee;
Of my Help once, now thine are made,
In Conquering, and Wounding me;

IV.

My Love, meant thee to mollifie,
Stiffens thee, but into more Pride,
In giving thee more Vanity,
My Courtſhip has my Love deny'd;

V.

So my Songs made, to make you Love
Me more, more fruſtrate their Intent;
By which, more Vain, leſs Kind you prove,
Till by my Love, I yours prevent;

VI.

So the moſt Puſhing Enemy,
Too forward in his Bold Attack,
Oft makes his own Artillery,
In his Aſſault, to force him back.

An EPITHALAMIUM *on the Marriage of Two very Ill Natur'd* Blacks, *who were to have their Liberty, in conſideration of their* Match.

YOU Slaves! are now ſet Free, but on the Score,
Of growing much more Slaves, than e'er before;
Go freely thus, into more Slavery,
Call'd Wedlock, for your Infidelity;
For Want of Faith, in one another, you,
Bond-Slaves for Life, thus one to t'other grow;
By your Church-Bondage, that of Marriage, ſince
Death only can be your Deliverance;
Each, fondly thinking to get Liberty,
Each other bind more faſt in Slavery:

So, but like other Sooty Gipſies, you
Take Hands now, but to cheat each other too;
Each other to the Dev'ls, your ſelves you give,
Like Witches, that here both may better live;
Giving your ſelves to one another, you,
But as the Devil, and the Witches, ſo
Muſt, by your Pact, Pains mutual undergo;
For, like the Devil, and the Witch, you will,
But to both's Torment, hug each other ſtill,
By your Pact, your Perdition to fulfil;
Yet, neither of you needs a Rival fear,
No Groper, either's Darkneſs, will come near;
Each other's Hue, keeps both from Jealouſie,
As Men gain Peace, by their Obſcurity;
For her Face, let thy Wife, Black Bride-groom! ſhow
Her, thou't be ſure, that no Man elſe will know,
Since none, a Favour ſure, will from her ask,
Whoſe very Face is a forbidding Mask;
Yet each, in Wedlock, (growing Chriſtian) will
Grow to each other, more an Infidel;
In Wedlock's Joys, will have the Dev'ls Content,
But one another's Eaſe, more to prevent,
Out of more Love, each other more Torment;
In vain then, ſhou'd I give you Devil's Joy,
Which both reſolve, by Wedlock, to deſtroy,
Who, like Black Fiends, agree to diſagree,
Each other's Torment, out of Love to be,
More bound to be, with your ſelves, but more free;
As you'd more Freedom with each other take,
More Slaves, for Life, each other but to make.

Thanks to a Scornful Miſtreſs, *for Her Pride, and Indifference in Her Love; being to all Men alike. A* SONG.

I.

FOR our Love, you requite us all,
Repaying Love to none;
Since ſtill, your Scorn is general,
You Wrong not any one;

II.

One Way your Rigour pleaſes me,
If I cannot have you,
Nor in your Love can Happy be
I'm ſo, ſince none are ſo;

III.

For if your Love were Singular,
'Twere Public Injury;
Since none of you deſerving are,
'Tis juſt to let all Die;

IV.

Your Cruelty does Kindneſs prove,
Your Scorn grows Charity;
Who, ſince to none you ſhow True Love,
To none give Jealouſie.

In Praiſe of IGNORANCE; *which is, as leaſt* Knowledge, *moſt* Wiſdom. *Dedicated to the* Court; *nay, to all Sorts of* Courts.

MOST Noble Ignorance! ſtill ſcorning Pain,
And Labour, the worſt Labour of the Brain,
Shou'd not for Folly, but for Wiſdom paſs,
Since the Firſt Man's Crime, Ruine, and Diſgrace,
His Guilt and Curſe, but from his Knowledge was;
So ſince Man's Knowledge has his Ruine been,
Ignorance is the Trueſt Wiſdom then,
Since Men in it Reſt, Quiet, Safety find,
The Body's Eaſe, and True Peace of the Mind;
Then Ignorance ſhou'd for Diſcretion go,
Patron of Courage, nay of Science too,
For few wou'd Fight, or Write, did they know what they do;
And Books, the Magazines of Senſe, or Wit,
Had never ſure been written, but for it;
Then it, for Beſt Senſe we muſt needs confeſs,
Since Cauſe of all Content, and Happineſs,
Whence, what is Good or Ill, we cannot gueſs;

Whence we, for Want of Foreſight, Reaſon, Senſe,
Are ſafe, have Innocence for our Defence;
Dangers, nor Ill Luck, can fore-ſee, fore-know,
Which our Grief, our Shame, from our Knowledge grow;
Which felt and ſuffer'd, by Thought, Fear, or Care,
To ſhun 'em, (tho' they never happen) are;
So Senſe, makes Caution make our Miſchief ſure,
Our Thoughts, Fears, Cares, Cauſe for 'em to procure;
Whilſt Ignorance, for Want of Knowledge is,
And Thinking, but moſt Innocent, and Wiſe;
Shou'd, as leaſt Knowledge, for moſt Prudence go,
Since Men leaſt Happy prove, the more they know;
Then Ignorance Good Senſe will juſtifie,
Is, as leaſt Senſe, but moſt True Policy,
Of which, the Cautious Cunning are leaſt ſhy;
Beſt Policy, which Fools wou'd hide alone,
And Wiſe Men moſt, to ſhow moſt Knowledge, own;
Who, to ſhow more Senſe, let it leſs appear,
Since Senſe keeps all who deal with it, in Fear;
And ſince in Courts, for Breeding, Wiſdom too,
Not to ſee Faults, or Follies, does it go,
The Wiſe, to know all, nothing ſeem to know;
Since Knowledge makes leſs Friends than Enemies,
Man in his Ignorance is ſafe, ſo wiſe;
Thus Ignorance for Want of Knowledge, we,
With Reaſon, moſt Diſcretion think to be,
Since ſtill more Knowledge, does more Trouble grow,
More Fear, more Guilt, but as more Knowledge too;
Then Prudent Ignorance, (we muſt confeſs)
More Reaſon ſhows, as is its Knowledge leſs,
If Want of Care, or Fear, be Happineſs;
To which a Man, for Prudent, Want of Thought,
Or Knowledge, by Stanch Ignorance, is brought;
For Want of Science, 'tis Philoſophy,
Makes Men, for leſs Thought, live more happily,
More wiſely then, as more inſenſibly;
For Want of Knowledge, to have more Content,
To live more Free, more Safe, as Innocent;
By ſcorning Pedantry, Thought, Senſe, 'tis Wit;
Since Knowledge brings more Pain, Care, Fear with it,
Thus Ignorance, for Want of Knowledge, ſo,
More Reaſon is, Faith, and Religion too;
In Camps, for daring Fortitude has gone,

Not knowing what it did, has Honour won;
He who no Danger ſees, no Fear can know,
In Court or Camp, for beſt Aſſurance ſo,
And Honour, daring Ignorance may go;
For Want of Senſe, 'twill baffled be by none,
By no Court-Rants, School-Subtilties run down,
For Want of Reaſon, beſt maintains its own;
Thus Ignorance, for want of Knowledge, is
More Senſe, as but leſs Underſtanding 'tis;
For Want of Senſe, 'tis Self-ſufficiency,
To make it but on its own Self rely,
Whilſt Diffidence does want of Senſe imply;
By Thoughtleſs Ignorance, is Prudence ſhown,
Since 'tis Court-Policy, to ſhow there none,
Which is moſt Pow'rful, as it is leaſt known;
Thus Ignorance is moſt, beſt Policy,
Since none of Fraud, ſuſpect Simplicity,
Which is confided in, implicitly;
Which can no Guile, in Word or Action ſhow,
So no Man's Shame, but Honour ſhou'd it grow;
Its Honour, Wiſdom, beſt does juſtifie,
But by its Boldneſs, and Simplicity;
Which having to Vain Knowledge no Pretence,
Proves more its Courage, Faith, and Innocence;
Its Patience, Gravity, Diſcretion too,
Which does more Senſe (diſputing nothing) ſhow;
Since Men ſtill, for an obſtinate Debate,
Or Oppoſition, grow more Obſtinate;
Thus Ignorance, ſo ſilent, ſerious, ſhou'd,
When moſt dumb, be for moſt Senſe underſtood;
Since no Weak Fool can do his Senſe more Wrong,
Than by expoſing it with his own Tongue;
Whoſe Want of Senſe, but by his Talk is known,
The Fool who nothing ſays, ſhou'd go for none;
Who thinks of nothing, nothing e'er can fear,
Then Ignorants, who have for leſs Thought but leſs Care,
And Fear, moſt Happy, as moſt Senſleſs are;
Who for leſs Senſe, more Pain and Trouble can
Still undergo, than the more Thoughtful Man;
Then Senſe is Nonſenſe, which does Eaſe prevent,
Ignorance Wiſdom, which brings moſt Content,
Keeps Man more Safe, but as more Innocent;
Whilſt Knowledge is, (as no Man can deny)

As 'twas the Firſt Man's Fault, All's Miſery;
Then Happineſs in Ignorance ſhou'd lie;
And Ignorance ſhou'd for moſt Reaſon go,
Which Miſchiefs e'er they come, will not fore-know;
Which Senſe fears, feels, whether they come or no;
Thus Ignorance is Happineſs, ev'n here;
Safety, Peace, Reſt, as it will prove elſewhere;
Since it is Faith, and Blind Devotion too,
Believing all, ſince it does nothing know;
Thus Ignorance, in Truth, moſt Wiſdom is,
As it does know leaſt, muſt do leaſt amiſs,
Gives here, the Faithful, their Fools-Paradiſe;
For, if Joy, Peace, are more, as Knowledge leſs,
Much Ignorance muſt be much Happineſs;
Ignorance is our Happy'ſt State of all,
For ſuch was *Adam*'s, e'er he had his Fall;
So, 'twas his Knowledge was his Firſt Offence,
But for which, he had kept his Innocence;
Man's firſt Bleſt State of Ignorance, it was,
Which now, for that of Innocence does paſs,
Since Knowledge was Man's Guilt, ſo his Diſgrace;
The State of Ignorance then does ſuffice,
Like that of Grace, for our Neceſſities,
Which them, for Want of Knowledge, beſt ſupplies;
Since Man's Senſe makes him more Unhappy grow,
In this Life, as he more does of it know,
And makes him leſs believe in t'other too;
Then Ignorance is Wiſdom, ſince Content
Is Faith, and Virtue, ſince 'tis Innocent,
Here, elſewhere, the Soul's Torment does prevent;
Which makes Man, Good from Evil leſs to know,
For this, or next Life, but leſs Anxious ſo;
Which makes his Mind at Reſt, that's Heaven here,
Without Ambition, Envy, Care, or Fear;
So mends his Faith, and keeps him from Deſpair,
Makes him, to hope the beſt, the worſt to bear;
Thus Ignorance, is Faith, Hope, Charity,
Makes Man, without Guilt, live Licentiouſly;
Since Sin's no Sin, till known, for ſuch, it is,
Then Ignorance can nothing Act amiſs;
'Tis Grace, by which, Men Innocent muſt grow,
Faith's Proof, and Guide, of Blind Devotion too;
Nay, without Faith alone, can Sinners ſave,

Who wou'd ('tis thought) no Faith, but for it, have;
Thus Ignorance is Reſt, Salvation, Bliſs,
Faith, Hope, without Fear, ſo True Happineſs;
Ev'n Ignorance, for Knowledge too may go,
Since more we know, the leſs we know, we know;
In fine then, Ignorance we can't deny,
Is the moſt Stoical Stupidity,
For Want of Senſe, Faith, and Philoſophy;
Since Reſt, Peace, Happineſs, of all the Wiſe,
In ſafe, and quiet Stupefaction, lies,
To keep Mens Minds, from Thoughts, Cares, Fears, at Reſt,
In Happy Thoughtleſneſs, moſt truly Bleſt;
Thus Ignorance, is moſt Senſe, as 'tis leaſt;
For Want of Senſe, ſo but more Rational,
Since all Thought, which we can moſt Reaſon call,
Is but to think, to have no Thought at all;
For all our Care, Fear, Guilt, are on us brought,
From having too much Knowledge, Senſe, or Thought;
Then Height of Senſe, is living Senſleſly,
And Height of Wiſdom, ſafe Stupidity,
As Height of Joy, but Senſleſs Ecſtacy.

The end of the First Volume

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Miſcellaneous POEMS, *&c.*

By Mr. *WYCHERLEY*

Publiſh'd from

More Correct Copies.

An EPISTLE *to Mr.* DRYDEN, *from the Copy Corrected in the Year* 1706.

N.B. *The Variations of the Copy ſince printed, are to be found in the bottom of the Page.*

AS when great Kings with petty Princes joyn,
[1] They more their Conqueſt than their Aid deſign;
Thus, while to write with me you condeſcend,
'Tis more to vanquiſh, than aſſiſt your Friend.
Then not by writing will I ſtrive in vain
More Senſe to prove, or greater Praiſe to gain;
But ſhew my Senſe by giving yours its Due,
And only ſeek for Praiſe by praiſing you.
[2] Whoſe Wit, like Heav'n from whence it ſprung, repays
To us in Glory what we give in Praiſe.

[1] *In Mr.* Theobald's *Edition it is thus:*

As when great Kings with petty Princes joyn,
And club their Forces in the same Design,
They more a Conquest than an Aid intend;
Thus while, *&c.*

[2] Since all who strive for Fame, or Glory, must
Be just to You to be themselves thought just.
Their Judgment thus, tho' not their Wit, may shew,
And gain Forgiveness of their Errors so.
Thus I my Fame acquire, tho' not my Due,
By yielding Honour to your Muse, and You.

Your clear, unerring, univerſal Senſe,
Cheers like the Sun with gen'ral Influence:
New Wonders ſtill profuſely does diſplay,
And drives the Darkneſs of the Mind away.
But your enlight'ning comprehenſive Mind
[1] Not to a ſingle Sphere can be confin'd:
In Comic, Tragic, or Heroic Strain,
You your vaſt Genius can alike maintain;
Their diff'rent Talents other Wits purſue,
But All ſubmit in their own Kind to You
Whether you mourn, make love, applaud, or blame,
You ſtill can charm us, and are ſtill the ſame.
With the ſame Art, in Joy or Grief engage
Your paſſive Audience, and your active Stage,
With your feign'd Love, and true poetic Rage.

Others, in Spight of all their noiſy Wit,
Find the Stage ſilenc'd by the louder Pit;
They make us laugh to ſee their Actors cry,
In ſome ſad Farce, or merry Tragedy.
But never you our Paſſion, or our Senſe,
With Art againſt our Nature influence:
You make us Silence ev'n in Laughter keep,
And ev'n divert us, while you cauſe to weep.
Your moving Scenes, at once, with various Art,
[2] Harden the ſoft, and melt the hardeſt Heart:
With Love give Grief, with Horror can delight
And pleaſe the Mind, yet terrify the Sight.

But when the vulgar Vice employs your Pen,
How we deſpiſe our ſelves in other Men!
At once we grow more merry, yet more wiſe,
Pleas'd and inſtructed with your Comedies.
You can our Follies without Fooling ſhow,
And prove your Skill, by making others grow
Ridiculous, without becoming ſo:
Your Senſe, your Humour, and ſatyrick Rage,
At once can teach, delight, and laſh the Age.

[1] Hence the just Fame of your great Genius is
As general, as are its Faculties.

[2] *In Mr.* Theobald's *Edition,*
Harden the soft, and soften th' hardest Heart.

The greateſt Art is ſure your Art alone,
Of pleaſing all Men in your ſparing none:
Charm'd with your Wit, tho' it their Scandal grows,
Their Follies pleaſe them, which you thus expoſe.
Your graceful Muſe ſo well becomes her Rage,
That ev'n her Scorn muſt every Heart engage;
As angry Beauties but more charming prove,
[1] And force their Foes to Wonder and to Love.

Your Subjects, tho' they are but Fictions all,
Seem, for your Art, more true and natural:
No ſtrange, abſurd, new Miracles you feign,
More to perplex the Mind, than entertain;
Nor Truths incredible relate, or ſhew,
To make us wonder leſs at them, than you.
What Satisfaction can our Senſe receive
From Tales, or Accidents, it can't believe?
'Tis the too bold Improbability,
That makes ridiculous the labour'd Lye,
And Lyar too; no Shame is undergone
More for a Lye, than Truth that looks like One.
No matter what Poetic Stories are,
Or falſe, or true, ſo true they but appear;
None juſt, or fit, can their Invention call,
If 'tis not eaſie, free, and natural.

Your Plot, tho' ſeeming intricate, is plain,
And gives us Pleaſure, keeping us in Pain;
Begets our Wonder firſt, then clears our Doubt;
Hard to conceive, as eaſie when found out:
Wit, Fancy, Judgment, and Invention too,
(Which ſeldom meet in Others) join in You;
[2] In you each regularly plays its Part
Your Art ſeems Nature, and your Nature Art.

[1] And, when they wou'd provoke, engage our Love.

[2] *In Mr.* Theobald's *Edition:*

Wit, Fancy, Judgment, and Invention too,
Which ſeldom meet in others, join in you;
Nay oft in others one another thwart,
Whilſt each ſo regularly plays its Part
In you, your Art ſeems Nature and your Nature Art.

You repreſent no Characters ſo low,
As make our Loathing our Diverſion grow;
When Nature, in Simplicity's Exceſs,
[1] Becomes itſelf too natural to pleaſe.
No witty Lovers in your Scenes we ſee,
Who ſigh by Rule, and take leſs Care to be
True to their Miſtreſs, than their Simile.
No formal Fools endeavour to make known
Their Senſe, when Paſſion only ſhould be ſhown;
[2] Paſſion is want of Senſe, and what will prove
Oft more perſwaſive far than Wit in Love;
[3] For Love, and Wit, as ſeldom at one Time
Together meet, as good Senſe with good Rhime;[4]
You thwart not Nature with Poetic Arts,
Nor think your Lovers with their Head's good Parts,
More than their Bodies, can take Female Hearts.
You Rhime for Reaſon on them ne'er obtrude,
For Argument a falſe Similitude;
Nor make them e'er to wound their Ladies aim
With ſharp Conceit, or pointed Epigram,
Or fire them only with the Poet's Flame.
[5] Yet all your Thoughts are chaſt as is your Stile,
You, without Guilt, can make the Modeſt ſmile;
Virgins your Love without a Bluſh may hear,
Which ſtrikes their Heart, yet never wounds the Ear.

Your Wit is juſt, as ſtill in Seaſon ſhown,
Since Oſtentation makes ſome paſs for none;
And as good Breeding, ſo the beſt good Senſe,
In the wrong Place, becomes Impertinence.

[1] Walks in a Garb too course and mean to please.

[2] This sense confounds; for, against Nature, Sense
Turns Folly, and gives those twou'd please Offence,
While 'tis extravagant Impertinence:
But Passion (since it want of Sense does seem)
We Love's best Proof in Lovers should esteem:

[3] For true Love sure but a short Madness is,
Since none, at once, can Lovers be and Wise.

[4] Except in your smooth Numbers, Thoughts sublime.

[5] Yet you with Love can coldest Hearts inspire,
Give them, without Concupiscence Desire;
With warm Thoughts, yet, as chast as is your Stile,
You, without Guilt, can make the Modest smile;

You ne'er diſgrac'd your true and Sterling Wit,
By putting off the viler Droſs with it;
Which, like true Coin, muſt for ſuſpected paſs,
When mix'd with what is Counterfeit, or Baſe:
Falſe Wit is of the Want of true the Sign,
As the falſe Money of the Dearth of Coin.

Our Fools of Fancy ſcarce a Thought refuſe,
Only because they know [1] not which to chuſe.
Your Senſe diſtinguiſhes [2] the juſt and fit,
And ſcorns the forc'd Impertinence of Wit;[3]
But you ſtill ſhun an Artifice ſo mean,
As with forc'd Pleaſantry to load your Scene;
Make the low Farce to ſprightly Wit give way,
And ſcorn to keep the dull Buffoon in Play.
No ſtrange, or far-fetch'd Epiſode obtrude,
Nor leave your Tale for a dull Interlude.
No pompous Fuſtian in your Plays we find,
More to confound, than to ſurprize the Mind;
To make us leſs conceive, the more we hear,
Or ſtun each Head by puzz'ling eve'ry Ear.
Your Senſe, clear is, as are your Numbers ſweet,
Takes Refuge in no myſtical Deceit;
No Double-meanings on your Pit you paſs,
Which ſtain our Honour, and our Wit debaſe:
Senſe, ſeeming double, oft proves none at all,
And is, like Love, more falſe, as general;[4]

Strong is your Judgment, as your Reaſon ſound,
Your Wit as piercing, as your Senſe profound;
Your Fancy copious, fluent, clear and high,
Yet without barren Superfluity;
Nor from the Fulneſs of your fruitful Head,
Are crude, and undigeſted Humours bred.

[1] Know not *how* to chuse.

[2] *Twixt* just and fit.

[3] By which, as by forc'd Mirth, a Man is made
With That, which should divert him, but more sad;

[4] Or Truth, for being too equivocal.

Your Judgment has no Fault, but too much Wit;
And you to heighten, and illuſtrate it,
[1] To mix inferior Thoughts ſhould condeſcend,
As meaner Foils the Diamond's Luſtre mend.
[2] Pure Senſe, like Gold, will beſt our Art obey,
When mix'd, and ſtrengthen'd, with its juſt Allay:
So skilful Artiſts firſt cement their Gold
With the groſs Mixture of a meaner Mold;
Then, with rich Workmanſhip, the Loſs reſtore,
And raiſe the Worth, while they debaſe the Ore.

Some value Wit, like Coin, becauſe 'tis old,
And judge the lighteſt is the pureſt Gold;
As much by others 'tis deſpis'd of late,
And worn by Time, ſeems crack'd, and out of date;
Or from its Age ſuſpected in its Weight.
But like the new-mill'd Coin appears your Wit,
Which none can leſſen, or can counterfeit;
Which, like true Gold, can ev'ry Teſt endure,
At once is weighty, ſolid, bright and pure;
Tho' late-coin'd, current; tho' untry'd, is fine,
Out-weighs their Old, and does our New out-ſhine.

Such is your Senſe, which you ſo well expreſs,
The brighteſt Beauty has the richeſt Dreſs.
Nor in your Verſe does Senſe ſubmit to Sound,
As oft, in Songs, 'tis for the Muſick drown'd:[3]
Rhimes, with moſt others, Reaſon's Fetters are,
To ſtop their *Pegaſus* in full Career;
Their Fancy's Tramels, which retard the Race,
And check his Swiftneſs, while they ſmooth his Pace:
With you they guide him, and improve his Courſe,
In Smoothneſs, Meaſure, Majeſty and Force;
A ſafe, tho' high; a ſwift, yet eaſie Flight;
Diſcreet, tho' daring; lofty, yet in Sight.

[1] You shou'd (as Artists with their Diamonds do)
By adding Foils, a purer Brightness shew ;

[2] Pure Sense, as pure Gold, best will Art obey.

[3] Your Reason too agreeing with your Rhime,
Is still in Tune, as is your Sense in Time :

Thus, in all Kinds, your matchleſs Art is ſhown,
And thus, the whole Poetic World's your own;
Fame is engroſs'd by you, and what remain'd
For All t' attempt, by One has been obtain'd.
Who writes with you, in hopes his Fame to raiſe,
Aſpires (at beſt) to eminent Diſgrace.[1]
Your Reaſon's Light wou'd my dark Senſe out-ſhine,
And your Poetick Flame extinguiſh mine.

So when bright *Phœbus*'s purer Rays conſpire,
To mix with Smoak, and dull Material Fire;
The Fire, that ſhone with mod'rate Light before,
O'ercome by too much Luſtre, ſhines no more.

VERSES *omitted from the Panegyrick on* DULNESS.

THUS Dulneſs, the ſafe Opiate of the Mind,
The laſt kind Refuge weary Wit can find,
Fit for all Stations, and in all content,
Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent:
No Pains it takes, and no Offence it gives,
Un-fear'd, un-hated, un-diſturb'd it lives.
—And if each writing Author's beſt pretence,
Be but to teach the Ignorant more Senſe;
Then Dulneſs was the Cauſe they wrote before,
As 'tis at laſt the Cauſe they write no more;
So Wit, which moſt to ſcorn it does pretend,
With Dulneſs firſt began, in Dulneſs laſt muſt end.

CONCLUSION *added in the Year* 1709, *to the Poem called* THE BILL OF FARE.

AT length the Board, in looſe disjointed Chat,
Deſcanted, ſome on this Thing, ſome on that;
Some, over each Orac'lous Glaſs, fore-doom
The Fate of Realms, and Conqueſts yet to come;

[1] Then, since no Writer now can find Success,
In writing after you (All must confess)
I shew my Sense more, by writing less.

What Lawrels *Marlbro'* next ſhall reap, decree,
And ſwifter than *His* Arms, give *Victory:*
At the next Bottle, all their Schemes they ceaſe,
Content at laſt to leave the World in Peace.
'Till having drown'd their Reaſon, they think fit
Railing at Men of Senſe, to ſhow their Wit;
Compare *De Foe*'s Burleſque with *Dryden*'s Satyr,
And *Butler* with the *Lutrin*'s[1] dull Tranſlator,
Decry'd each paſt, to raiſe each preſent Writer,
Damn'd the *Plain-dealer*, and admir'd the *Biter*.

Theſe Cenſures o'er, to different Subjects next,
'Till rallying all, the Feaſt became the Text;
So to mine Hoſt, the greateſt Jeſt, they paſt,
And the Fool Treater grew the Treat at laſt.
Thus having eaten, drunk, laught, at his Coſt,
To the next Day's Repentance, as they boaſt,
They left their ſenſeleſs, treating, drunken Hoſt.

Soft be his Slumbers! But may this ſuffice
Our Friends the Wits and Poets to adviſe,
(Tho' Dinners oft they want and Suppers too)
Rather to ſtarve, as they are us'd to do,
Than dine with Fools, that on their Gueſts will force
Mixt Wine, mixt Company, and mixt Diſcourſe:
Since not much Wine, much Company, much Food,
Make Entertainments pleaſe us as they ſhou'd;
But 'tis of each, the *Little*, and the *Good*.

EPIGRAM *occaſioned by Ozell's tranſlation of Boileau's Lutrin.*

O*Zell*, at *Sanger*'s Call, invok'd his Muſe,
For who to ſing for *Sanger* could refuſe?
His Numbers ſuch, as *Sanger*'s ſelf might uſe.
Reviving *Perault*,[2] murd'ring *Boileau*, he

[1] Not *Crown*, (as is mistakingly said in the Contents to Vol. I.) but *Ozell*, who had just at that Time made a poor Version of *Boileau's Lutrin*, and in it reflected upon Mr. *Wycherley* by Name.

[2] He had before translated *Perault*'s Characters, &c.

Slander'd the Ancients firſt, then *Wycherley*;
Not that it much that Author's Anger rais'd,
For thoſe were ſlander'd moſt whom *Ozell* prais'd:
Nor had the toothleſs Satyr caus'd complaining,
Had not ſage *Rowe* pronounc'd it *Entertaining*.
How great, how juſt, the Judgment of that Writer!
Who the *Plain-dealer* damns, and prints the *Biter*.[1]

VERSES *on the* SPEAKING-HEAD.

WHY makes one Blockhead's Speech ſo great a Noiſe,
In ſuch a Town, where ſuch leaſt want a Voice?
Why for a Wonder ſhou'd its Prating go,
Where the moſt ſenceleſs, the moſt noiſy grow?
Ye living Loggerheads of Court and Town,
Forbear to cry your brainleſs Brother down!
Your own new Likeneſs no more Senſe will ſay,
Than others Mouths into his Head convey.
Sometimes, 'tis true, he'll *Greek* and *Latin* ſpeak,
(And you to ſuch Heads bear the greateſt Pique.)
But then he's wiſer, modeſter than you,
And never ſpeaks, but when he's ſpoken to.
You, to be heard, about the Town muſt rome,
But, like an Oracle, He keeps his Home.

Courtiers! who to this Rival Viſits pay,
As to all elſe, to carp at what they ſay;
(For each new Blockhead when he comes to Town,
Has all the old ones ſtill to cry him down.)
You, by your own Example make it plain,
Such Heads are beſt to bring their Owners Gain:
For, as our ſage Inventor's fruitful Head,
Without this empty one, had ne'r got Bread,
So needy Wits that with ill Fortune ſtrive,
Joyn ſome Court-Blockhead to their Aid, and live.

[1] An unequal Piece of Mr. *Rowe*'s, which met with very ill Success.

The Court-Life.

WHY ſhou'd we that Ambition call?
To gain at Court a ſervile Place;
Where, to pleaſe one, we flatter all,
And aim at Honour, by Diſgrace.

Where all Things we muſt ſay and do,
Moſt alien to the Mind and Heart;
Thoſe who moſt ſhun us, moſt purſue;
And to gain Truſt, from Virtue part.

Where we muſt ſay as great Fools ſay,
Do, what great Knaves will have us do;
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,
With Fools for Politicians go.

Where we muſt flatter him we hate,
Or (what is worſe) him we deſpiſe;
To broken Slumbers lye down late,
And early to proud Levees riſe.

Where we muſt change Day into Night,
Night into Day, at others Will;
Muſt take Diſguſts, to give Delight,
And ſlight good Men, to honour ill;

Make many Foes, nay be our own;
To gain a Friend, where there is none.

HERO AND LEANDER

HERO and LEANDER

IN BURLESQUE

THE Towns of *Seſtus* and *Abidus* ſtood
As near to one another as they cou'd;
For ſpightfull *Helleſpont* ſtill 'tween them ran,
Of whoſe outragiouſneſs you'l hear anon:
Yet that they ſtill communicated, note,
By floating Bridge, now call'd a Ferry-boat,
Which if this Year lay on *Abidus*'s ſide,
The next to *Seſtian* Dock was to be ty'd:
For Senates ſage of both Towns cou'd agree
By turns, to be the Maſters of the Sea:
But always when *Abidus* had the Boat,
The State, and It, had but the ſame Pylot;
A ſhrewd old Swabber with a Neck atight,
And evermore inclined to the right;
His fellow Burgers ſage remark, and cauſe
Why he was choſen fiſher of the Laws
Beſides the ſcituation of his Ears
They ſaw was ſuch, no trayt'rous Whiſperers
Could eaſily approach them, one was ſtill
Prickt up to Heaven to receive her Will,
T'other did Earthward lop, good Man, with pain
To hear the needy, and oppreſs'd complain.
But when you know his Education, you'l
Allow the Man in all points fit to rule.
He was brought up to danger, and to rapin,
Dabbled i'th'ſea, and with a line, and a pin,
Which the young Urchin cunningly would crook,
With fly, or worm diſguiſe it then, and rook
The Ocean of her fiſh; for e're a Swabber,
He was a Sprat-catcher, or good Eele-bobber.
Alcides, when a whuleing piſs-abed,
By Poets (if you'l truſt 'em) hath been ſed
Over a thumping Adder to prevail;
This little Rogue cou'd hold an Eele by th'tail:

And when with ſtrength his art increas'd, was able
Soon well to ſteer a Skiff, and graſp a Cable,
Cou'd Tack about, ſhift Sails, wheadle the Wind,
And make it come before him, or behind:
Knew where the Rocks did lie, & ſneaking Shelves,
And places where bold Men might drown themſelves;
Kenn'd Storms far off, knew whether they had more
A mind to come to Sea, or ſtay aſhore:
But to be ſhort, and plain, he knew as well
The Sea, as Beggar doth his Diſh, cou'd tell
What the leaſt Cockle did in's Shell, and gueſs
How many Arms length where 'twas bottomleſs;
Such was the Man for ſway, you'l think him now
Worthy, as *Roman* newly ta'ne from Plow:
Yet know his Praiſes I have not begun,
Fine Gentleman *Leander* was his Son,
With whoſe moſt gen'rous inclination he
To's coſt (few Fathers doe ſo) did agree,
And bound him, Prentice to a worthy Barber,
The beſt, not ſuch another in the Harbour.
He was ſo handy, nimble, tight, ſo neat
In's Perſon, and his Implements compleat:
His Towels, like his Skin, were white and fine,
Nought but his Face his Baſon could out-ſhine:
So pickt, ſo waſht his Combes of Ivory,
Unleſs his Teeth their whiteneſs nought came nigh;
With others that were made of Horn, or Box,
He often wou'd compare his golden Locks;
With whom (if none had too much Beard) he'd play,
And innocently ſport out half the Day;
But when you did ſit down, with ſuch a grace
Handled your Throat, your Ears, your Noſe, your Face.
Tickled where others pain; Maids who did eye him
Wiſh'd themſelves Satyrs to be trimmed by him:
He'd dive into the Channels of your Brain,
And with a feat dexterity make plain
The Paſſage, though before 'twas nere ſo rough,
Yet with leſs pain to you, than taking Snuff;
For he wore Nails as long as Bill of Bittern,
For what? to ſcrape Teeth, and to play on Cittern;
Nay, he had all good qualities; cou'd tye
A Cuff-ſtring, or Crevat ſo jantyly:
With all, had Conſcience, and for copper Spanker

Would make Sea-faring Beard look like an Anchor.
For mettle, and agility, with which
Writers are bound their Heroes to inrich;
I muſt confeſs I can't ſay much, but know
For certain he could crindge, and bow full low.
For throwing of the Bar he never car'd,
Cudgels, not wreſtling, that I ever heard,
Or any brutiſh Sports, which make Men wrangle;
On Holy-days he went alone to angle;
Lov'd ſwimming well, and ſwam like any Duck,
But where moſt Skill there ever is leaſt Luck;
And Arts, like Women, after a long wooing,
Oft ſhame our Induſtry, and prove undoing.

Now towe me, Muſe! o'er to the other ſide,
Where moſt egregious *Hero* did abide;
You, ſacred Dame! I mean, who once did ſteer
The proſp'rous Praiſe of great *Magnanos* dear;
If you have any time, help me aſhore
With *Heros* commendation, and though poor,
I am, in Socket trimm'd with Bayes, I ſwear,
I'll tall Ruſhcandle to thy Glory rear;
Which likewiſe may as *Pharo* ſerve to light
Your groaping Orators, when it is night,
Throughout Parnaſſus; come 'tis as folks ſay,
Who'd have his buſineſs done, muſt bribe, not pray.
What do you pauſe at now? I know as Muſe
To ſcorn good wages was your ſimple uſe;
With me hang not an Arſe: *Hero* then was
A bonny, buxom, bounſing *Seſtian* Laſs,
Of all the *Grecian* Girls the very Flower,
Liv'd at the Townſend at the Sign of Tower,
With her own Mother, a largehearted Woman,
Whoſe Houſe to merry *Greeks* was alway common;
A comely Widow, and had long been ſo;
The oldeſt in the Town did never know
The Father of fine *Hero*; whence Diſputes,
That ſome Sea-god, diſguis'd in Fiſhing-boots,
Did catch her on the Shore, & there did ſtrand her,
And ſo contriv'd a Miſtreſs for *Leander*.
But whether ſo, or no, or how it was,
She grew too great for Mortal to embrace,
And haughtily did ſtave off many proffers,

Reſolv'd to keep the Keys of her own Coffers,
And ſcorn'd to be with any a Yokefellow,
Or to admit Competitor of Pillow:
But kept the Empire of her Bed to cough,
Snore, belch, break wind, and no one ſhou'd cry foh:
So howſ'ere Love and Lover did contrive it,
The cunning willful Widow did not wive it,
Unleſs ſhe practis'd ſecret Matrimony,
For Licence but for Wine ſhe had not any.
But what of that? I warrant ſhe was wiſe
Enough to keep her ſelf from Church Exciſe.
Was *Hero* not, in ſpight of all the Clerg'in
Seſtus, and what they all cou'd do, a Virgin?
And to her Mother was but young, yet cou'd
Some ſay as much as ſhe, nay much more did
Within-doors, and long of her complaiſance
It was, her mothers liquor had good utterance.
For ſhe was ſtill in motion, now i'th'Garret,
And ſtrait down in the Cellar drawing Claret;
Haſty as Lightning ſhe wou'd ſhoot the Stairs,
If no one did oppoſe her unawares;
Wou'd bolt into the Room like ſtartled Cunny,
But ſtill dropt at the Door due Ceremony;
Then mumpt out, Gentlemen, what do you lack—
When ſtrait ſhe's anſwer'd with a bob, or ſmack:
But ſome one riſing, in her Ear doth tell her,
She anſwers him aloud, the beſt i'th'Cellar:
He follows down, and broaches where he will,
But with a gentle caution, not to ſpill.
She made, and unmade beds moſt nimblely,
Not like her Dammes, hers was a ſlim-belly:
And now and then, with her ſweet Company
Cou'd ſatisfy gay Gueſt for lodging high;
His rageing Bowels Supper ſhould not miſs,
For ſhe cou'd ſtay a Stomack with a Kiſs:
At coming in and out cou'd complement
The Gueſts, and give 'um marvellous content.
For truly ſhe well-ſpoken Damſel was,
Like fav'rite Advocate brought all to paſs,
And not as fooliſh Maids with Nature nice,
But boldly us'd her own good qualities
Not only for her ſelf, but other foke,
Cou'd break mad ranting Girls to th'marriage-yoke.

To baſhful, or dumb Lovers ſhe was common,
And publick mouth, or as we ſay Spokes-woman:
In other terms a Maidenhead-enſurer,
A Wife, or as it were a Wife—procurer:
For in old *Grecian* Writ it manifeſt is,
Hero had Orders, and was *Venus* Prieſteſs.
At once ſhe drew, and anſwer'd Lovers pleas,
'Tween them ſhe made, and carry'd meſſages,
Hagler of *chere entier*, and did ſupply,
For modeſt Gain, human Neceſſity;
But needy Folks for nothing wou'd relieve,
And ſtill of her own ſtore was free to give.
She was, I vow and ſwear, as good a Creature
As ever wore bright Symptome of good Nature,
Loves Cobweb, or his Net, or golden Fleece,
As Poets ſay, who can chooſe Miſtreſſes,
And they their meaneſt Heroe will not bed,
With any thing whoſe Hair is not Fox-red.
Her Brows ſoft Fur was of a paler Dye,
Conformable to that which prettily
Peep'd on her Upper Lip, and cowardly
Made ſhew of Heroine Virility,
Day in her large Cow-Eyes was broad awake,
No heavy ſleepy Morn' there ſeem'd to break.
Sir *Phœbus*, given as you know, to flatter
With his own Luſtre did her Face beſpatter:
Her Lips—but ſtay, was not *Pigmalion* won
With a ſenſeleſs Deſcription of his own?
Let it ſuffice then all who are concern'd,
That in her Face 'twas openly diſcern'd
How near ſhe was to *Venus* in her place;
And by her Stature ſeen her heavenly Race:
For ſhe not only ſtreight, but tall as Maſt;
Beauty's whole World, in all Perfection vaſt.

Yearly at *Seſtus* Town for *Venus* ſake,
Mother of Wakes, was kept a jolly Wake:
But *Greeks* ſay 'twas a cuſtomary howling
For her *Adonis*, or Annual Condoling.
Their Goddeſſes and Countries active Drudge,
Who keenly carry'd on their mortal Grudge
Againſt a certain Outlaw, who i'th' Woods
Reign'd Lord, and King, and liv'd on true mens Goods:

That reap'd and mow'd where he did never plow,
But where he plow'd none e're cou'd reap or mow;
Who Plow-mans Joy did trample under foot,
And Tyrant-like, let nothing near him ſprout.
But thoſe ſmall faults, ſuch as the *Greeks* cou'd pardon,
And Compoſition Carrots out of Garden
Had giv'n him yearly, wou'd the Churl have ſpar'd
But their meat, drink, and cloth in the Vineyard:
Yet he wou'd not be wean'd; but at their charges
Baſely alone went on carowſing Verjuice,
And was before the preſſing of the Liquor,
Of jolly Grecian bowls the ſhrewdeſt Nicker;
Whence all the thirſty *Greeks* grew mad, and ſwore
Deeply, they'd drink the reſt out in his Gore:
And ſtraight the bold Aſſociates pitch'd upon
A Chief to lead them, or to bid 'em on,
Who though he had no hair on Chin, or Breſt,
Had Valour nevertheleſs moſt manifeſt:
And *Mars* himſelf 'tis thought hath oft out-done:
For it is certain *Venus* loved none
Like him of all her Luſty Boys, and Cronies
Good Bit of fleſh, call'd as I ſaid, *Adonis*.
For when Night 'gan to peel, and Day was dawning,
Up he would get, and leave his Goddeſs yawning,
Who waking, turn'd to th'Wall, and thought t'ave had 'im,
As other Utenſils, where ſhe had laid him;
But found the eager Huntſman ſtill would leap
The Fence, not taking Notice of the Gap:
Whence ſtraight in Rage ſhe call'd him curtail'd Fellow.
And then to eaſe her Heart, ſhe cuff'd her Pillow.
So when the Hare is miſt where ſhe was ſquatting,
Next Buſh the mump'd Purſuers fall a beating.
But when ſh'ad paus'd, (quoth ſhe) " 'Tis *Phœbe* is chief
" Cauſe, and Contriver alway of my Miſchief:
" That long-legg'd Ramp, that daggle-tail'd ſhe-ranger,
" To well-diſpoſed Folkes ſtill Dog in Manger:
" She leads the able Youth aſtray, bewitches
" Them with that early Itch of leaping Ditches;
" And in their warm Bed will not let them tarry,
" Where if they love toil they might be aweary.
" And to the prickly Thickets need not roam,
" 'Till out of Breath might beat the Buſh at Home.
" But let 'um go like Fops, for know ſtale Maid,

" (With that ſhe ſnear'd) that we have Men more ſtaid,
" And you but ſpoil our Sport to make it better,
" And when my Foe, in Truth are but my Setter.
" So fumbling Bards do oft depoſe a Rhime,
" But to admit one that will better chime."

Meanwhile the Goddeſs held all theſe Diſcourſes,
Adonis was a tooting for his Forces:
For note though Hunting's ſaid to be in faſhion,
Much like to grinning Honours Recreation;
In this they diſagree, for in the War
O'th Woods, the Captain is the Trumpeter,
And makes the firſt proof of his ſcorning Death,
By being free, and laviſh of his Breath.
So did our Leader, who when he had drawn
His Band of Green-coats out upon the Lawn,
By Proverbs ſage adviſe to ſcape a Trip,
Reſolv'd with them *to look 'ere he did leap*;
Which to wiſe Warriors Cuſtom is according,
Who 'ere they fall to blows, do fall a Wording;
By which means thoſe that are in Reaſon ſtout,
The Enemy before they ſee him, rout.
And firſt as they in Story oft did find,
High Ancients did, they made the moſt o'th'wind:
Then ſent abroad their Scouts, which Man ſtill reckons
In time of War or Peace, his faithful Seconds.
For when the Shepherd had a mind to ſleep,
They are the Guard, and *Hectors* of the Sheep;
And when it is his pleaſure to go murther,
In that Heroick Vertue none go further;
So that if I may judge, they have much wrong,
To be left out of Regiſtering Song.
But he who makes, not he who ends the Quarrel,
Is known to run away ſtill with the Lawrel.
But to leave off the wont poetick Pother,
Small ſenſe with heaps of words t'orelay and ſmother.
The Chaſe, know then in few words was begun,
And nimble Rogues had got the ſtart of th' Sun,
And to the Foreſt merrily did trudge
With Pole on Shoulder to leap Ditch or Hedge,
Which Pole (ſome ſay) had iron Peg at end on't,
In caſe that Boar ſhould chance to prove Defendant.
By Thorn, or Holly Turn-pikes of the Wood,

The doubty Youngſters ſcorn'd to be withſtood;
For through the ſurly Thickets each did ruſh,
And manfully then fall upon his Buſh:
So that, alas, throughout the ſpacious Foreſt,
The ſmalleſt of her Tenants cou'd have no reſt.
The Hare, the lurking Cunny, and the Squirril,
Muſt all have then ſate ſtill at their own Peril.
For lazy Boar himſelf began to reckon
That he muſt move if he wou'd ſave his Bacon;
And as all Heroes who are truly bred,
Scorn'd to be caught by ſneaking Death abed.
So took his Heels; yet as bold *Parthian*,
His teaſing Foes ſtill wounding as he ran:
'Till finding odds againſt him, not afraid,
Yet Danger prudently with Honour weigh'd;
And ſince not able to reſiſt their Force,
Bravely reſolv'd to beat 'um in a Courſe:
Or rather (as ſome gueſs) he had the Cunning
Of the fly *Roman*, who made a ſhew of Running,
His Foes not to avoid, but ſeparate;
That ſingly with 'em he might try his Fate.
For when the Sentinel *Adonis* popt
Out of his Hawthorn Ambuſh, ſtrait he ſtopt;
And Youth no ſooner ſhew'd his Meaning cruel,
But Boar toſſing his Snout, receiv'd the Duel.
Fate was not then ſo meek as now a days;
Contented to take up with bloodleſs Frays,
Folks go a field to meaſure Swords, and Valour,
And after Trial neither found the taller;
For both, leſt Fame ſhould lie, do live to tell
The World, that they were both invincible:
Nor then was Honour bound by Law of Quarter,
To chouſe her ſelf of many a brave Martyr.
The Boar, as wiſe Folkes ſay, *Harm watch, harm catch*,
In's own Defence, his Huntſman did diſpatch.

Now tender Virgins who are always ready
To ſhew y'ave Bowels, hold yet 'till I bed ye:
Hold, hold, I ſay, a while, if ye are able,
For Subject to enſue more lamentable.
The ſavage Conqueror, not ſatisfy'd,
Till 's Stomack, as his Vengeance he had cly'd,
And *Tartar*-like not only to o'erthrow

Content'd but muſt dine upon his Foe,
Alas! firſt of chary Morſel carv'd,
Sacred to *Venus*, and while ſhe for it ſtarv'd.
And many other ſince, by the Confeſſion
Of *Seſtian* Virgins yearly Lamentation,
In which poor *Hero* bore the greateſt Part,
And wronging none, did take it moſt to Heart;
And yet her Beauty truckled not to Grief,
For both, ſhe was the Repreſentative
Of Widow *Venus*, and at once did make
Stout Hearts with Love and Pity both to ake.
But moſt the youngſters of *Abidus*, who
Came o're the water but to ſee the ſhow;
The ſhow! fie, let's employ words more in faſhion;
The holy March, or Trapeſing, or Proceſſion;
Much ſuch as now adays when to keep Noſes
From ſenſe of Death, are worn Roſemary Poſies.

But how now fisking Muſe, again a ſtraying?
Let's back to *Hero*, who as I was ſaying
Did lead the dumpiſh Rout, which 'twas ſuſpitious
Whether to her, or to the Day officious:
For ſome, 'tis ſure, ſcorning the Gods to flatter,
But 'cauſe ſhe went before to Church, went a'ter.
So if the Gods good Houſes have reſort,
Our mortal Goddeſſes they may thank for't.
But ſhe minding her Grief, or Pride to chear
Their drooping Hearts, refus'd, but with a Lear,
And when but each the other 'gan to juſtle,
And only to come near her made a buſtle,
Turn'd to 'um, yet with hanging Lip, and Frown,
T' aſſure 'um ſhe wou'd not be blown upon.
So have I—but Compariſons are odious——
Yet tell not me; with Rhimes *So* is commodious;
So then as *Hero* have I ſeen the teaſty
Proud paramour of the Heroick Maſty,
Trot on in haſte, and never deign to mind
Humble Addreſſes made to her *behind*;
Unleſs, as with her Betters 'tis the faſhion,
To ſnub, to ſnarl at, or ſnap up in paſſion.
Thus all Loves Myſtery is jogging on,
And ſavage Miſtreſſes muſt be run down.

Leander knew't, and therefore did not falter,
In's Courſe, but chas'd fair Murd'reſs to the Altar,
Where *a la* Negligence Dame *Venus* loll'd,
And Supplicants with ſmerking Looks cajol'd.
But if ſome medling Goſſip ſhould ask why,
As ev'ry other watchful Deity
She in her Temple did not ſtand upright?
In t'other Poſture ſure ſhe took delight,
Above them all; nor was her comely Mold
Of Marble fram'd, obdurate ſtill, and cold,
But willing Wax, whoſe Nature did expreſs
The complaiſant, and gentle Goddeſſes.
Nor did ſhe, as all other heav'nly Fo'ke,
Put Mortals to the charge of Veil, or Frock;
Mortals, whoſe blind Zeal ſo the Gods blaſpheme,
Imputing to their ſpotleſs Worſhips ſhame:
She graciouſly ſhew'd all; and did provoke
To Adoration the moſt frozen Stock.
The little Ape her Son, with Bow unbent
(Like Shock that guards the Toes of Monument)
Lay at her Feet, but not to hold 'um, for
She like her ſelf Compulſion did abhor.

As on the Chappel walls it oft appear'd,
Which Dawber without Pencil had beſmear'd
With artful Scratches; and in ſmutty Scores
Of Charcole, ſmutty Doings, or Amours
Of Gods laid open but in manner ampler;
Than in Madam *Arachnes* bawdy Sampler.
Nay, ſure they were the Types, Hints, or Inſtructions
To *Aretine*'s pathetical Productions,
The modeſt *Aretine*; for none of thoſe
Was he, whoſe Art on Nature doth impoſe:
Pragmatick ſaucy Slaves! who take upon 'um
To teach their Dame, they might as well their Grannum;
And with Mechanick Drapery do hide
But their own Botches, and frank Nature's pride,
At leaſt unreas'nably from Neck do ſtretch
White Hankerchief to cover whiter Breech,
And for the naked Nymphs, of their own Locks
Contrive 'um Aprons, Petticoats, and Smocks:
But Apron ſure not one of them muſt lack,
Though the poor Slut hath ne're a Rag to'r Back.

For they to any thing will run o'th' ſcore,
Rather than Nymph ſhou'd Facing want before.
They'll pluck Loves Wings, and tear his Clout from's eyes,
Take Satyrs Beard, Fawns Scut, ſo mak't appear
Like Ruſſians Cap, or Frizlanders Montier;
Take Monkeys tickling Paw, or Ear of Dazy,
While four-leg'd Favourite in Lap is lazy;
But *Aretine* not ſo———
He complaiſant to Nature, and to Female,
Alloweth her no Covering, but the Male:
And precious things of Man doth only hide
In Cabinet which Nature did provide.
But Virgin who perhaps may'ſt long to know
What on theſe Walls the Gods did ſeem to do,
Faith I do beg thy pardon, for 'tis certain
I've been too long in drawing of the Curtain:
Yet I might hope, ev'n Patience Feminine
Wou'd ſtay the praiſing of great *Aretine*.

Firſt *Jove*, the ſurly Maſter of the Fam'ly
Had left off's Thunder, and there look'd ſo tamely,—
Away he turn'd his feather'd Steed, for hark ye,
His Eagle was not hatch'd of *Tuſcan* Turkey
Therefore he in her ſtead did then beſtride
A plump young Goldy-lock call'd *Ganimed*;
Which though perform'd moſt ſlyly under Cloak,
Made of the thickeſt of Ætherial Smoak,
He there was found out by his reſtleſs *Juno*,
(The Jealous have but little Sleep, as you know)
Mad at the ſight, her blue-thin-lip ſhe bit,
And tore her Smock from Navel down to'r Feet:
So ſhew'd her own, and Huſbands diſcontent,
Which made him leave her, and his high-built Palace,
To ſeek him to his heav'nly Guſts a Laſs,
And if he had not, he had been to blame,
To lie ſtill with his Siſter was a ſhame.
To th' whoring Earth *incognito* he goes,
But not, as Gallants now, with Cloak o're Noſe;
The Habit of a Town-bull there he took,
Not to bear yoke, but ramping Nymph o're Brook;
So Bow muſt bend (as *Cupid* makes it out)
Ere the aim'd Arrow can come near the Clout;

And all but Whore, and Widow *Amazon*,
By ſneaking, and ſubmiſſion ſtill are won.

In the next place th' immortal Bullock did
Gore his dear Heifer *Io* till ſhe bled.
Then was he ſeen in ſhining Coat of Mail
Of Guinnys, *Danae*'s Fortreſs to aſſail;
Meer Whore who till ſhe was greas'd in the Fiſt,
Was always deviliſh ſtreight about the Twiſt.
Then *Læda* he appeared to trapan,
Who taking him but for a Gooſe or Swan,
Lay ſtill like Stock; till ſhe perceiv'd him Man.
Next with *Aſteria* he did ſeem to ſtruggle,
And you may ſwear he made not the ſpread Eagle.
But yet in all his Sport, his *Royal Dame*
Was but an envious Looker on o'th' Game.
With her he did not deal a ſingle Bout;
For Wrangler, or for Wife ſhe was ſhut out.

The heav'nly Ruffian next, as ſtout as he's,
Was brought by naked *Venus* on his Knees:
Hers, and her Husband's Pris'ner, for a Grate
He made for warlike Bum to look out at.
O Subtilty of thinking Cuckolds Brains,
Who ſtill blow up themſelves with their own Trains!
Vulcan, thou only did'ſt a Fault proclaim,
Of which thou only wer't to bear the Shame.

In the next place the Queen of Sluts alone is
With dainty, fine, Hober-de-hoy, *Adonis*,
Who for his part much rather wou'd have bin
A ſetting Springes, laying Snare, or Gin,
Than lie a Pris'ner in a Female Trap,
Or irkſom Pitfal of a Womans Lap.
Yet from her for his Heart he cou'd not flirt,
Sh'ad better hold, than by the tail of Shirt.

Apollo then in Shepherd's Calves-skin Sute
(As *Francion*) taught a Wench to play o'th' Lute.

Neptune like Sea-Calf next, upon a Bed
Of Sedges, got *Æolian* Maidenhead.

Then nimming *Mercury* with his ſly Art,
Goes the next way to ſteal a Maiden's Heart,
With Nature's Picklock opening Virgin Cheſt,
Where ſtill the more is robb'd, the leſs is miſt.

Then *Saturn* whom time almoſt made a Guelding,
To get a manly Fole, leap'd kicking Helding.

The Wood-Gods all appear'd in Dells and Ditches,
A clapping of ſome Ramping Wenches Breeches;
And here and there a two-legg'd Goat, a rutting
With little Sluts that thither came a nutting.
Or while in private Shades the Nymphs lay ſnug,
Kind Satyrs cover'd them with living Rug.
And leſt they for their ſcratching Dame ſhould whoop,
They with their Tongues and Beards their mouths did ſtop.

For honour then of white-breech'd Patroneſs,
The Dawber thought that he cou'd do no leſs
Than *Judgment* draw; but *Judgment* not to affright
(Like *Angelo*'s) Spectators, but delight.
It was that of the upright *Phrygian* Judge,
To whom three ſquabling Goddeſſes did trudge,
And by the fair Looks of her Face and Breech,
Each from his Hand the golden Ball beſeech.
But if in Dawber there be any truſt,
To *Venus* giving it, he was moſt juſt.
Yet ſome ſay ſhe brib'd him, as he did her,
And gave the Ball for Wench that made great ſtir;
For Pimp as well as Lawyer doth deſerve his
Reward before that he hath done his Service;
Since he's a Pleader too, and doth diſcover
The miſerable Caſe of Plaintiffe Lover,
And ſeldom 'tis but both obtain Relief.
But what before was I a ſaying? if
That *Venus*'s Competitors were ſuch
As Painter made 'um, no true man would grutch
Her ſure the ſentence; and to bring't to trial
Before plain-dealing Swain, yet youthful Spy-all
Of fore-ſight *Juno* ſage had not a whit,
And *Pallas*, though a ſnotty Noſe, no Wit.
What though Dame *Juno* there appear'd ſo proper,
That not a Car-man in the World could top her:

And Dawber gorgeouſly her Head had dreſt;
For her dear Peacocks Rump paid for her Creſt;
And had beſtow'd on her the killing meen
Of Drunkards Eye, Purſe-mouth, and bridled Chin
Made up; but kindneſs more than that came to
She had, he made her ſtand croſs-legg'd, that ſo
What 'twas a ſhame to ſee might lurk behind;
That which is out of Sight is out of Mind.
Elſe ſure the heav'nly What-d'y'calt's Dimenſion
Cou'd not be ſpann'd by mortal Comprehenſion.
For there was left apparent competency
For the moſt hungry Youngſters, who do fancy
Of that good thing they ne'r can have enough,
Until they are condemn'd unto the proof.
But married men, ye greedy dogs can tell ye,
Your Eyes are always bigger than your Belly.
What though Dame *Pallas* too was trick'd up in
A French Hood, not of Velvet, but of Tin;
So *Trulla* have I ſeen in Coif of Mettle,
To eaſe her dear Lords Shoulder of a Kettle;
But ſuch as our bright *Amazons* now wear,
When to *Hide-Park* they ride to make fo'kes ſtare,
O Wits, was your Aunt *Pallas*'s Montier!
By whoſe reflection as a face divine
In flaunting Coyf of Glory hers did ſhine.
With meen was furniſh'd too by Dawber partial,
Keen as her Thought, and as her Head-piece Martial.
Her Mouth the Manſion of her Charms, or Shop
Of Eloquence he kindly too ſet ope,
To ſhew ſhe was a Wit; and ſure moreover
The vaſtneſs of its Treaſure to diſcover;
For not like common Baggage, or mean Girl,
Were her Gums ſet with beggarly Seed-Pearl:
But ſuch, was each, as you might ſee, when State
Bids the great *Spaniſh* Monarch cock his Hat;
Or elſe in Chamber of Eſcurial moſt rich,
Is hung, as in ſpruce Parlour Egg of Eſtrich.
And (as for Juno's) to keep Judge from loathing,
For her Obſcenity he found a cloathing,
Cauſing a Flap, or Apron natural
Half way down to her knees to fall.
But do the Artiſt what he cou'd, a Blouze
She was, and *Juno* too, to *Vulcan*'s Spouſe,

What though with *Mars* had newly had a Ruffle,
And black and blew Eyes had got in the Scuffle,
Was tumbled, jumbled, tous'd and mous'd, and wurry'd,
And ſo diſturb'd the Pigs-tails on her Forehead;
The native Corral of her Lip too miſſing,
By boyſt'rous ſharp-ſet *Hector*'s cruel kiſſing:
But not, as ſome may doubt, were the fair Cherries
By ſmutty Cuckolds Chaps turn'd to Mulberries:
Yet howſoe're her Graces were impair'd,
The Judge for's heart cou'd not defer 's award,
But ſtrait his Conſcience in his Face up-ſtar'd.
And while the wonders of her Form he kenn'd,
All that he had about him ſtood an end,
The ſole unfeigned way Laſs to commend.
Of Hero's ſuch Leander's commendation,
Who made (while ſhe to th'Gods) to her Oration.

But hold a ſtroak, you nimble Slut; for ſure
We skip the Chappels choiceſt Furniture,
Which for the ſake of Sex inquiſitive,
For tail of our Deſcription I'll retrieve;
Though you wou'd let it, to ſave pains, eſcape us.
The *Romans* had a God, well-known, *Priapus*:
The *Greeks* too had the like, for Heathen none
So blind, but his Almightiſhip wou'd own:
And *Romans* now, who their old Gods reject,
Have ſerioufly for him a great reſpect.

This mighty, and yet humble God did dwell
Here to his Mind, in dark, and narrow Cell:
But cou'd not hide himſelf; for pale-fac'd Rout
Of Virgin Penitents ſoon found him out:
And Mother, and the Son, lay both unheeded,
While they invok'd him moſt whoſe aid they needed;
Not in the common way did they adore him,
But as they ſhould, lay proſtrated before him;
The little piſs-tail Girls made long Oration
To's Worſhip, to be freed from Chalkes Temptation.
The ugly ſtale deſpairing Maid's Petition
Was, in ſome a Dream, for 's heav'nly Apparition.
New-marry'd Dames did only laud his Name,
And ſeem'd his Bounty to receive with Shame.
But the ſtarv'd Widows were importunate,

As *Spaniſh* Beggars who diſdain to wait;
Who ask as if they wou'd not be deni'd,
And yet ſo as they cannot be ſupply'd.

Amongſt thoſe Cravers *Hero* was not hindmoſt,
As Swabbers Son obſerv'd, who her did mind moſt.
And while all ſhew the Gods their Whites of eyes
In *Hero's* bright ones he his Heaven ſpies.
Yet *Hero*'s Eyes on Heav'n were not ſo bent,
But they on leering Lover eke did ſquint,
And through the corner of their Lids did wander
Some of their keeneſt Rays upon *Leander*;
So Gods and him at once brought to her beck
And rais'd his hope, yet did his Courage check.
For like a baſhful Spaniel ſtraitway ſtole
With modeſt Joy, his Noſe into her Pole,
His Tail between his Legs, yet ſlided to her,
And had the Heart, though not the Face, to woe her
In words like theſe; I muſt fu-forſooth own
I am a harmleſs poor Youth of our Town,
Who but to ſee fine ſights this morning came here,
And not to learn of little Love to ſtammer;
Who Tongue, as well as Heart, from me hath ta'ne,
So that I can't, if that I wou'd, complain;
Yet ſomething I wou'd ſay if that I durſt,
But I wou'd have theſe jeering Fokes gon firſt.
Scarce had he whiſper'd that, but Congregation
Quite weary of their deaf God's Converſation,
Roſe up, and ending their unanſwer'd Speeches,
To their Diſcourteous Worſhips turn'd their Breeches.
Soon as he ſaw that they indeed were gone,
And he was left with *Hero* all alone,
(As if it had been for the nonce) he fain
Would have invited them all back again,
And with a new wiſh did recant his former;
For though his Rival's gone, he durſt not ſtorm her.
And ſhe (thinking no harm, as one wou'd ſay)
Did for that very Cauſe behind them ſtay.
—For Women, when they dare to keep the Field,
Wou'd have you know, they do not fear to—yield.

While dumb *Leander* look'd down on his Toes,
And numbered the Pinks upon his Shoes,

She did ſurvey his Leg, the ſhape and faſhion
Of the whole Youth, with ſilent commendation.
For modeſt Maid, I hope, may leer and peer
And if by fear a Lover's Voice be froſe,
On all Man hath, if he, or none elſe ſee her:
May break the Ice, and captive Tongue let looſe.
Hero therefore (that knew the world) took on her
For flouching Lad the wooing in brisk manner;
And roundly ſaid, Feat Youth, for want of ſpeaking,
D'y' think that I will ſuffer a Heart-breaking?
When Men are turn'd to Women, Women then
May without ſhame (I take it) turn to Men.
But Cuſtom's crueller than Love, to gag us:
When Silence more than Love before, doth plague us.
Why muſt nice Slut be dumb, though rack'd, nay preſt,
When it is Impudence not to confeſs't?
Alas when I'm on fire, I muſt cry out.
Can Female-hold keep Love's Wild-Fire within-dore?
No. If we ſhut the Gate, 'twill out at Windore.
We are but Paper Lanthorns to his Torch,
Whoſe Wafer-ſides he inſtantly will ſcorch,
And never leave till through a Way he find,
To blaze out laviſhly before the Wind.
So to hold Love, for Maid's as hard a matter,
As when they're tickled, 'tis to hold their water.
Though proffer'd Service ſtinks, you'll ſay; my Mind is,
To give, before one's ask'd, endears a Kindneſs;
But for it wilful men I know do ſlight one,
And all but ſhy, and ſullen Sluts ſet light on.
But Men in Love more ſavage, rude, and ſtupid
Than Brutes, and more do ſhame their Tutor *Cupid*:
And four legg'd Dame may without Vanity
Vye with our Lords, their Lords humanity.
And we muſt own, the Bear, Boar, Aſs appear
Indeed to have more of the Cavalier.
When th' Aſſes ſolitary Miſs doth bray
For want of him; no farther will he ſtray,
Nor ſtop his Ears; her Voice he thinks melodious;
Nor is ſhe for her Summons to him odious:
Nay when Whip cann't, by her is wrought upon
To leave his Spaniſh Gravity, and run.
And for their Wench will fight brave Bear and Boar,
After Enjoyment as well as before.

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But may be, they ſo good are and obſerving,
Becauſe their Dames are more than us deſerving.
And to ſpeak truth, I do believe thoſe Ladies
Are ſomething conſtanter than we now a days:
More generous by far, and bravely ſcorn
To take half Crown, or Guinney for good turn.
Their Wit too, and Diſcretion ours out-does;
Lovers they run not from, but lead by th' Noſe,
But ſuch as ne'er put finger in the eye,
Like ours, who ſnivel, ſob, and ſigh, and cry,
For what but they themſelves themſelves deny.
When Love by Shoulder-look their Dames do crave,
They ſtare not on 'um, and ask what they'd have?
And, happy Dames! they never were put to't yet,
To ſpeak, as I muſt now, or go without it.

Then to *Leander* ſhe made but one ſtride,
To peer in's Face, which his coy Hands deny'd;
But to withdraw 'em, when in vain ſhe askt him,
She like a *Bully*, ſwore, and then unmask'd him;
By force of Arms, ſince ſhe could not intreat him,
And vow'd ſhe cou'd find of her heart to beat him.
Then poor *Leander* gave himſelf for gone,
And thought his Breeches were already down:
And of remorſe in her he quite deſpairing,
Took heart, and ſpoke out thus, in her own hearing:

Are you the ſame that look'd but now forſooth
As if Butter wou'd not melt in your mouth?
She that juſt now refus'd to bait the Paſſion
Of gaping Lovers with the leaſt Temptation?
She that did make green Apron fall ſo low,
One might have ſeen that Same aſſoon as Toe?
And rather than ſhe wou'd take up her Coat,
With ſuch a ſhameleſs Daggle-tail did trot,
To keep her Followers from ſight provoking
Of blew, of ruſſet, or of yellow Stocking?
And while ſhe follow'd was with humble praying
She ne'er look'd back, but gave them all their ſaying.
She cou'd not ſpeak, at leaſt that one cou'd hear her,
And is ſhe grown o'th'ſudden ſuch a Tearer?

Hero mean while was not abaſh'd a whit;
But rather glad he Venom had to ſpit:
I mean, that of his Tongue he was ſo able,
To which ſhe ſuddenly was reſponſible:
And with a ſhrug, a mouth, and cogging ſmile,
Such as of wrath a Cuckold wou'd beguil
She ſaid; What, will you be a new-way jealous,
And 'cauſe I am not kind to other Fellows,
(Naughty *Leander*) think that I can be
But from Teeth outward, other ways to thee?
And 'cauſe for you their Suits I do reject,
Will you inconſcionable mine neglect?
As well the Turtle might repudiate
His Female, 'cauſe with him ſhe'll only mate,
And ſcorns the common Flocks communication,
But groans out to him (all day) her chaſt paſſion;
And 'cauſe with neck thruſt out ſhe ſhews ſhe's willing,
As well might he (I ſay) refrain from Billing;
As you, becauſe you ſee that I am coming,
Refrain the moſt delicious ſport of Bumming;
And (as 'tis falſely ſaid of us) to ſpight
Others, will not your ſelf, lov'd ſelf delight?
Be't ſo, I with your hardſhip am content,
But you for me ſhall not your ſelf torment:
For in ſpight of your teeth you ſhall conſent,
To take on me your full divertiſement.
So took him round the Neck, and was ſo quick,
Leander had not time to turn his Cheek.
But ſcarce cou'd five be told, when with his Fiſt,
Plac'd in the Pit-hole of her Love-ſick Breaſt,
Her tender Breech he had laid on the Ground,
Had not kind Haſſock in its way been found;
Which rais'd up lower end ſo fav'rably,
That ſomething there *Leander* did eſpy
That call'd back to his heart Humanity:
And then taking her up by painful halling,
To expiate his laying her a ſprawling.
And mannerly with Leg drawn back did own
His hainous Fault in throwing of her down;
But ſhe good-natur'd Maid, ſaid it was none:
And ask'd him pardon if ſh'ad done him wrong.
Alas, ſaid he, good *Hero* if your Tongue
You had kept to your ſelf but when you kiſt

I likewiſe to my ſelf had kept my Fiſt.
Catſo, quoth *Hero*, was that all the Matter?
Indeed you ſhan't find fault with that herea'ter,
But try me once again: he cryed Come.
But from her Sluts Trick ſhe cou'd not refrain:
Whereat *Leander* once more did look big,
And, ſputt'ring, call'd her impudent *Tom-Rigg:*
While ſhe with Court'ſie ſaid, No one exact is
In any thing at firſt; but let me practiſe
On you a while, and whip me, if I'm miſſing
A Tittle in your Method nice of kiſſing;
But ſweet *Leander*, do not turn away
A faithful willing Servant the firſt Day.
As Courts do ſay, Aſſurance innocent
I have, but not as you ſaid, impudent:
I have no harm in me, altho' I'm frolick,
Which moſt Men (as my Mother tells me) do like.
Therefore but for your ſatisfaction,
And but to you have now good humour ſhown.
For as you did obſerve your ſelf, I'm rugged
To other folkes, ill-natur'd, croſs, and dogged:
But wou'd endeavour to pleaſe you alone,
'Cauſe beſides you, I can be pleas'd with none.

With that, ſhe pump'd ſome tears into her Eyes,
Which into his did pump up ſome, likewiſe.
For tears do tears beget, and 'tis a true thing,
The Lovers falling out is Loves renewing.
But while he ſob'd, *Hero* had prudent thought
Of ſtriking on the Iron while 'twas hot.
Therefore took out crack'd Groat from Purſe of Leather,
To witneſs they wou'd thenceforth lie together,
And ask'd him if he'd deign to break it with her?
He chearfully did lend her all his Force;
So they, to join themſelves, crack'd Groat divorce.

Now Lover, mark you well from Cuſtom antique,
I mean thou ſilly Rogue that art ſo frantick
To buſtle for a Miſtreſs, ſigh, and ſob,
When thou haſt not a Penny in thy Fob:
For all your Pains is loſt when you have woo'd her.
If Money you have not your hearts to ſo'der.
For now not one like *Hero* will disburſe

On Love a grey Groat out of her own Purſe.
Nay, they'll not truſt on tick a pair of Kiſſes,
Nor can you trade with Rhimes, or fine Promiſes.
But *Hero* was a Lady of a thouſand,
Who by her ſelf of her own Heart was couſen'd:
For ſure *Leander* knew no Politicks,
No Lime-twig Words, or ſubtile ſly Dog-tricks
To chaſe, to circumvent her, or to catch her;
Or where ſhe itch'd did know, or where to ſcratch her;
For ſhe was forc'd, although 'twas not the faſhion,
To put him firſt in mind of conſummation;
And told him, that about ſome Twelve of Clock
She wou'd expect him with clean Sheets and Smock,
At her own Mother's Houſe, at ſign of Tow'r;
But warn'd him he ſhou'd knock at the Back-door;
And that her old Nurſe ſhou'd ſit up, and ſpin,
To drown the Noiſe he'd make, and let him in.

Till that bleſt time, to th' May-pole, and the Green
She bid him go, to ſee and to be ſeen,
Or where he wou'd, might ſaunter up and down,
And count the Signs, and fine things of the Town:
Or to the Shore to walk, if nothing elſe
He had to do, and pick up pretty Shells.
But howſoe're himſelf he choſe to recreate,
He ſhould be ſure to keep her Honour's Secret.
There are, quoth ſhe, who kill a Woman's Honour,
Rather, than loſe their Glory to have won her.
But were there Juſtice, ſure they ſhou'd have reaſon
By Halter done, to their pernicious Treaſon.
For plaguy, and unſpeakable's the wrong
To the whole world by thoſe Blabs of their tongue
Many an Innocent on both ſides mourn,
Look pale, and pine away, in Feavers burn,
And can't truſt, nor be truſted for good turn,
But he who is of Female good Name chary,
With the whole Sex is ſure as't were to marry.
Be warn'd *Leander* then; for I defie
'Till now the World to ſay, that black's my Eye;
And none cou'd touch my Reputation
Till now with man I've been two hours alone;
Which left that it ſhou'd come to be Town-talk,
Prithee my ſweet *Leander*, let us walk.—

Why don't you wag, my Heart, why do you ſtay ?
Quoth he, D'y' think that I'll lead you the way?
Sure, ſure, fair *Hero*, I'll not go before ye:
—Piſh, piſh, (quoth ſhe again) that's ſuch a Story—
I am the Prieſteſs, and muſt ſhut the door;
Leave Fooling prithee, and go on before;
Only remember that you keep your hour,
And when 'tis dark, find out your way to th' Tow'r.

Then, rather than be troubleſome, he choſe
To do as he was bid, and follow's Noſe:
And to the Woods (as Lovers uſe) did ramble,
Mean while his Miſtreſs to the Town did amble:
But 'twixt true Lovers (you'l ſay 'tis a wonder)
There's no ſuch thing as abſence though aſunder.
For buſie mind can find out no evaſion,
Sweet Miſs will hang upon imagination.
Though *Hero* and her Dear went quite contrary,
Yet in his Heart and Mind ſhe ſtill did tarry;
Or elſe, ('tis thought), e're Twelve he had been weary.
Though he had all the pretty Recreations
With which Lovers do huſh their whuling paſſions.

As he ſtalk'd on, he ſometimes fell a Quaiting
Round Tiles, to be unmindful of his Waiting;
Or, as he reel'd along the green Hedge-Rows,
He rummag'd them for Black-berries and Sloes.
Whether on Mole-hill ſquatted, with a Key,
He whiſtled out a chearing Roundeley,
'Till Emmet put him out to make him ſcratch
Impatient Buttock, when ſhe made it itch:
Or by cool Spring ſat down on Bed of Dazies,
And on her Criſtal Surface made Love-faces;
Or in her murmuring ſoft converſation
Did weep, and murmur too to cool his Paſſion:
With *Philomel*, or Pye, or Daw did prate,
And ſometime too with Goſſip Eccho chat:
Whether with Tag of Codpiece Point, on Bark
Of Trees, he ſcratch'd and ſcribbled *Hero*'s Mark;
Or did unravel all her Sacred Name,
To knit it up again in Anagram;
And ſometime in tight Rhime as much bely'd her,
As if the Rogue ne'er in his Life had ſpy'd her:

For ſure *Leander* was a *Burleſque* Poet,
Though 'till in Love (like me) he did not know it.
But in ſuch Exerciſe he whil'd away
The ſant'ring Minutes of the tedious Day:
And when Night came, to keep off Spright or Elfe,
He talk'd, and ſung, and whiſtled to himſelf.
But in the Woods no longer then wou'd tarry,
Leſt that his Breech ſhou'd feel the Nails of Fairy.

He therefore back to *Seſtus* Town did creep,
And there, while Folks were all in bed aſleep,
(As oft his Betters) on a Bulk, or Bench,
Three or four Hours had Patience for his Wench.
But ere the drawling Clock knockt out thrice four
He was a knocking at back-door of Tow'r,

But firſt (ſome ſay) he had a ſpecial care
To make the moſt of his long yellow Hair,
And with his Comb, and Fingers made it ſtare
Methodically, and Look killing big,
For he grand *Virtuoſo* was in Wig.
Beſides he put his willing Hat in mind
Of cocking up before, and eke behind:
And then with ſingle Knuckle, and no more,
Inform'd the watchful Nurſe he was at door,
By whom ('tis ſaid) he was not long unheard;
As *Hero* knew ſhe was a truſty Card.
For on Love-Errands oft ſhe made her trudge,
Indeed ſhe was an honeſt careful Drudge,
Love's painful Char-woman, and ever did
Help on all Bawdy work in time of need.
When ſhe had let *Leander* in, ſhe made him
Pull off his Shoes e're ſhe to *Hero* led him:
For by the Door of *Hero*'s Mother's Chamber,
To *Hero*'s Garret he was bound to clamber.
Beſides, ſhe knew Love is inhans'd by Fear;
So ſtollen Bread and Cheeſe is mighty Chear.
But though *Leander* went as if on Eggs,
Yet he ſo loftily did bear his Legs,
That he of four or five ſteps made but one,
And lingring *Hero* was no more alone,
Nor unprepar'd for his Reception.

Her Garret was new ſwept, and ſhe well dreſt
For Exerciſe, in *Juſt-au-Corps* or Veſt;
As thoſe who can't endure to be ſtrait-lac'd;
Or may be in a Petticoat, and Waſtcoat,
In Bawdy *Indian* Gown, or Bawds long laſt-coat;
In Cloak of Ermin, or in *Tyrian* Mantle,
But for my part, what ſhe had on, I can't tell;
For ſome are not aſham'd to ſay a Blanquet,
But two joyn'd-ſtools were cover'd with a Banquet,
Which made her dear *Leander* not much matter
How ſhe was dreſt; 'twas that made his Mouth water:
She ſaw't, and therefore let her Paſſion wait,
Till hungry Lover had ta'ne out his Bait.
So ſtrait, to loſe no time, did pull him down
Into a Chair with Arms, and cry'd, Fall on,
If you can like of any thing that's here——
He vow'd it was moſt excellent good Chear,
But ſtill he prais'd it better by his Swallow,
And there was nought that was not a *Regallo*.
Botargo firſt, and a red Herring, for
She ſtill had her *petit morceau aboire*.
But for *Leander*'s curious maiden Chaps
There were provided dainty fine Flip-flaps;
Apple-pie, Cuſtard, Florentine, and Cheeſe-cake,
And only as I ſaid before, for his ſake,
Ginger bread, and ſtew'd Prunes of her own ſtewing,
And for his Drink, Stypone of her Brewing;
Hero, and he, to this were both beholden,
For modeſt Lover it did ſoon embolden,
To take her by the ſweaty Hand, and ſip
Far ſtronger Nectar from her Blabber-Lip.
And when ſhe had made him drink off his reſt,
He cou'd begin a Brimmer to the Beſt.
But ſubtle *Hero* in her over-tunning
Of empty Lover, was but over-cunning.
For quite contrary to her wiſe intent,
All ſhe tunn'd up in him had a falſe Vent.
Indeed ſhe made him ready for the Bed,
And had the Drunkard's Sport to hold his Head;
But ſhe unfortunate, meant ſomething elſe,
And ere ſhe was aware, o're turn'd the Bells;
So of lewd Expectation quite did miſs,
As now chaſte Reader doth, I'm ſure, of his.

But be not angry, e're Cock-crowing Seaſon,
To you, and *Hero* too I'll ſee done Reaſon.
But let her put *Leander* firſt to Bed,
And on Flock-Pillow reſt Lop-heavy Head;
Then fit it with a Coif in ſtead of Cap,
Tuck up the Cloaths in order to his Nap:
And then let her a while but pick her Toes,
And Lamp goes out, and into Bed ſhe goes.
Then (as I told you) e're the Cock crow'd thrice,
And *Hero* had piſs'd once, *Leander* twice,
(But, forward Sir, pray do not now miſtake)
Did yawn, and ſtretch, and civilly awake
At the firſt Summons of her Elbow, which
On purpoſe lent his Side a plaguie Stitch.
Then did he puff, and belch, and ſigh, and groan,
And to the Gods make lamentable moan:
But *Hero* for her ſake took pity on him;
Did ſtroak him, feel his Pulſe, and bemoan him;
And charitably too his Stomack ſettle
By help of Life-reſtoring Pewter Bottle:
So by her Aid, Directions, and her Dalliance,
Well as he cou'd, he made out 's new Alliance.
Then glad *Leander* in ſuch haſte aroſe,
That out of Bed he tumbled on his Noſe;
And for his own Stockings put on *Hero*'s:
Fate's ſtill contriving Lovers to diſcloſe.
Nor ſtaid ſo much to waſh his Hands, or put on
His Azure Band, or Shammy Doublet button:
But with a Kiſs took leave of his dear Bride,
Reſolving for her not to loſe his Tide;
For from the Shore was heard thrice, *Eaſtward ho!*
And with his Towns-folkes he was mad to go:
So loſt no time; but while he was let out,
To the old Nurſe, made this true Lover's doubt,
That *Hero* wou'd procure her ſelf ſome *Monſieur*,
Who many a good time, and oft, wou'd bounce her,
E're he ſhou'd get on t'other ſide 'oth' water.
To which ſhe ſaid, Fie, fie Man, no ſuch matter.
Though heavy Judgments fall upon ye, you Men
Will never leave your baſe Thoughts of poor Women
But time will come (and ſhe or none cou'd tell,
For ſhe in Magick Art had deviliſh Skill,
And on a Col-ſtaff oft had gall'd her Breech,

Was try'd, and got off, 'cauſe ſhe was a Witch)
When all Men ſhall for ſomething be afraid,
And for their Jealouſie be ſoundly paid.
When Love incens'd, won't tyrannize alone
In Lover's Heart (as now he doth) but Bone:
The Lover for his Miſs obtain'd ſhall groan,
And through a ſingle Noſtril tune his moan:
And jealous man ſhall envy happy Brute,
Who without fear, or ſhame does go to Rut.

To this, *Leander* nothing cou'd reply,
For Propheſies muſt give themſelves the Lie.
But Pox upon her Soul for her Record
All the World knows ſhe was as good 's her word.
She wou'd have farther ſpun the Pocky Riddle,
But Youth in haſte did break't off in the middle,
And left her, and Town *Seſtus*, 'till dark Night,
When he was to return by Candle-light;
The ſame that was as Sea-light in that Entry
Where marking *Hero* in the Bar ſate Centry;
As he, and *Hero* had contriv'd, was his
To keep him in his way where no path is.
And by her means he did not run aground,
But in the right Port whither he was bound
Unladed ſafe, and found his precious Stowage,
And made (as Folkes do ſay) a happy Voyage,
Nay ſome (at leaſt) ſay half a dozen, but
Dame Fortune firſt, or laſt, doth prove a Slut.
She did conteſt with the more faithleſs wind,
Which ſhould be more falſe to him, or unkind,
For in the Window of vex'd *Hero*'s Garret
Five or ſix long Watch-lights in vain did blare out,
Ere he cou'd put to Sea; and when he did,
It had been better he at home had ſtaid.

But though the huffing ſurly Winds did noſe him,
And ſtruting Billows crowded to oppoſe him,
From's Miſtreſs he no longer wou'd be kept,
But like a drunken Hero headlong leapt
Amidſt his Foes, reſolving to come at her,
Though Seas on Seas were ſet, and Hills of Water
On watry hills to intercept his courſe;
But Death old-faſhion'd Lovers can't divorce.

As Reader (if you've any patience) you
Too ſoon, too ſoon, alas, alas! ſhall know.
But Goſſip firſt I know you wou'd be prying
Into the manner of our Lovers dying:
Leander wou'd not give his Head for th' waſhing,
You may be ſure, nor was afraid of daſhing;
He cuff'd the Waves aſide, and through did break
His Way, in ſpight of Northern Blubber-Cheek;
Mean while ('tis ſaid) they made e'ne nothing of him,
And while he puff'd, and ſputtred, did but ſcoffe him.
And as in Blanket you wou'd toſs a Whelp,
Toſt him, while he no more himſelf cou'd help.
And though he ſprawl'd, and kept on going ſtill,
It was, as one may ſay, e'ne but up hill.
So to his Oars of Fleſh ſuch chearing Words,
Was fain to uſe as Errants to their Swords;
And told them, if they wou'd row ſtoutly on,
They ſhou'd embrace his naked Miſs anon.
But finding ſoon that Harangue prov'd but idle,
He turn'd his Stile, the Winds and Waves to wheedle:
And vow'd, if they wou'd pleaſe but to reprieve him
From drowning 'till he came back, he'd forgive 'um.
But Fate, whoſe Slaves they were, cou'd not be chous'd,
For all his Vows, he ſtill was ſoundly dous'd:
Yet ſneering Fate but to augment her ſport,
Permitted him almoſt to touch his Port.
So Tyrant Puſs of Mouſe does make a Fool,
And let's him get again half into's hole.
But then *Leander*'s time was come, when Lamp
Went out, or when his left Leg had the Cramp.
For he ſo much in Love was, you may ſee,
He quite forgot a String about his Knee.

Mean while, poor *Hero*, in her Bed had toſt
As much as he at Sea had, or almoſt.
For ſhe had dream'd of Flowers all the Night,
Shrewd Sign, that ſome body is to turn Spright.
Now weary of her Dreams, awak'd and roſe;
But ſome ſay ſhe awak'd, ta'ne by the Noſe
With the rude Haut-Ghoſt of deceaſed Lamp,
Which *Omen* ſeiz'd her Heart with pannick Damp;
Still worſe than all enſues: when ſhe did hear
The Winds and Sea ſo loud, ſhe grew paſt fear,

And by her croaking Bowels then cou'd tell
(Were he at Sea) all with him was not well:
So grown impatient, to the Window flew,
And from her Eye-lids poking off the Glew,
Into the boiling Water fell a ſtaring,
Where ſhe perceiv'd her dear Duck—dead as Herring!
The Day but juſt had ſhewn her ſcarlet Snout,
So ſhe had time for comfortable Doubt,
And took her poor *Leander* for a Whale:
But prying to find out the Proof of's Tail,
She out of Window thruſt her ſelf ſo far,
That Tiptoes ſlipt, and e're ſhe was awar
(Tho' ſome diſpute it ſtill) ſhe tipt clean over
Into the Brine upon her pickled Lover.

Now, haſty Lover, do not damn the River,
Which though a while true Lovers it did ſever,
Yet did unite 'um afterward for ever.
And let none take my triſtful Song to Heart,
Or for drown'd Lovers be concern'd a Fart;
For they but div'd directly to *Elizium*,
Where ſuch Folkes paſs their time as you cou'd wiſh 'um.

FINIS

POSTHUMOUS
WORKS

THE

Poſthumous

WORKS

OF

William Wycherley Eſq;

IN

PROSE and VERSE

The INTRODUCTION

WORN as I am with Age, and harraſs'd by Fortune, I find many of my Vices ſtill faithfully troubleſome, and amongſt the reſt that impertinent Itch of Scribbling, which has betray'd ſo many Authors to Ridicule, and almoſt undone our Notions of Reaſon and common Senſe: Tho' at the ſame Time, I muſt own, the Luſt of Writing, like a Man's other Lewdneſs, ſhould forſake us in our State of Impotence: But we grow moſt vicious when we have leaſt Power left to be ſo; as Beggars become moſt importunate, the more ſtrenuouſly we deny them.

That *Scribendi Cacoethes*, which, we find, obtained ſo generally in the Times of *Paganiſm*, (and, I think, our Chriſtianity has reformed few of our Imperfections;) was intolerable enough even when Neceſſity held the Tables, and a Fear of Starving propagated Impertinence; but how much more inſupportable is it in the preſent Age, for Men with full Pockets, plump Cheeks, and *round unthinking Faces* to let their Vanity and Nonſenſe make them Law-givers; and in the Conceit of Self-ſufficiency, and the Depth of their wiſe Ignorance, to preſcribe to the World the Art of Wiſ-

dom, as if the Myſteries of Knowledge were compriſed in the narrow Compaſs of their own Reading, and Underſtanding? And yet the Contagion of Writing is become ſo general, that as it does not barely take its Growth from Poverty and mean Circumſtances, ſo neither is Inability, or a Dearth of Senſe, any Bar to its Progreſs. There is a Sort of Vanity which runs thro' the Humane *Species*, and inclines us ſtrongly to an Ambition of being remarkable, tho' to our Scandal. We aim at Immortality ſo ſcurvily in our Works, as if we labour'd to be inroll'd in the *black* Liſt of Fame, like the Fellow that ſet fire to the Temple of *Epheſus*, to get a Name from his Raſcality.

The Two Vanities, of much *Profit*, and much *Reputation*, have been Mothers to moſt of the *Great* or *Silly* things that have been performed in the World. Honeſty, perhaps, or a miſtaken Hope of reforming the Age, may have ſet ſome Hands to Work: but Lucre and Praiſe have been generally the firſt Principles. I have always found the moſt Zealous *Patriots* buſie in accumulating a Fortune to enrich their Poſterity; and *Authors*, that have pretended to be moſt uſeful in their Productions, laying up a Stock of Fame to ſecure themſelves from being forgotten after they are buried. Whatever Humility we ſuperficially profeſs in our Conduct, it is but an artificial Cloak to our Pride; and we are ever fond of being diſtinguiſh'd, and pointed out, even when we moſt affect Obſcurity.
—*Pulchrum eſt* digito monſtrari, *& dicier*, Hic eſt, ſays *Juvenal.*

> *'Tis brave to walk the Streets, and have the Croud*
> *Point as one goes, and tell their Friends aloud,*
> Look! there's the Man, *who writes in ſuch a Strain,*
> *The Town with Pride confeſs his happy Vein.*

But beſides this Ambition of being perſonally remark'd, there is another Species of Vanity attached to the whole Herd of *Scribblers*, and that is, an Itch of being thought the *Originals*. They ſet themſelves ſo much above the Imputation of writing by Preſident, or owing a Hint to their Predeceſſors in the Science, that they inſinuate all they write to be their Own; that they ſoar only on the Wings of their own Natural Genius, and owe no Support to Antiquity or Imitation; tho', perhaps, they have ranſack'd all the diſtant Stores of Learning, and drawn half the Beauties of their Books from the Wit of former Ages: And then, to throw Duſt in the Eyes of their Readers, and prevent them from making any Diſcoveries into their Thefts, they rail at the very Authors they have robb'd, and endeavour to bring thoſe into Contempt from whom they have borrowed all their Merit. For, to our Infamy be it ſpoken, it is grown into a Cuſtom for the *Moderns* to fall foul upon the *Ancients* after they have ſuck'd them dry, as Children beat their Nurſe by the Strength they have drawn from her, when ſhe has no more to give them.

The Injuſtice of theſe Accuſations generally ariſes from a Fondneſs to Ourſelves, which prompts us to begin our own Recommendations, that the World, giving us Credit for a Character on our Words, may entertain an Opinion of us as good as that we owe to our own Partiality. But we are deceiv'd by this Maxim, if we will ſuppoſe that Mankind are thus to be taken in. If we ſpeak well, or ill, of our ſelves, we ſhew but leſs of our Wit the more we would ſhew it: For, if we ſpeak well of Ourſelves, we but provoke the World, which loves Contradiction, into a Scrutiny of our Faults; if we ſpeak ill of Ourſelves, 'tis underſtood that we do it, but that others might think well of us. Now to publiſh our Imperfections is Impudence, and ſeems as we would glory in them; and to make known our Virtues is likewiſe Impudence; ſo turns our Deſire of Reputation to our Miſcredit, and defames Ourſelves and Senſe moſt by our Affectation of Praiſe. If an Author have Oſtentation enough to acquaint his Readers how much they are in Debt to him, what Diſcoveries he has made, or what Errors he has refuted, he is ſure to have his boaſted Merit put in the Scale, and to be weigh'd with Prejudice. If, on the other hand, with a concealed Pride, which he would gloſs over with Modeſty, he tells them how unequal he is to the Task he has undertaken, and that he is ſatisfied he muſt expect their ſevereſt Cenſures, they are immediately ſo good-natur'd as to take him at his Word, and damn him *ex ore ſuô* for Raſhneſs and Impertinence. So that the Bully-Scribbler, like the Bully in Company, is beat out of his Bravadoes only for aſſuming them; and the Coward-Scribbler, like the Coward in Company, is beat for raiſing the Diſpute, and then not daring to defend it.

What, perhaps, moſt provokes the Severity of the Criticks, is that we have a Sect of Writers, who are continually dabbling, and yet would be thought to go to Work by *Inſpiration*; as the *Quakers* lay the Nonſence they preach on the *Spirit*, and make their Fuſtian paſs for *Illumination*.

In ſhort, there is ſuch a Train of Inconveniencies attending on the Trade, and ſuch a Number of Rocks not to be avoided by its Profeſſors, that, againſt my own Practice, I would adviſe the young Adventurers to clap in their Sails, and never hazard the Voyage. It is much ſafer, if we can help it, not to write at all; and next to That, to write as little as we needs muſt; for there is no greater Sign, in my Opinion, of a *little Wit* than a *great Book*. Beſides, one great Miſchief purſues all Compoſitions, and that is, that no Man can pleaſe the *few Wiſe* who would pleaſe the *Many*. Now he who makes it his Aim to pleaſe the few Wiſe, muſt conſequently be damn'd by the Vulgar, and undoe his Bookſeller: And he who writes down to the Level of Blockheads, may, poſſibly, have his worthy Labours vended, to the Conviction of his own good Senſe, and the Contempt of all good Judges.

I believe I may add, that a Number are expos'd by the Calamity of miſ-

taking their own Genius's: We either run into a Study, for which Nature has not qualified us; or are for fighting out all the Weapons in Wit, without knowing at which our Force and Excellence chiefly lie. This Ignorance of our Talents has ſpoil'd many a good *Satyriſt* by throwing him into the *Epick*; and made as many execrable dull *Poets*, who might have made a Figure in attempting *Hiſtory*. Another Vice, which likewiſe is of the Growth of Ignorance, is a Vanity of expreſſing our ſelves in *obſolete* Terms, and out of the Road of polite Converſation; of drawing down Words, perhaps good in themſelves, that have not been heard ſince our Forefathers wore *Ruffs* and *Shoeſtrings:* Whereas fine Words out of *Uſe* are as ridiculous as fine Cloaths out of *Faſhion*. What is ſtill more barbarous, is, that every Scribbler thinks he has the Priviledge of minting *Words* and *Phraſes*, of toſſing about *Metaphors* at Diſcretion, and making his own *Jargon* the Standard of a *Language*: Theſe are Fops in *Literature*, that make as awkard a Figure as Apes in Humane Cloathing. It is only the Buſineſs of great Wits to legitimate Words and Modes of Speech, as it is of great Gallants to invent and introduce the Modes and Faſhions of Garb.

As great a Diſcouragement to Writing as any, is, what *Terence* complain'd of near two Thouſand Years ago, That all Subjects have been worn Threadbare to our hands: *Nihil jàm eſt dictum, quod nón dictum eſt prius*; ſo that every Writer is accuſed of writing nothing *new*. Were there a tolerable Expectation of any good Performances, I could find in my Heart to demurr to this Objection in Favour of the Preſs: For tho' the Matter that a Writer treats of be not new, the Diſpoſition, Method, or Uſes of it may be new; as it is the ſame Ball which good and bad Gameſters play with, but one forces or places it better than another, by a different Art, Uſe, or Diſpoſal of it.

But now that I have raiſed ſo many Objections, and found ſo many Faults, it may be expected that I ſhould make ſome Apologies for my ſelf. But I think it both Vanity and Meanneſs to enter into a Juſtification; and I know beſides that there are in the World more *Cenſurers* than *Criticks*; and a Number of *Poets* that are no *Wits*. My Pretenſions are but ſmall in the Province of Poetry, and the Title of Poet is the leaſt of my Ambition; for I have found Poetry and Poets ſuch different Things, that the Men who were moſt proud of the Profeſſion, have been moſt aſham'd of the Name. What I have produced of late Years, Want of Health, and too much Leiſure muſt in part be anſwerable for: I made my Study, like a young Wife, the Amuſement of my Melancholly; and it cannot be wonder'd, if I ſhould deſire to cheriſh its Iſſue; for ill Authors, like indulgent Parents, are moſt fond of their weakeſt Off-ſprings; and therefore all are fondeſt of thoſe begotten in their Age.

A

COLLECTION

OF

MAXIMS

AND

Moral Reflections.

I.

OUR Natural Imperfections are never more our Shame, than when by Art we endeavour to hide them, or improve them into Perfections: For we are pitied, while we go lame becauſe we can't help it; but laugh'd at for pretending to dance, when we are oblig'd to hobble.

II.

OLD Men cry they are weary of the World, when 'tis but becauſe the World is weary of them; as they would ſeem to be tir'd of their Miſtreſſes, when they are paſt enjoying them.

III.

MEN often aſſociate to become more Enemies than Friends to each other, profeſſing Faith but out of Treachery, and working themſelves into Truſt with a Purpoſe to betray it.

IV.

MEN, cheating Women firſt into the Intrigue, teach them after to cheat them out of it; as Cullies, enter'd at Play to their Loſs, learn the Art of cozening by being firſt cozen'd.

V.

PRIDE is rather the Downfal of Honour, than the Support of it; and Men always maintain it beſt by Humility, as Women do theirs by Modeſty.

VI.

'Tis the great, or little Mind, not the great or little Fortune, makes the truly great or little Man; ſince Misfortunes are not always our own Fault, and cannot be our Diſgrace, but when born with Folly.

VII.

There is often more Pride in refuſing Praiſe or Flattery, than in taking it; with deſign to have either preſſed on us more: As Prieſts, deny the Lawn-Sleeves, when they are aſſur'd of the Biſhoprick.

VIII.

Too much Love, as too little, but equally ſhew our Want of Senſe; ſince not to love as we ought, is ſetting up our Senſe againſt the Wiſdom of Nature; and to love more than we ought, is ſetting up the Extravagance of Nature againſt our Reaſon.

IX.

Nothing is good, or bad, to Us as it is in itſelf, but as it is taken by us.

X.

Travelling, which improves wiſe Men, makes Fools more ridiculous.

XI.

Too great Compliments, like too great Promiſes, are rather Abuſes than Commendations; ſince to commend a wiſe Man to his Face, ſeems to infer, he either wants, or expects the Flattery; which is ſuppoſing him to have more Vanity than Merit, and ſo turns the Praiſe given to his Infamy.

XII.

The eaſieſt, calmeſt, Government is the moſt laſting and ſtable; ſo that Kings and Husbands, if they would reign or live in Peace, muſt ſometimes let fall their Prerogative.

XIII.

Nature tranſcends Art as well in our Genius's, as our Soils; and Fancy gets the Start of Judgment and Correction, as wild Fields give more Pleaſure than artful Gardens.

XIV.

As our Envy, or our Malice blinds us to others Merits, ſo does our partial Self-Love blind us to our own Faults.

XV.

As Wit is too hard for Power in Council, ſo Power is too hard for Wit in Action.

XVI.

Buffoonery and Scurrility are as little true Wit, as Cunning is true Wiſdom.

XVII.

Half-witted Fools are harder to be dealt with, by ſenſible or honeſt Men, than thorough-pac'd Knaves; and both of them generally worſt Men of Senſe, as their Reaſon and Faith are trueſt and beſt.

XVIII.

There is no certain Happineſs out of Fortune's Power, or in our own, but Content; a Quality that helps us to enjoy Proſperity, and endure Misfortunes.

XIX.

Clergymen's Practices are often different from the Doctrines they preach; ſo that the Soul's Doctors are like the Body's Quacks, who ſeldom take the Phyſick themſelves which they ſo plentifully preſcribe to Others.

XX.

In all Arguments the weakeſt Diſputant is ſtill the loudeſt, who preſumes that Noiſe will ſupply his Want of Reaſon.

XXI.

The wiſe Man, who lives in the World, muſt move and do as a Man in a Crowd, that is rather carried than goes his own Pace; for if he thinks to advance in ſpight of the Oppoſition, he will be ſpurned, elbowed, ſqueez'd, and trodden down, or elſe heaved from the Ground, and born up upon others Shoulders, whether he will or no.

XXII.

A Man is held by the Ear by a Flatterer, like a Hog by a Maſtiff, that he may be ſure to have the beſt hold of him, and prevent him from getting away.

XXIII.

Coxcombs cavil with others for too much Wit, but becauſe they themſelves have too little.

XXIV.

Excess of Clemency in a Prince is often Cruelty, ſo a Virtue to a Fault; ſince it does a publick Wrong by a private Benefit, and authorizes a Crime in acquitting the Criminal.

XXV.

Every Body's Buſineſs proves generally no Body's; and the Perſon who is incumber'd with moſt Servants has the leſs Work done: As thoſe Inſects, that have the greateſt Number of Legs, are moſt ſlow in their Motions.

XXVI.

False Friends, like the Shadow upon a Dyal, are ever preſent to the Sunſhine of our Fortunes, and as ſoon gone when we begin to be under a Cloud.

XXVII.

It is but Men's Government of their Paſſions makes them differ from Beaſts, and gives them juſt Power over them.

XXVIII.

The Affectation of Modeſty is the greateſt Impudence; and as real Modeſty is the Beauty of the Mind, ſo an Affectation of it as much diſgraces a perfect Mind, as Art, and an affected Dreſs, do a perfect Face.

XXIX.

Retirement and Quiet are to the Mind, what Privacy and Sleep are to the Body; and the Faculties of the Soul are ſtrengthen'd for their Functions, like the Limbs for Toil and Action, by Repoſe.

XXX.

Old Men give young Men good Counſel, not being able longer to give them bad Examples.

XXXI.

The Way to 'ſcape much Diſappointment, is to will, or deſire, little; to ſubmit to our Fate, and not to build on vain Hopes, which miſcarrying, of conſequence, plunge us in Miſery.

XXXII.

The beſt Wits make the worſt Men of Buſineſs, as Beaſts of Pleaſure are leaſt fit for Burthens.

XXXIII.

The Gameſter's ill Luck often proves his good Fortune, which by a little Loſs of Money gains him a great deal of Wit; and ſaves him from Beggary, by giving him a Reſolution to play no more.

XXXIV.

Our Fortune often, as it grows more, is leſs our true Happineſs; for Encreaſe of Wealth, as it augments our Deſires, robbs us of our Content; and gives a Train of Anxieties that are owing only to our Riches.

XXXV.

The rigid Husband contributes to his own Cuckoldom by being too watchful and ſuſpicious; ſince Deſire of Freedom naturally ſprings from Conſtraint, and Falſehood thinks it ſelf authoriz'd by Jealouſy.

XXXVI.

An old Friend is often uſed by Mankind like an old Horſe, they hackney him out in their Service, and when he's paſt his Drudgery, leave him to dye in a Ditch.

XXXVII.

Children and Fools tell moſt Truth, yet ſuffer it leaſt from others.

XXXVIII.

Our Hopes, tho' they never happen, yet are ſome kind of Happineſs; as Trees, whilſt they are ſtill growing, pleaſe in the Proſpect, tho' they bear no Fruit.

XXXIX.

Time has a Crutch as well as Wings, ſo that he limps for ſome, and flies for others; now Pleaſure always mounts on his Wings, but Miſeries are lazy, and keep pace with him when he halts.

XL.

A Good Stile gives Value to a good Thought, and ſound Reaſon is ſet off with Eloquence of Phraſe, as a fine Diamond is improv'd by an artificial Setting.

XLI.

They who deſerve leaſt Praiſe themſelves, always allow it leaſt to others; for the Poor in Merit, like all other Poor, envy thoſe of ſuperior Worth, and would willingly bring them down to their own Level.

XLII.

Our too much Fear, or too much Security, in Extremities, are either Folly or Madneſs; the firſt bringing Miſchiefs upon us which might not have happen'd, and the latter ſuffering us to be ſurpriz'd by thoſe which we might poſſibly have prevented.

XLIII.

The ſhorteſt Way to ſhew your Wiſdom to the World is to ſay as the Many ſay, but to think with the Few.

XLIV.

Modesty is the Embelliſhment of the Body, as of the Mind; and the beſt Atonement for the Deficiency of Beauty in Women, or Wit in Men.

XLV.

'Tis ſome Knowledge, nay the trueſt, or moſt, to know we have but little, or none.

XLVI.

Friendship is a greater Tye on Faith than Blood, and free Love than Marriage-Bonds.

XLVII.

Few Words are beſt, whether Men ſpeak well or ill, or are in the right or wrong; ſince good Senſe is beſt underſtood, and bad leſs tedious for being ſhort; a right Cauſe beſt explain'd, and a wrong One leaſt ridiculous, by the fewer Circumlocutions.

XLVIII.

Fortune, like all other common Miſtreſſes, jilts thoſe moſt who have moſt Faith in her.

XLIX.

Craft or Cunning, is the Shame of true Wiſdom, rather than the Proof of it; as Paint is rather a Diſguiſe than Ornament to a handſome Face.

L.

Fools and proud Men think beſt of themſelves, as they underſtand themſelves leaſt; thinking themſelves wiſe, and deſpiſing their Betters, for having the leaſt reaſon ſo to do.

LI.

Too much Pains or Art, in ſetting off Wit or Beauty, are often more the leſſening of either, than an Addition to them.

LII.

Gifts are oftner Snares to our Liberties, than Aids to our Wants; as Preſs-Money is given to bind Men to the Service, which they would otherwiſe ſhun.

LIII.

Passion, like a weak Second, as more our ſeeming Friend, is more our real Foe; and expoſes the Side, it ſhould defend, to Danger.

LIV.

Formal Gravity, and Pride rather excite Contempt and Laughter, than Veneration and Reſpect.

LV.

Covetous Men rob themſelves by their Selfiſhneſs.

LVI.

Men ſhould be leſs believ'd, as more they back their Words with Oaths; ſince they therein break Faith with God, only to gain Credit with Men.

LVII.

Believe your Friend honeſt to make him ſo, if he be not ſo; ſince if you diſtruſt him, you make his Falſehood a Piece of Juſtice.

LVIII.

Wit is to Converſation what Salt is to Meat, and ſeaſons the Entertainment; yet Senſe, like our Food, may be too high ſeaſon'd, and ſurfeit us by the ill Preparation.

LIX.

Privation of Pleaſure, for a Time, makes the Return of it more acceptable; and we make a truer Judgment from the Abſence of good Things, than the conſtant Poſſeſſion.

LX.

He who would appear excellent in every thing, will be found truly ſo in nothing; as the Eye, by taking in a Number of Objects, ſees each Particular much leſs plainly.

LXI.

The beſt Receipt to live every way long, and well, is not to conſult too many Doctors, either of the Soul or Body; ſince thoſe of the latter, by tampering with our Conſtitutions, often fling us into a Weakneſs; and thoſe of the former, by practiſing on our Faith, as often unſettle it, if not leave us none at all.

LXII.

THERE is no great, or true Friendſhip, but what is particular, and has but one Object of its Love.

LXIII.

REPROOF is often to the weak Mind what Phyſick to the weak Body, which either not tim'd ſeaſonably, or given in too great a Quantity, makes the Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe.

LXIV.

THE Encreaſe of one brave Man's Fame, which is the Encreaſe of other Men's Envy and Malice, inſpires Cowards with Emulation, as the weak Appetite is aided by ſeeing another eat with a Stomach.

LXV.

OUR Succeſs at laſt is often procured but by our Diſappointment at firſt, and our Ends forwarded by Providence obſtructing the Violence of our Aim; as a Rub to an overthrown Bowl helps it frequently to gain the Caſt.

LXVI.

THE greateſt Virtue, or Courage, and the ſoundeſt Senſe, as moſt admir'd, and dreaded, are moſt in danger of Detraction; as the beſt Conſtitutions are often a Prey to the worſt Infections.

LXVII.

OUR Luxury ſhould teach us a Leſſon of Temperance, ſince Pleaſures turn to Surfeits by their Multiplicity; and too much of any thing makes us ſatisfied with nothing.

LXVIII.

OUR Pity for others is rather our Concern for ourſelves than them; as knowing we are liable to, if we have not labour'd under, the very Calamity we compaſſionate.

LXIX.

WE increaſe our Loſſes our ſelves, and club with Fortune to undoe us, when with them we loſe our Patience too; as Infants that, being robb'd of ſome of their Baubles, throw away the reſt in Childiſh Anger.

LXX.

THERE is no true laſting Satisfaction in Life, excepting the Knowledge, that there is None ſuch but in Variety.

LXXI.

MEN, ſhunning one Extream, often fall into another that is worſe; as fearing to be thought Atheiſts, ſome ruſh into the Sin of Superſtition; and leaſt they ſhould paſs for Unbelievers, by a falſe Zeal betray their Want of true Religion.

LXXII.

COMMON Court-Friends, like Common Court-Miſtreſſes, ruin thoſe they profeſs to love by their Embraces and Friendſhip.

LXXIII.

WIT and Money are more our Credit from our good Uſe of them, than our good or great Store of them; ſince a large Stock of Wit turns our Reproach, if it makes us conceited; and a large Stock of Money, if it makes us covetous.

LXXIV.

FLATTERY to a Wiſe Man's Face, is a greater Abuſe than Calumny behind his Back.

LXXV.

MEN of the worſt Morals, or Senſe, from their own Guilt or Weakneſs, find or condemn moſt their own Crimes, or Follies, in others; as Good and Wiſe Men, from their own good Nature, and good Senſe, are leſs cenſorious or ſevere on others.

LXXVI.

HOPE is the Poor Man's Relief, the Unlucky Man's Happineſs, and the Rich Man's Security.

LXXVII.

JUDGEMENT and Fancy are ſeldom equally mature and pleaſant together; the former being for the moſt part green and unripe, while the Productions of Wit and Fancy are fair and flouriſhing.

LXXVIII.

THE moſt inſenſible Things of the Creation know Man is moſt their Enemy, tho' he himſelf knows leaſt who is his.

LXXIX.

EVERY Man is a Player on the Stage of the World, and acts a different Part from his own natural Character, more to pleaſe the World, as more he cheats it.

LXXX.

We often lay our own Faults by Nature upon our Fates, and quarrel with them for the Diſappointments which we cauſe our ſelves.

LXXXI.

Our vain and earneſt Endeavour to be thought Wiſe is, in Truth, an Argument we are not ſo.

LXXXII.

The Hypocrite is a greater Offender of God than the Atheiſt; the firſt fearing no God, tho' he allows the Being of One; and the other only, becauſe he profeſſes there is None.

LXXXIII.

The Ambitious Man, the more he ſtrives to be an univerſal Maſter, is a more general Slave.

LXXXIV.

Poor Men's ſmall Gifts to the Rich and Great are rather Bribes, than Preſents; as a little Water is thrown into a dry Pump to fetch up more; or as mercenary Sacrificers wooe God with light Smoke, to ſend down weighty Bleſſings.

LXXXV.

It is often moſt Wiſdom in able Men to pretend to it leaſt, as it is leaſt Folly in weak Men to own it moſt.

LXXXVI.

Mystery, Silence, and Secrecy are Aids to Politicks as well as pious Frauds; ſince the not being underſtood creates Reverence and Reſpect, as ſacred Truth demands our Faith, chiefly for being paſt humane Underſtanding.

LXXXVII.

Princes and Potentates, like the Celeſtial Bodies, draw the World's Eyes upon their Motions; and like them too, know the leſs Reſt for their Power and Splendor.

LXXXVIII.

If common Men are made after the Image of God, much more ſhould Princes, who are his Vicegerents, be ſo.

LXXXIX.

Good Senſe, and good Nature make the only difference betwixt humane and brutal Love.

XC.

We deceive our ſelves more often by our own Credulity, than others deceive us by their Unfaithfulneſs to us.

XCI.

Old Men give young Men good Advice, rather out of Pride, or Spight, than Love; to ſeem wiſe themſelves, rather than to make the others ſo; and deter them from thoſe Pleaſures which their own Age and Decrepidneſs prevent them from enjoying.

XCII.

There is a wide difference betwixt Old Men and Young, as to the Pleaſures of this Life: the Young are ever in pain till they can compaſs Pleaſure, and the Old ever in Pleaſure when they can be free from Pain.

XCIII.

Wit without Judgment is like a Ship at Sea without Rudder or Ballaſt, fluctuating at random, and ever in Danger from its unſteady lightneſs.

XCIV.

Our Patience and Submiſſion to our Fate are the beſt Remedies againſt our ſuffering under it; as yielding to a Fall, when we find we can't eſcape it, breaks the Force of it.

XCV.

If we had not Faults of our own, we ſhould not be ſo induſtrious to find them in others.

XCVI.

Every little Club thinks Wit confin'd to it, as every ſmall Sect of godly Profeſſors think to monopolize Salvation.

XCVII.

Witty Men oft make the moſt fatal Errors or Blunders, as the moſt ſprightly Horſes the moſt fatal and irrecoverable Stumbles.

XCVIII.

The only Good of Flattery, is, that by hearing what we are not, we are inſtructed what we ought to be.

XCIX.

Some Women ſet up in Spight of Nature for Beauty and Gallantry, as ſome Men do for Wit and Courage.

C.

Ill-favour'd Women are never ſo nauſeous as when they would be Beauties; adding to their natural Deformities the artificial Uglineſs of Affectation.

CI.

Subjects complain of their Governors upon any Diſaſter of State, as a ſick Man does of his Phyſician's Want of Skill, when his own Impatience or Miſmanagement has render'd the Preſcription ineffectual.

CII.

Absence cools moderate Paſſions, but incenſes more violent ones; as the Wind, which blows out the Candle, kindles the Fire.

CIII.

We reprove our Friends Faults more out of Pride than Love or Charity; not ſo much to correct them, as to make them believe we are our ſelves without them.

CIV.

Humility is but an artificial Pride, which debaſes it ſelf but with a Deſign to be exalted by others.

CV.

Lyes, Artifice, and Tricks are as ſure a Mark, or Sign, of a low and poor Spirit, as the paſſing off falſe Money is of a poor low Purſe.

CVI.

Homely Women are as malicious to the Handſome, as Blockheads are to real witty Men.

CVII.

A Woman may as well think to ſecure her Lover when her Beauty's gone, as a Man his Friend's Friendſhip when his Eſtate and Money are conſum'd.

CVIII.

Some Men correct their Works as Shipwrights mend their Ships, 'till there is in them no Part of the firſt Building left.

CIX.

Pride, which is Mens Shame, and leſſens them, yet is honourable in Women, and gains them Eſteem.

CX.

The known Lyer, by Lying, moſt often deceives none but himſelf.

CXI.

Counsel is often asked by vain Men of their Friends, not for their doubting their own Senſe, but for others Approbation of it.

CXII.

The Silence of a wiſe Man is more wrong to Mankind, than the Slanderer's Speech.

CXIII.

Passion and Rage are rather the Expoſers of Mens Honours and Perſons, or Safety, than their Defence.

CXIV.

Men have no Faith in others, but to beget theirs in them; have no Friendſhip but out of Intereſt; and no Complacency for others but out of Self-Love.

CXV.

The Miſer's Mind, or Conſcience, is like his Purſe, which ſtretches ſtill as he forces more into it; and is blacken'd by Lucre and ſordid Avarice, as the other is by the Pelf it contains.

CXVI.

'Tis our Faith, not our Reaſon, muſt make this, as the other Life, happy, or unhappy to Us: Since by Faith the preſent good Fortune is made laſting, and the bad diſſipated; whilſt Senſe and Knowledge, which are over-apprehenſive, beget in us Fears, and multiply Affliction.

CXVII.

Humility is the greateſt Honour, ſince the only one which a Man can give himſelf.

CXVIII.

Flatterers are like Phyſitians, who give *Opium* in the moſt painful Diſeaſes of the Mind, pretending at beſt but to quiet the Diſtempers they know not how to remove.

CXIX.

The *Stoicks* ſeem the Reverſe of old *Deucalion*'s Fable, ſince the Latter was for turning Stones into Men; but the Former, by their Philoſophy, would turn Men into Stones.

CXX.

May we not fairly ſay Marriage makes more Sinners than free Love, ſince it forces moſt of its Diſciples, firſt or laſt, to Repentance?

CXXI.

A Benefit conferr'd grudgingly, and extorted by Importunity, is rather a Debt than a Benefit, and comes like a Payment from a Man of ill Principles.

CXXII.

There are Snarlers in all Parliaments, who, like Dogs ſhut out of a Houſe, bark aloud againſt the Court with Deſign only to be let into it.

CXXIII.

Too much Reading, like too long a Diſputation, generally creates more Doubts than it ſatisfies.

CXXIV.

Our Reaſon, no more than our Wine, ſhou'd be forc'd on our Friends; ſince all Mens Heads are not ſtrong alike, no more than their Taſtes are the ſame.

CXXV.

As your moſt greedy Eaters ſeldom breed much Fat, ſo your Pedants, that are proud of tumbling over a Number of Books, as rarely make any Advance in Knowledge; ſince our Heads, like our Stomachs, being overcramm'd, can but ill perform their Office of Digeſtion.

CXXVI.

Losers, that have only loſt Superfluities, and have all that is neceſſary left them, cannot complain of a Wrong, ſince they are only diſcharg'd of what would contribute to their Detriment.

CXXVII.

Wit and Spirit are often dangerous Qualities in handſome Women, ſince the firſt makes them deſpiſe good Counſel, and the latter expoſes them to Scandal and Calumny; which Conduct, and a Miſtruſt of their own Diſcretion, would keep them ſafe from.

CXXVIII.

The Boaſting of the Good we do, turns our Kindneſs to a Diſobligation; ſince to brag of a Service, expoſes our Friend's Want, and ſhews what we did was more out of Oſtentation than Goodneſs.

CXXIX.

A Dishonest Trimmer in his Principles, ſhould fear the Perſecution of both Parties he would ſide with: As the Bat, that partakes of the Nature of both, is bitten by the Mice, and peck'd at by the Birds.

CXXX.

To be quit with a proud Man, for the Scorn he ſhews you, is to take no Notice of it; ſince his Pride then will prove his Torment, when he ſees his Magiſterial Airs are not worth minding.

CXXXI.

Travellers are ever tinctured with the Humours of the Places thro' which they paſs, as running Waters imbibe the Qualities of the Soil thro' which they flow.

CXXXII.

Opinion, not Reaſon, governs the World; and nothing is good or bad to us from our good or bad Fortune, but our good or bad Senſe, or good or bad Uſe of it.

CXXXIII.

The moſt real Happineſs is ever leſs in Fruition, than in Hope or Deſire.

CXXXIV.

Excess of Civility, Ceremony, or Praiſe, may as eaſily diſoblige us, as Incenſe and Perfumes may be too ſtrong for the Senſe.

CXXXV.

It is as great a Sign of a poor Spirit, as of a poor Senſe, to complain of thoſe Ills which we are bound to ſuffer: Beſides that by it we gain more Contempt than Pity, have our ill Luck imputed to our ill Conduct, and that which we call our Misfortune conſtrued our Miſcarriage.

CXXXVI.

No Man can ſpeak any thing of himſelf, but to his own Diſadvantage; for the Sounding his own Praiſe makes its Truth ſuſpected, and his Self-Accuſation calls his Senſe in Queſtion.

CXXXVII.

'Tis oft moſt Wiſdom to pretend moſt Folly, ſince our Senſe can gain us no Eſteem amongſt Fools; and the Diſſimulation of it, amongſt Knaves, will ſerve us in the Diſcovery of them.

CXXXVIII.

Some Men are made more active, or induſtrious, from their Ambition and Vanity, than their Intereſt.

CXXXIX.

We ſhew not our Folly ſo much in committing ſilly Things, as in not concealing them when committed: For Men gain the Diſeſteem of the World leſs for the Things they do, than the expoſing them when done.

CXL.

He that would appear to Poſterity another Man than what he really is, ſeems as ridiculous as for one that ſquints to be drawn with two good Eyes, and preſerve to Poſterity a falſe Likeneſs which belies the Original.

CXLI.

The Fragments of Antiquity are priz'd by Us the more, as they are more imperfect; as if our Veneration to them aroſe not from their being valuable, but being old.

CXLII.

A Little Piece of Kindneſs oft gains a Friend, and a great one as often loſes him again.

CXLIII.

It is more Credit to hide ſometimes our Imperfections well, than it is to be oſtentatious always of our Virtues.

CXLIV.

Man's Life is a Scene of Contradictions; we appear as fond of Life, as if we never could have enough of it; yet are as profuſe of our Time, as if we had too much of it on our Hands.

CXLV.

The worſt People ever ſpeak the worſt of all others; and think, by leſſening their Credit, to ſave their own.

CXLVI.

Negligence is the beſt Art of improving Wit, as Beauty; ſince both, by being too formal, become leſs agreeable.

CXLVII.

Promises, to gain any Sort of Credit, ſhould neither be given too ſoon, nor with too much Deliberation; ſince the firſt Practice leſſens the Value of the Favour, and the laſt the Obligation to the Perſon that confers it: The Manner of doing a Kindneſs is oftener an Obligation than the Kindneſs it ſelf.

CXLVIII.

THE voluntary Advice of Friends is like the voluntary Advice of Doctors, rather the too credulous Patient's Miſchief than Advantage.

CXLIX.

THE Eagerneſs of our Deſire is often the Diſappointment of our Hopes.

CL.

THE envious Man makes his Guilt his Puniſhment; ſince the Satisfaction of others, which he repines at, is a Torment to his Spirits.

CLI.

WE are leſs contemptible for Faults or Follies that we own, than for Virtues we would ſhew, and Vices we would diſguiſe.

CLII.

A KING's Power over his Enemies conſiſts more in the Love of his Friends, than the Fear of his Foes: For the Glory of Princes is firſt raiſed, and then preſerved by the Breath of the Publick.

CLIII.

DRUNKENNESS is a Madneſs that cures us for the Time of our Cares and Sorrows, and makes us moſt happy and moſt wiſe in our own Opinions, as it makes us ſeem moſt wretched, and leaſt to know our ſelves to others.

CLIV.

UNGRATEFUL Men deal with their Benefactors as we do with Trees, breaking thoſe very Boughs in fair Weather, under which in a Storm we were glad to take Shelter.

CLV.

SILENCE is the beſt Proof of our Senſe, whether we have to do with Fools or Wiſe-Men.

CLVI.

FOOLS Examples are more ſerviceable in the World to the Wiſe, than Wiſe-Mens Counſels can be to them.

CLVII.

CRAFT is the Shame and Contradiction of true Wiſdom, more than the Proof of it.

CLVIII.

THE Way for Great Men to raiſe their Glory is to ſuppreſs their Vanity.

CLIX.

Lawyers and Doctors practiſe alike on Mankind; the firſt prolonging our Suits, and the latter our Diſeaſes, 'till our Eſtates and Conſtitutions are ruin'd by what ſhould repair them.

CLX.

The Court is a Lottery, into which moſt Men are drawn to their Loſs in Hopes of Gains: A Place made up of Hopes and Fears, where the boldeſt Puſher is moſt likely to ſucceed; and a Place made up of Contradictions, where all are Libertines, yet none can have their Will, but by performing that of their Superiors; where all are Slaves to gain Command; ſeem Friends, but are ever undermining one another; and appear open and familiar, yet dare not truſt one another.

CLXI.

To be too much diſcontented with our ſelves is a Weakneſs; but to be over ſatisfied with our ſelves, a great Folly.

CLXII.

The greateſt Wiſdom of Men conſiſts in the Knowledge of their own Follies.

CLXIII.

Every Man may with Eaſe know himſelf very well, but every Man does not examine himſelf enough to that End: We give our ſelves more Concern to appear what we ought to be, than to be ſuch in Reallity.

CLXIV.

Our good Succeſs often depends on our Want of Judgment, ſince true Judgment often prevents us from enterprizing Things, in which our Inconſiderateneſs makes us ſucceed.

CLXV.

To know well how to diſcover the Inſide of another, and conceal our own, is a Sign of a ſuperior Wit and Genius.

CLXVI.

Our Study and Search after Truth, ſerves ſometimes but to make us ſee by Experience our natural Ignorance.

CLXVII.

The Follies of others ought rather to be an Inſtruction to us, than a Subject to mock thoſe upon who commit them.

CLXVIII.

We love thoſe better that pretend to imitate us, than thoſe who attempt to be equal with us: For, Imitation of us we conſtrue a Mark of Eſteem; but a Deſire of being our Equals, is a Mark of Emulation and Envy.

CLXIX.

The being contradicted ought to awake our Attention, but not our Choler; and ſhould make us liſten to, not run from the Perſons that contradict us.

CLXX.

The Great ſhould be more intitled to our Veneration from the Qualities of their Minds, than Dignity of Birth, or Ampleneſs of Fortune.

CLXXI.

We reap very little Advantage from pleaſing our ſelves, when we do not pleaſe the World; for often our too great Love for our ſelves is corrected by the Contempt of others for us.

CLXXII.

There are a Sett of Mortals ſo blind, and that flatter themſelves ſo in all things, that they believe always as they deſire, and think to make others believe too whatever they pleaſe.

CLXXIII.

Bodily Pain is the only Misfortune in Life, that Reaſon can neither cure nor relieve.

CLXXIV.

It is a very common Failing in us, never to be ſatisfied with our Fortune, and never diſſatisfied with our Senſe and Conduct.

CLXXV.

The Prudence which aſſiſts us in our Conduct and Actions, is, rightly conſidered, our circumſpect, and underſtanding Self-Love: That which is its Oppoſite, is nothing but a blind and inconſiderate Raſhneſs.

CLXXVI.

Religion without Morality, makes Hypocrites or ſuperſtitious Wretches; Morality without Religion, makes Philoſophers and ſpeculative Wiſe-Men; therefore we can be without neither of them to be good Chriſtians.

CLXXVII.

When an opiniated Man begins to conteſt any thing, his Senſe ſtops at every thing that ſhould convince him; the very Reaſon why he diſputes, however juſt in itſelf, intangles him in more Doubts, and he ſeems to be afraid of finding the Truth.

CLXXVIII.

They who give themſelves a thouſand Pains, and run themſelves into a thouſand Dangers, to purchaſe a living Reputation after Death, are but a Chimerical Sort of Projectors: All that Glory, which they conceive ſhall have no Bounds, is often terminated in their own Imagination, that repreſents to them, as preſent, thoſe future Honours, which they ſhall perhaps never be crown'd with.

CLXXIX.

The Great live almoſt without Reflexion, yet are more obliged than others to enter often into themſelves, to be taught Truths that they cannot hope to learn abroad.

CLXXX.

The Shame which we feel, in being praiſed without Reaſon, has often inſpired Actions which we ſhould not have done without it.

CLXXXI.

Almost all the Misfortunes of our Lives are deriv'd from the falſe Ideas which we form to our ſelves upon every thing that happens.

CLXXXII.

Nothing is more capable of making good Counſel unprofitable, and prejudicial, than not accompanying it with a good Example.

CLXXXIII.

They who are fooliſh enough to value themſelves chiefly on their Quality, deſpiſe in ſome ſort what contributed to their being noble; ſince it was the Virtue of their Anceſtors that firſt gave them Nobility.

CLXXXIV.

The grand Reputation of Honeſty is oftner founded on the Manner and Art we uſe to appear honeſt, than on any true and ſolid Merit.

CLXXXV.

Charity and Good-Nature give a Sanction to the moſt common Actions; and Pride and Ill-Nature make our beſt Virtues deſpicable.

CLXXXVI.

We acknowledge a Benefit ſometimes only to eſtabliſh a Reputation to our ſelves, that we may be more hardily ungrateful where we deſign no Acknowledgment.

CLXXXVII.

Maxims are to the Mind what a Stick is to the Body when too weak to ſupport it ſelf; thoſe of a ſuperior Reaſon and Capacity have no need of the firſt, as Strength and bodily Vigour deſpiſe the Aſſiſtance of the latter.

CLXXXVIII.

Faith makes us regard thoſe as Bleſſings which the World regards as Misfortunes, and conſtrue thoſe Misfortunes which the World calls Bleſſings; and it is from the difference of theſe Ideas that the different Conduct of juſt and impious Men proceeds.

CLXXXIX.

When great Men would paſs the Belief of ſome good Qualities on us, which they really have not, 'tis dangerous to let them know we are undeceived: For when they loſe the Hope of being able to cheat the World with Appearances, they loſe their Ambition likewiſe of doing Things conformable to the Qualities they at firſt affected.

CXC.

Errors have often as long a Period in the World, as the beſt and ſoundeſt Opinions; ſince in taking theſe Errors for Truths, we embrace them blindly, and reject or deſpiſe every thing that would ruin their Authority with us.

CXCI.

The ſlight and frivolous Amuſements, in vogue, do not leſs hurt our Taſte and Diſcernment of what is really good, than our moſt Criminal Paſſions.

CXCII.

The Converſations and Friendſhips of the greateſt Part of the World, are but a Commerce that laſts no longer than our Occaſions make them neceſſary.

CXCIII.

The útmoſt Degree of Perfection the Humane Mind is capable of, is, to know its own Weakneſs, Vanity, and Miſery.

CXCIV.

We have a fearful Diſtruſt of God's Providence in our Temporal Affairs, but a raſh Confidence in his Mercy as to what concerns our Eternity.

CXCV.

Love is of ſo particular a Character, that it can neither conceal it ſelf where it is, nor pretend to be where it is not. It is to the Soul of the Perſon that loves, what the Soul is to the Body of the Perſon it animates.

CXCVI.

We labour more in our Studies to fill our Heads, that we may run about and make a Flutter in the World, than to enlighten and cultivate our Minds, that we may make a proper Judgment of Things.

CXCVII.

It is very rare that Reaſon cures our Paſſions, but one Paſſion is cur'd by another; Reaſon generally places it ſelf on the ſtrongeſt Side, and therefore there can be no violent Paſſion, but has its Reaſon to authorize it.

CXCVIII.

We often miſtake that Repentance, which ariſes from our own Inconſtancy, or the ill Succeſs of our Paſſions, for the Remorſe of a ſincere and real Penitence.

CXCIX.

Reason and Experience ought to be inſeparable in the Diſcovery of Natural Things.

CC.

If a frequent Reflection on Death cannot make us good Men, it ought at leaſt to moderate our Paſſions, our Avarice, and our Ambition.

CCI.

Revenge proceeds always from the Weakneſs of a Soul that is not able to ſupport an Injury.

CCII.

Every Thing in Life is caſual, and nothing certain but our Death; and yet we act as if that alone, of all things, were moſt uncertain.

CCIII.

The Pleaſure, which we are ſure we muſt repent of, can never be perfect and ſincere.

CCIV.

To be ſevere on our ſelves, and indulgent to others, is the true Character of Chriſtianity.

CCV.

We have our grave and concerted Follies, with a certain Air of Wiſdom, that are a thouſand Times more impertinent than that extravagant and pleaſant Folly, which makes no Reflections.

CCVI.

Hypocrisie is a Sort of Sacriledge, that makes the Appearances of Virtue ſerviceable to our Crimes.

CCVII.

Pride is the Source of all our Diſquietudes and Troubles, and Humility alone can procure our Souls a true and ſolid Peace.

CCVIII.

Your great Criers up of Virtue in Converſation, are generally great Braggarts, and great Cheats: The great Care they take to extol Virtue, is a great Mark of their Negligence in practiſing it.

CCIX.

We are ſurpriz'd every Day to ſee the Lees of the People raiſed and ennobled, and ſpeak of it with Contempt; as if the greateſt Families in the World had not the ſame Riſe and Beginning, if we were to trace them back to their Originals.

CCX.

The Time of our Death is wiſely concealed from us, to oblige us to be in Expectation of it all our Life long.

CCXI.

The Deſires, which our Paſſions inſpire, are like the Longings of our Sickneſs, not to be ſatisfied without hurting us, and involving us in Miſery.

CCXII.

We loſe our Taſte to worldly Pleaſures, in Proportion as we make our Advances in Virtue; as we deſpiſe our youthful Amuſements, in Proportion as we advance in Years.

CCXIII.

Whatéver we ſuffer, we ſuffer juſtly; ſo that we never can complain but with Injuſtice.

CCXIV.

A GREAT Reputation is like a great Expence, very hard to be ſupported; an obſcure and quiet Life is much more natural, and more commodious.

CCXV.

THE greateſt Part of the Complaints which we make againſt others, are owing to the little Reflexion which we make on our ſelves.

CCXVI.

HEROES, and Men of the higheſt Renown in Hiſtory, are like ſome Pictures, that, to be admir'd, muſt not be view'd too near.

CCXVII.

THERE are a great many things in the World that are eſteem'd only for their Rarity, or for their Difficulty, tho' they are neither pretty nor profitable in themſelves.

CCXVIII.

THE Truth is often conceal'd for fear of diſpleaſing; but the Silence of the Flatterer is no leſs criminal than his Language.

CCXIX.

IN Converſation every thing paſſes that is not entirely bad; in Works of Wit and Fancy, every thing diſpleaſes that is not perfectly excellent.

CCXX.

MEN, except at the Moment they muſt die, are incapable of reflecting well on the Abuſe they have made of Life: As Death approaches, they put themſelves into an unprofitable Sorrow, that is of no Uſe to the Perſons preſent, and which they themſelves forget immediately, if they happen to recover.

CCXXI.

GLORY is nothing more than an Opinion, that in the State we are, Men muſt pay a particular Regard to us during Life, and think of us with Veneration after our Deceaſe.

CCXXII.

WITS are govern'd by a Sort of Enthuſiaſm, which Self-love, unleſs controul'd by that good Senſe which does not lodge with every fine Spirit, repreſents to them always agreeable and extraordinary.

CCXXIII.

THERE are ſome begin things, without ever being able to finiſh them; and there are others who finiſh things, and yet never knew how to begin them.

CCXXIV.

GAMING may very well be term'd a *monſtrous* Vice, ſince it makes Men prodigal even out of Covetouſneſs.

CCXXV.

ENVY diminiſhes our own Happineſs to our ſelves, and augments it in the Eyes of others.

CCXXVI.

WHAT a trifling Comfort is the Poſſeſſion of Wealth, when the very Approaches of Pain, or Sickneſs, can rob us of all its Pleaſures?

CCXXVII.

ADVERSITY would not appear ſo irkſome to us, if we conſider'd it but as a Privation of ſomething that could not always belong to us, or that is not convenient for us, or that might have been prejudicial to us.

CCXXVIII.

WE are ever more or leſs unfortunate, as we have more or leſs Conſtancy in ſupporting againſt Misfortunes.

CCXXIX.

CURIOSITY puſhes us more into Commerce with the World, than any Deſire of becoming inſtructed.

CCXXX.

REASON would never take ſo much Pains to make out its Propoſitions, if it did not doubt the Truth of them.

CCXXXI.

BUSINESS, like the *Hydra*'s Head, multiplies on being diſpatch'd; and our Induſtry is like the fruitleſs Speed of a Mill-Horſe, that only mends his Pace to run the oftner round in the ſame Circle.

CCXXXII.

IF we would be Wiſe, Hope muſt never flatter us, Danger never affright us, nor Diſappointments caſt us into Deſpair.

CCXXXIII.

A Mind of Proof againſt what the World calls Calamities, is like a well-temper'd Armour, that throws off the ſtrongeſt Blow without taking any Impreſſions from it.

CCXXXIV.

Law, that ſhould be the Deciſion of Controverſies, and Curb of Injuſtice, is frequently the Fomenter of Differences, and Aid of Oppreſſion.

CCXXXV.

The Lawyers, like the Gameſters Boxkeepers, grow rich by what ruins others; for thoſe engag'd in Suits are, like thoſe engag'd in Play, ſtill for getting up their Loſſes, and will never give over 'till they come to the laſt Stake.

CCXXXVI.

We plead Time and Cuſtom more than the Rule of Truth for our Actions; as old Men, that have out-liv'd their Senſes, are more poſitive from their Age, than from any Reaſon they have to be ſo.

CCXXXVII.

Wit, by which we define and explain all things elſe, can neither define, nor explain it ſelf.

CCXXXVIII.

Poor Mens Wants, or Miſeries, are their Misfortune, not their Fault; but the rich Man's Avarice is his Crime, which puts him in a State of Want in ſpight of Providence's Kindneſs.

CCXXXIX.

False Wits, as Bullies in Courage, aim at Honour more by another's Diſgrace than their own Merit; and like Criminals, expoſe their Brethren but to eſcape Condemnation themſelves.

CCXL.

Quibling has got the Start of genuine Wit; as if Baſtard Senſe, like Baſtard Children, had more Pretence to good Luck than the true.

CCXLI.

If we would thrive at Court, we muſt ſhew our Wiſdom in concealing our Wit, and feign our ſelves Fools, that we may be Fortune's Favourites.

CCXLII.

Fine Books in the Poſſeſſion of a Blockhead are Evidences of his Ignorance; as Fools are ever expos'd by good Company.

CCXLIII.

Wit is often expos'd, by being maliciouſly wrought into Vanity; as Beauty is undone by being prais'd into Affectation.

CCXLIV.

Old Men are as fond of their crazy Bodies, as old Villagers are of their crazy Cottages; and ſtill, like the others, are for renewing their Leaſe.

CCXLV.

Too great Plenty becomes oftner our Deſtruction than Support; as too great a Weight of Fruit breaks the Bough that firſt bore it.

CCXLVI.

Obligations are diſcharg'd, when once they are boaſted of, or caſt in our Teeth; ſince ſo, the Perſons oblig'd are foreſtall'd in their Acknowledgments.

CCXLVII.

Weak Wits, by too much Talk, make the Power they would inſinuate imperfect; as weak Lovers, by loud Boaſting of their Strength, often betray their Impotence.

CCXLVIII.

Good and true Criticks, like true Doctors, will freely give their weak Friends their Opinion; but the Bad, like Quacks, are ſtill ſearching out for Infirmities, as a Ground to tamper with.

CCXLIX.

Bad Criticks are Foes to Wits, as Atheiſts are to true Believers; and their Envy proceeds from the Barrenneſs of their own Conceptions; as barren Women envy thoſe that are fruitful in Children.

CCL.

The Merit of our Faith in God, is to believe implicitly, without any Appeal to our Reaſon; as the Merits of our Services to Great Men, is to obey their Commands frankly, without diſputing the Legality of them.

CCLI.

We ſhould juſtifie our good Senſe by our good Nature, as we would our Faith by our Charity; but Satyr prevails above good-natur'd Wit, becauſe 'tis much harder to praiſe well, than to ſneer at Imperfections.

CCLII.

Design and Cunning are admir'd 'till diſcover'd; but then, like Tricks at Cards, which ſeem an Art 'till known, they are found to be mere Trifles.

CCLIII.

A Life without Deſign, is like a Play without a Plot, which can never pleaſe, but make People the ſooner weary of it.

CCLIV.

Doctors, like Thieves, ſeldom murder Men but for what they can get by them; ſo that the Poor are generally leaſt in Danger of periſhing by Phyſick.

CCLV.

We quarrel with Fortune as with One too ſtrong for us, 'till our own Deſires are their own Obſtruction.

CCLVI.

If we are reproach'd for Beggary, let us be glad that it was not for Flattery; for by that Men ſhew their Poorneſs of Spirit, which is the worſt Sort of Poverty.

CCLVII.

If it be Wiſdom to chuſe a Profeſſion that will be ſure to maintain us, then all Men ſhould be Parſons; for they living on the Sins of the People, follow a Trade that can never fail.

CCLVIII.

It is no leſs Folly to be afraid of what is impoſſible to be avoided, than to be ſecure of what 'tis poſſible we may never obtain.

CCLIX.

A threadbare Jeſt, at ſecond hand, is like a threadbare ſecond-hand Coat; the one expoſes the Poverty of the Head, as the other does that of the Pocket.

CCLX.

Praise from good Men becomes our Shame, by encreaſing our Vanity; but Praiſe from bad Men becomes our Shame, by leſſening our Credit; ſince bad Men but ſpeak well of thoſe whom they reckon like themſelves.

CCLXI.

The Way to revenge Reproaches, is neither to merit, nor mind them; for then they become thy Accuſer's Shame, and thy Honour.

CCLXII.

A Man muſt renounce his Reaſon to prove his Faith; as the beſt Way to ſee the Light at Break of Day, is to put out the Candle.

CCLXIII.

In *Civil* Matters follow the *moſt*; in Matters of *Virtue* and *Religion* the *few*.

CCLXIV.

Out of Self-love we muſt love other People; ſince he, who loves none but himſelf, will be belov'd by none but himſelf.

CCLXV.

Would'st thou not be thought a Fool in another's Conceit, be not wiſe in thine own: He is only wiſe who ſees and owns moſt his own Folly.

CCLXVI.

Infamy remains only with thoſe who will receive it; if thrown off, rebounds on him that caſt it.

CCLXVII.

It is Religion as well as Wiſdom in us, not to ſeek in vain after what Providence ſeems purpoſely to conceal from us.

CCLXVIII.

Rumour and the Breath of the People preſerve our Reputation, as the Wind blows up, and keeps in the Fire.

CCLXIX.

A busie Stateſman often creates Tumults on purpoſe, as a Fiſh troubles the Water, for fear of being taken himſelf.

CCLXX.

Parsons are a Sort of Spiritual Mountebanks, who poiſon themſelves with their own falſe Doctrines, that they may put them the better on other People, and make them ſwallow, by their ſwallowing the ſame before them.

CCLXXI.

To be wiſe is to be inſenſible, and to be dexterous is to be able to cheat one's ſelf; for this is not to feel Pain before it comes, which the clear-ſighted do, and to enjoy the certain and the preſent Life which we know, without the Fear of the Future which we cannot know.

CCLXXII.

Conversation augments Pleaſure, and diminiſhes Pain, by our having Sharers in either; for ſilent Woes are greateſt, as ſilent Satisfactions leaſt; ſince ſometimes our Pleaſure would be none but for telling of it, and our Grief inſupportable but for Participation.

CCLXXIII.

Reprehensions, which are Medecines for a corrupted Mind, are like other Phyſick adminiſtred to the Body; if they be too gentle, they will rather ſtir the Humours to our greater Diſturbance, than carry them away to our Relief, and often ſerve but to ſtrengthen our Diſtempers, and weaken and diſturb, not fortify, our Minds.

CCLXXIV.

There is no Difference betwixt an abſolute Retreat from the World and a Grave, only that the Solitary are tormented with a Wearineſs of Life, and a Deſire of Dying, but the Dead are already at Reſt.

CCLXXV.

Our Life, if a wiſe one, muſt be led betwixt Thought and Example, Notion and Proof; Meditation makes a Man's Thoughts juſt, but they are not to the Purpoſe 'till Action puts them into Practice. He who ſtudies the World in Solitude, without practiſing it in Converſation, is like him who loſes his Way in a Journey but out of Pride and Lazineſs, becauſe he would not ſeem ignorant of what another knows.

CCLXXVI.

The Friendſhips we ſhew to our Acquaintance, are often more out of Love to our ſelves than the Perſons we call Friends; and we do Benefits,

as Uſurers lend Money, not ſo much for the Borrower's Service as our own Intereſt, which is rather exacting a Kindneſs than doing one, ſo more properly taking our Revenge than giving our Aſſiſtance: For if Friendſhip be but doing as we would be done by, 'tis Commerce, not Kindneſs; a bartering Trade, but no Generoſity.

CCLXXVII.

Lovers and Debtors ſhould ſwear by the *Stygian* Lake, becauſe the Fountain of Forgetfulneſs.

CCLXXVIII.

Vanity makes us do like *Æſop*'s Dog, loſe the Subſtance for the Shadow, and quit the real Joys and Satisfactions that we poſſeſs for Chimerical ones, that we can only have in Imagination.

CCLXXIX.

After Death, which forces us to relinquiſh all things, we deſire to hold faſt our Fame and Reputation; not conſidering that the World, which ſpeaks ſtill Ill of the Abſent alive, will much more do ſo of thoſe who are never to return.

CCLXXX.

We put our ſelves out of Humour for the publick Opinion, ſcorn the Vulgar, and call them Lyars and Fools, yet deſire nothing ſo much as their Praiſe and Approbation, ſo value our ſelves upon the Eſteem of thoſe we pretend to deſpiſe.

CCLXXXI.

All a Man's Misfortunes are real, but his Hopes and Deſires imaginary; for we enjoy the latter but in Fancy, the former we ſuffer by our Senſe.

CCLXXXII.

Heroes and Authors are begotten, as ſome have poetically ſaid of a *Spaniſh* Jennet, by the Wind, which is the vain Man's Deity, publick Rumour.

CCLXXXIII.

The way to loſe one's Reputation, is to ſeek it too greedily; and the Deſire of Fame is a Forfeiture of it; ſince a Sign that he, who would make ſure of it, doubts himſelf he deſerves it not.

CCLXXXIV.

Heaven puniſhes the Innocent to prove their Innocence, as the Civil Law puts People to the Rack, and gives the Puniſhment to free them from the Crime.

CCLXXXV.

Desire of Society, and to herd with thoſe like us, is a Quality more Humane than that of Ambition, which makes Man more ſavage for his Deſire of being out of the Croud, or thinking none of his Kind worthy of his Converſation.

CCLXXXVI.

Beasts are more knowing for their Want of Knowledge, as Men who have only ſtudied the World and Converſation, are more underſtanding than Pedants knowing in many Books, and ignorant of the World and moſt things.

CCLXXXVII.

Detractors are like Leeches, and live upon the ill Qualities of Men, as the others do upon their ill Blood.

CCLXXXVIII.

Society, which ſhould beget Love and Friendſhip, grows to Familiarity, which breeds Contempt; 'till Friendſhip becomes Enmity, and Men grow the worſe Friends the better they know one another.

CCLXXXIX.

Flatterers and Cringers are like Wreſtlers, who put their Bodies in a low Poſture, the better to overcome the Man they deal with.

CCXC.

Men of poor Parts, like Men of poor Fortunes, are ſecur'd from the Aſſaults and Attacks of Power, merely by their Wants and Weakneſs.

CCXCI.

He who lives in the World muſt do like it, and be in the Wrong, if he would be thought to be in the Right; ſince Example and Cuſtom, more than Prudence and Truth, are ſeen to govern it.

CCXCII.

Women and Fools, loving Diſputes, would rather have us contradict them than ſay nothing to them; and think it more civil in us to give them the Lye, than not to mind what they ſay.

CCXCIII.

Churchmen but believe that they believe, and ſo make others believe what they themſelves do not; ſince their Actions contradict their Faith, and the Fleſh is generally obſerv'd to get the better of the Spirit.

CCXCIV.

Good Counſel is the Phyſick of the Mind; ſomething bitter and difficult in the going down, but very kindly in the Operation.

CCXCV.

Pity is a Severity to our ſelves for the ſake of others; and a Charity to others, and a Want of it to our ſelves; yet a Charity that is involuntary, ſince we give it becauſe we can't help it.

CCXCVI.

Atheism and Superſtition were firſt begotten by the Speculations of the Thoughtful, as the Deſire of Knowledge was the firſt Overthrow of Man and his Felicity.

CCXCVII.

Revenge is the Loſs of our Honour rather than the Juſtification of it; ſince there is nothing ſo honourable as to pardon an Offender.

CCXCVIII.

The way to leſſen our Jealouſie is to augment our Merit, and make our ſelves more worthy of what we deſire, and are fearful of loſing.

CCXCIX.

Sincerity is but a Veil or Vizard for Fraud, a Diſſimulation to hide our Diſſembling; ſo that there is nothing ſo unſincere as the Pretence to Sincerity.

CCC.

We give our Friends our Money, juſt as Preſſmaſters diſtribute that of the King, rather to enſlave their Liberties than gratify their Merits.

CCCI.

The Sanguine are Friends out of Love to Society, and as they are of pleaſant converſable Humours; and the Flegmatick are conſtant to their Friends, but because they are too lazy to contract new Acquaintances.

CCCII.

The Rage and Choller of our Enemies, inſtead of begetting the like in us, ſhould be a Cure for it, and make us pity them rather for Madmen, than revenge our ſelves on them for Enemies; ſince they are our Seconds in being our Foes, and weaken themſelves by endeavouring to be too ſtrong for us.

CCCIII.

They who counterfeit Princes in their Coin, cheat but their Subjects; but they who counterfeit them to their Faces, cheat the Princes themſelves.

CCCIV.

We ſhould vary our Misfortunes, if we cannot abſolutely get rid of them; as Phyſicians, when they cannot totally alter the Conſtitution, change the Diſeaſe.

CCCV.

If Begging be Diſhonour, there is no ſort of Begging ſo baſe as the Begging of Honour or Reputation, as Authors do in their Prefaces.

CCCVI.

The Honours and Virtues of our Anceſtors become our Reproach, if we want them our ſelves; ſince to degenerate from good Qualities, calls our Title in Queſtion, and brings us under Suſpicion of Baſtardy.

CCCVII.

When we can relieve our ſelves by a Reſtraint of our Deſires, why ſhould we ask too liberally of Heaven, ſince this is a queſtioning of, not ſubmitting to, Providence?

CCCVIII.

Authors and Readers both do each other Reaſon; the firſt damn the Ignorance and Injuſtice of the World, the other the Ignorance and Vanity of the Author: So that if the firſt pay the other off with wrong Senſe, or falſe Wit; the other requite them with falſe Judgment.

Miſcellaneous

ESSAYS

IN

PROSE *and* VERSE

Againſt Pride and Ambition.

AMONG all the Follies, which our Pride and Self-conceit makes us guilty of, there is no one makes us appear ſo worthleſs as an Oſtentation of our Worth; or any thing that ſo ill recommends us to the good Opinion of others, as the Foreſtalling our Merit by our own Opinion of our ſelves: And yet we are ever entertaining ſuch high Thoughts of our own Merit or Abilities, that we proclaim our ſelves injur'd and depreſs'd by the World, and bellow with Prejudice againſt Fortune and our Superiors; as if Heaven were oblig'd to reckon with us according to our own Account; or its Deputies in Power to take our Virtues, like our Credit, on Truſt, and lend us Preferment on the Partial Security of our own private Recommendations.

How many, tho' ſhrunk and reduc'd to the Rags and Raſcality of their firſt ignoble Anceſtor, have the Impudence to bear up againſt the Torrent of imperious State, from the poor Pretence of a Grandfire's Nobility? As if Nobility conſiſted alone in being intitled to an Eſcutcheon, and having the Family-Plate grav'd with a Coat of Arms, which the Cunning of Heraldry has pompouſly emblazon'd for the Support of Pride? But vain Men do thus but more diſhonourably value themſelves on their high Deſcent, and evidence their own Diſgrace and ſmall Merit, by putting in a Claim to their Predeceſſor's Deſerts or Quality.

Tota licet veteres exornent undiq; *ceræ*
Atria, Nobilitas *ſola eſt atq*; *unica* Virtus.

Tho' all the boaſted Heroes of our Race,
With Statues honour'd, the long Gallery grace;
That Virtue only, which our Actions ſhew,
Can make us noble, or can keep us ſo.

For Pedigrees and Regiſters may lie in their Accounts, Honours may be purchas'd, and the Simony undiſcover'd; and then our Claim of Antiquity is rais'd on a Foundation of Sand that will forſake the Structure. Let us hold it a Scandal to plead a Sett of Features and Likeneſs of Countenance, if, tho' of their Blood, we are Baſtards to the Souls and Virtues of our Anceſtors; ſince Beaſts only ſhew their Kind by their Bodies, but Great Men ſhould ſhew the Greatneſs of their Race by the Greatneſs of their Minds.

By Godlike Acts we muſt immortal prove
The Soul deſcended from the Gods above,
And not by Argent Suns, or Moons, or Stars,
Which ev'ry Slave on his gay 'Scutcheon bears,
And thinks, tho' leſs than Man, a very Aſs,
For ſome great Demi-God there by to paſs;
Whilſt his baſe Soul, unequal to his Birth,
Shews him, at beſt, a Mongrel Son of Earth:
He's only Great, who can be Great and Good,
(Too hard Atchievement for the Rich and Proud!)
Whoſe Honour is his own, and not his Friend's,
Whoſe Fame, whoſe Glory on himſelf depends;
Who from his Fathers borrows no Renown,
But gives their Virtues Luſtre by his own.

If this be true, as all Ages have concurred in the Opinion, we muſt e'en leave off making a Splutter with our Pedigree, and conclude, as *Auſonius* quotes it from Solon, *Pulchrius multò parari, quàm creari, nobilem.* (I claim the Privilege of Age, for what has bin in Faſhion in my own Time, to help my ſelf out, as I pleaſe, with Quotations; tho' I have at other Times thought, that Scraps from Authors make a Diſcourſe look no better than a Piece of Patchwork, where the Colours muſt indeed be very well ſorted, or and the Eye and Judgment be diſpleas'd with the Medley.) To boaſt of our Families, is to ſound Fortune's Indulgence, and not our own Praiſe; we happen to be born Noble, we deſerve not to be eſteemed ſuch, unleſs we pay Intereſt for what Honour we would derive from our Anceſtors by our own great Actions: For Nobility, like Money, unleſs well improv'd, will ſink in every Generation.

And yet we have Fellows in the World, that, to examine them, ſeem, as *Horace* ſays, *fruges conſumere nati*, only born to devour Nature's good Gifts, and at the ſame time expect Deference ſhould be paid to their Quality and Fortune, tho' their Qualifications and Manner of Behaviour cauſe Contempt and Laughter. Theſe are that worthleſs Set of Gentlemen, who, like the Toad in the Fable, only emulate Grandeur by their Swelling, are conſiderable but in their own Vanity, and brag of their high Deſcent to their

Infamy. If they would value themſelves on the Richneſs of their Houſe, can they aſſure me the boaſted Wealth of their Anceſtors was not acquir'd by Rapin, or a more ignominious Thievery? If they would have me reverence the bloody Hand in their Creſt, that, perhaps, was the Purchaſe of a Forefather's Brutality, as too many from ancient Villany 'ſcap'd Villainage, let them take care it was not firſt obtained by Butchery, and maintain'd by Force, as the Old *Romans* grew great by Robbery or Raviſhment, and made their Crime their Honour, by the ſame Power which committed it: For Power can ever make a Crime wear the Face of Juſtice; it can turn Poſſeſſion into Right, even where that Right is moſt wrong. Of this Truth the *Hollanders* have given us ſome Proofs; *Sed præſtat hæc intacta relinquere.*

If we will weigh the Matter rightly, and conſent to look back with an impartial Eye, we ſhall find that Nobility was not at firſt given to Succeſſion of Blood, but Succeſſion of Virtue; and therefore the truly Noble ſcorn'd to make their Height a Priviledge for Looſeneſs and Debauchery, but accounted their Titles vain, if they were inferior to others in Goodneſs. I remember *Iſocrates*, taking Occaſion to praiſe *Alcibiades*, makes this no mean Part of his Character; that when he grew to be a Man, he did not degenerate from the Virtues of thoſe who either gave him his Birth or Education, nor ſinking himſelf into Indolence and Luxury, would pride himſelf in the Virtue of his Anceſtors; but had that true Greatneſs of Soul to think, that his Reputation muſt ariſe from his own, and not their great Atchievements. Would all our Youths, that take ſuch Pleaſure to be accounted from the Gentry of their Anceſtors, be as ſtrict in Copying their good Qualities, we ſhould have more Virtue in our ſelves, and leſs Suſpicion of Baſtardy in our Families, have our Wealth honour'd more than envied, and our Princes Favours leſs call'd in Queſtion, who ſuffer Offices to go along with Titles, and intruſt the Dignities of the Realm with Blockheads, becauſe they have happen'd to be well deſcended, and bring the Recommendation with them of hereditary Folly: For there is a Nobility, as a Great Man of our own Nation obſerv'd, which is a Nobility in Parchment, bought with Silver or Favour; and theſe are indeed but Honours of Affection, which Kings, with the Change of their Fancies, wiſh they knew well how to wipe off again. The Policy of the Old Heathen Times, more juſt than our new and more refin'd Schemes, in the Choice of their Magiſtrate, enquired what the Men were, and not how deſcended; which was Demonſtration, that they believ'd the Vice or Folly of the Man they preferr'd more diſgrac'd the Office, than the boaſted Nobility of his Anceſtors could do it Credit.

If I may be allow'd to quote a Saint in this unſanctify'd Age, without incurring the Imputation of Hypocriſie, we ſhall find that he could ſee no other thing to be affected in Nobility, than that Noblemen are, by a kind of Neceſſity, bound not to degenerate from the Virtue of their Anceſtors.

Nihil aliud video in Nobilitate appetendum, niſi quod Nobiles quadam Neceſſitate conſtringantur, nè ab Antiquorum Probitate degenerent, &c. I believe it will be agreed we have now pretty well broke thro' this Neceſſity, and chuſe to hold our Virtues, like our Tenements, at Will; or like our Miſtreſſes, whom we always diſcard when we are tired with the Enjoyment of them: And to ſay the Truth, Virtue, like a Whore, was never more proſtituted, nor worſe uſed than in theſe Times: For tho' ſhe's at every Body's Service, few think it for their Reputation to be concerned with her; and they who are Fools enough to take up with her for a Time, endeavour to make a Secret of it in their Actions, and are as much aſham'd of it, as of their own Vices. I could wiſh for the Benefit of Example, and Propagation of Virtue, that our Honours were forfeitable by our Vices, as by our Treaſon; or might be beg'd, when we will be vicious, as our Eſtates may be, when we happen to be Fools; ſince there is no Reaſon why we ſhould be more a Scandal to the good Names, than to the good Fortunes of our Anceſtors. I like well the Prudence of the Old *Spartans*, who ſet aſide ſeveral of their Kings for not giving any Proof of Kingly Virtues: For by Nature, as *Plutarch* obſerves, it ſeems juſt, that the moſt deſerving ſhould rule, upon the Account of Virtue, and not Nobility.

In ſhort, to be allied to great Eſtates, and great Titles, ſets our Forefathers in a fair Light, but can never reflect their Luſtre upon ourſelves, unleſs their Virtues, like their Poſſeſſions, were to deſcend by Inheritance. To value our ſelves therefore, on their Humours or Actions, without emulating them in our Practice, is living on an Eſtate that is not our own, and being ſure to die Beggars in the Eſteem of the World. I am now grown weary of my Subject, as I am aſham'd of its Objects, and ſhall conclude with ſome Verſes of my once good Friend, Mr. *Dryden*, whoſe Memory will be honour'd when I have no Remembrance.

——From Virtue firſt began
The Difference that diſtinguiſh'd Man from Man,
He claim'd no Title from Deſcent of Blood;
But That, which made him Noble, made him Good.
Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight and ſoar'd to Fame;
The reſt remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.
This Law, tho' Cuſtom now diverts the Courſe,
As Nature's Inſtitute is yet in Force,
Uncancell'd, tho' diſus'd; and he, whoſe Mind
Is *virtuous*, is alone of Noble Kind:
Tho' poor in Fortune, of Celeſtial Race;
And he commits the Crime, who calls him baſe.

See Juvenal *Engl.*

Miſcellaneous POEMS, &c.

By Mr. *WYCHERLEY.*

The *Various Mix'd* Life, againſt the *Conſtant Publick* or *Private* Life.

SInce in a private Life Men uſeleſs grow
Both to themſelves, and to the Publick too;
In ſelfiſh Eaſe, e'en while we live, to die,
Were, in One Man, to All an Injury.
And ſince who live for Publick Uſe alone,
And vainly loſe for others Eaſe their own,
Can ſcarce their long Eternal State attend,
Life's great Affair, and Proſpect without End;
Nor ſo the fleeting preſent Time employ,
As the more laſting Future to enjoy;
'Tis then our Part a middle Courſe to ſteer,
To be hereafter bleſt, and happy here:
And leaſt we by our God ſeem made in vain,
Thus do our Duty both to God, and Man.

The Body's conſtant Indolence we find
Becomes by Sloth the Wearineſs of Mind;
The Mind's Intenſeneſs, and too fixt Employ,
No leſs our active Body will deſtroy.
Action and Thought ſhould then ſucceſſive reign,
Each other's Force by Exerciſe maintain,
And eaſe each other by alternate Pain.

Man was no more to live alone deſign'd,
A ſhameful Renegade from Humane Kind;
Than him his wiſe juſt Maker did create
A publick Slave to drag the Yoke of State.
Yet moſt in Life's ſhort Courſe untimely fall
By too much Motion, or by none at all;
And to Themſelves, or Others dang'rous grown,
Still prove their Neighbour's Ruin, or their own.

Thus either Men in private uſeleſs Eaſe
Loſe a dull Length of undeſerving Days;
Or waſte, for others Uſe, their reſtleſs Years
In buſie Tumults, and in publick Cares,
And run precipitant, with Noiſe and Strife,
Into the vaſt Abyſs of future Life;
Or others Eaſe and theirs alike deſtroy,
Their own Deſtruction by their Induſtry.
So Waters putrifie with Reſt, and loſe
At once their Motion, Sweetneſs, and their Uſe;
Or haſte in headlong Torrents to the Main,
To loſe themſelves by what ſhou'd them maintain,
And in th' impetuous Courſe themſelves the ſooner drain:
Neglect their Native Channel, Neighb'ring Coaſt,
Abroad in foreign Service to be loſt;
Or elſe their Streams, when hinder'd in their Courſe,
Quite o'er the Banks to their own Ruin force.

The Stream of Life ſhou'd more ſecurely flow
In conſtant Motion, nor too ſwift nor ſlow,
And neither ſwell too high, nor ſink too low;
Not always glide thro' gloomy Vales, and rove
('Midſt Flocks and Shepherds) in the ſilent Grove;
But more diffuſive in its wand'ring Race,
Serve peopled Towns, and ſtately Cities grace;
Around in ſweet Meanders wildly range,
Kept freſh by Motion, and unchang'd by Change.

Delightful Change our fickle Minds will pleaſe,
And ſweet Viciſſitude ſecures our Eaſe;
A various Life will beſt each Want ſupply
In this wide World of vaſt Variety:
Where Dangers offer'd from our ſelves to ſhun,
We from our ſelves to ſheltring Crowds ſhou'd run;
But when by that we find we muſt be ſqueez'd,
Be ſpurn'd and trampled, ſhoulder'd and oppreſt,
Again to ſafer Solitude may go,
Where Man has but himſelf to be his Foe.

As captive Birds in Cages taught to thrive,
If once enlarg'd, in Deſarts ſcarce can live;
And thoſe in Deſarts us'd to ply the Wing,
If once confin'd, in Cages ſcarce will ſing:

So ill can Men endure a Change of State,
Forc'd from their own by unexpected Fate.
Thoſe who thro' all the Scenes of Life wou'd be
Still bleſt, and ſtill from Fortune's Changes free,
Muſt prove in Life as variable as She;
Of whoſe Incertainty we but in vain
(Which beſt our own can diſappoint) complain.

In the ſame State we ſeek Content in vain,
Since Eaſe and Pleaſure, but for Change, were Pain:
Change is alone our Pleaſure and our Eaſe,
And ſtill is ſure, tho' for the worſe, to pleaſe.
Thus, after ſurfeiting on Delicates,
The greateſt Dainties are the coarſeſt Meats.
'Tis in our Taſte that our Enjoyments lie,
Which pleaſe us more from our Inconſtancy.
Nor Pow'r, nor Wealth cou'd pleaſe, thro' their Exceſs,
But for our Own or Fortune's Fickleneſs.
What are the Joys of, Life's chief Bleſſing, Love,
But various Charms, of various Dames to prove?
And if we're brib'd to Conſtancy to One,
'Tis by her Charms Variety alone.
Variety muſt make our Pleaſures pleaſe;
Variety, ev'n in our Pain, is Eaſe.
From this Relief, Life like a pleaſing Dream,
Does ev'n when longeſt, the leſs tedious ſeem:
In mutual Change all Elements conſpire,
'Tis that preſerves Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
And Man himſelf; that Thing of various Minds,
Sprung from the Change of all thoſe changing Kinds!
To Whom that nothing here might tedious grow,
Whatever ſhines above, or ſmiles below,
The moving Planets, and the turning Sphere,
The Courſe of Seaſons, and the circling Year,
What lives, or lives not, All to Change are giv'n;
Change rules the Earth, as it ſupports ev'n Heav'n.

We from our ſelves alone, and not from Fate,
Derive our happy, or unhappy State;
Since by a publick Life, or private one,
The Buſie, or the Idle, are undone,
By too much Strife and Action, or by none:
'Tis not as either can more Pleaſure give,

But as in both, we more contented live;
And for all ſorts of Changes, never find
A Change in our own conſtant ſteady Mind.
If Fates Inconſtancy we wou'd prevent,
We, in all States of Life, ſhou'd ſeek Content;
So make ev'n Change our beſt Eſtabliſhment.

The Court-Life. *To a* FRIEND, *diſſwading him from attending for Places.*

I.

WHY ſhould we That Ambition call,
To get at Court a ſervile Place,
Where to pleaſe One, we flatter All,
And muſt gain Honour by Diſgrace;
Where for our Pleaſure, and our Eaſe,
We ſuffer Pain and Wearineſs?

II.

Where all things we muſt ſay, or do
Which fartheſt are from Mind or Heart;
Still Thoſe who run from Us purſue,
And to gain Truſt with Virtue part,
Where we (our ſelves more high to raiſe)
Our Faith and Honour muſt debaſe.

III.

Where we muſt ſay as Great Fools ſay,
Do what Great Knaves will have us do,
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,
With Fools for Politicians, go;
To gain Court-favour there, and Praiſe,
With all the World beſides Diſgrace.

IV.

Where we muſt flatter Him we hate,
Or what is worſe Him we deſpiſe:
To broken Slumbers lie down late,
And early to proud Levees riſe.
Muſt paſs our Youth in real Pain,
For Eaſe in Age to hope in vain.

V.

Where we muſt change Day into Night,
Night into Day, at others Will;
Muſt take Diſguſts to give Delight,
And ſlight good Men to honour Ill;
Make many Foes, nay be our Own,
To gain a Friend where there is none.

To that Incomparable POET, Mr. *WALLER*, *in his Old Age.*

AS You *Apollo*'s Eldeſt Off-ſpring are,
You of his Spirit claim a double Share;
Still warm tho' old, like your Immortal Sire,
Your Flame of Wit is an Eternal Fire:
Your Bays ſhall never fade; your flowing Vein
Phœbus with all his Heat can never drain!
True Wit, like Wine, thro' Age does riper grow,
Briſker and clearer, nay and ſtronger too;
Nor ſhews thy long-liv'd Muſe the leaſt Decay,
But in old Age new Glories does diſplay:
As the Majeſtic Beauties of laſt Age
Our Wonder more than All of This engage;
And All of this, daub'd o'er by us, out-ſhine,
In *Vandike*'s well-drawn Images, and Thine.
Yours, like the Works of fam'd old Painters grow
The more our Shame, the more we'd follow you;
While ours, the half-begotten of this Age,
Prove but the Weakneſs of their Parentage.
Thus your old Laurels flouriſh to this Day,
Like full-grown Trees, themſelves to Heav'n diſplay,
And ſee young Suckers under them decay.
So Wits, as Beauties, by your Verſes made,
You live to ſee neglected, e'er decay'd;
And while we ſcorn their unharmonious Song,
Your Harp is ſtill in Tune, tho' ſtrung ſo long:

Though Age does now your Days and Eyes benight,
You ſtill preſerve your Reaſon's clearer Light;
So *Phœbus*, after all his Courſe, appears
Bright as at firſt, and as unchang'd by Years;
Does nothing of his Fire or Luſtre loſe,
But ſets at laſt, as glorious as he roſe!

A *Panegyrick* on *Dulneſs*.

IF Men, the leſs they talk, or ſeem to know,
For more diſcreet or politick may go;
Then ev'n the Wiſeſt but pretend to Wit,
By copying Dullneſs, and diſſembling it.
Since Coxcombs when to go for Wits they mean,
Pretend to Wit by Dulneſs, call'd the Spleen.
If He who acts with Prudence, acts by Rule,
And none obſerve more Order than the Dull;
Thoſe Schemes and Methods which the Wiſe purſue,
From Dulneſs firſt into Example grew.
If Wit be noiſy, poſitive, and vain,
Licentious, bold, detracting, and prophane;
Then ſilent cautious Dulneſs ought to paſs
For Reaſon, Modeſty, Religion, Grace:
Since Faith, by which to Heav'n we make pretence,
Is but our meritorious Want of Senſe.
If That the Height of Wiſdom we confeſs,
Which ſeeks not to be more, nor can be leſs;
That fix'd, unalterable Conſtancy,
Is found in ſettled, firm, Stupidity:
Pleas'd with it ſelf, no Dangers it foreknows,
No Shame it ſuffers, and it feels no Woes.

Wit finds no Place or at the Bench, or Bar,
The lofty Pulpit, or the Doctor's Chair:
In ſerious Bus'neſs Wit becomes a Jeſt,
Vain Praiſe preferring to true Intereſt;
With too much haſte its own Deſign prevents,
By ſcorning e'er to go by Preſidents:
And indiſcreetly makes its Meaning plain;
But Fools their cautious Character maintain.

They beſt their Judgment and Diſcretion ſhew,
In letting none their ſenſeleſs Meaning know.
The Dull Deliberate more ſlowly move,
And ſo more wiſely, in Revenge or Love,
The heavy Circumſpect ſucceſsful prove;
In Courts, tho' ſlippery, they ſtill go ſure,
And like Philoſophers can Scorn endure.
The Poize of Dulneſs to the heavy Skull,
Is like the Leaden Byaſs to the Bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, makes its Aim more true,
And guides it ſurer to the Mark in view;
The more it ſeems to go about, to come
The nearer to its End, or Purpoſe, home.
Without due Weight, the buſie Machine, Man,
His Mind's and Body's Movements has in vain;
Both which, if lighter, but more uſeleſs were,
As more confus'd, and more irregular.
So Clocks to Lead their nimble Motions owe,
The Springs above urg'd by the Weight below;
The pond'rous Ballance keeps its Poize the ſame,
Actuates, maintains, and rules the moving Frame.
Dulneſs is Quiet, Peace, and Innocence,
For at the Blockhead no Man takes Offence:
Dulneſs is ſafe, and undiſturb'd plods on,
For none regard what by the Fool is done:
'Tis nat'ral Senſe, and ſceptick Wiſdom too,
Which, ſince All's doubtful, nought pretends to know:
Caution in Courts, in Bus'neſs Policy;
Prudence in Youth, in Age 'tis Gravity;
Submiſſion in th' Ambitious, and the Great;
In Office, awful Majeſty and State;
'Tis Valour in th' unthinking, raſh, and brave;
Staid Circumſpection in the Wiſe and Grave;
In Blockheads, when they want a wiſe Reply,
Conſid'rate, prudent Taciturnity;
In mighty Generals 'tis call'd Cunctation;
In dumb and heavy Lovers, Height of Paſſion;
The Face of Honeſty in Courtiers wears;
In frigid Virgins Modeſty appears;
It ſets off Senſe, and Folly does excuſe,
So proves to Senſe, or Folly, of moſt Uſe.

To a Fickle Miſtreſs, accuſing me of love of Change. A SONG.

I.

I Love Variety, 'tis true,
But for your ſake (my Dear) alone;
Variety I find in you,
Who have all Woman's Charms in one.

II.

Your Humour varies like your Look,
Which you ſo daily change to me,
That if with Change I were not took,
Conſtant to you I cou'd not be.

III.

To pleaſe Men more, you change your Dreſs,
And ſince all elſe, why not your Mind?
You wou'd but pleaſe your Lovers leſs,
If You the ſame they ſtill ſhou'd find.

IV.

Then blame not my Inconſtancy,
Which moſt my Faith to you does prove;
Did I not love Variety,
Thee, fickle Dear, how ſhou'd I love?

On Mr. DRYDEN's *wanting an* EPITAPH.

THAT Thou, Great Genius, here in Earth art thrown
With no Inſcription on the Sacred Stone
Is not thy Brother-Poets Fault, but Shame,
Since, unenjoying thy Celeſtial Flame,
They knew not how to propagate thy Fame.
Thy Self alone could thy own Glory raiſe;
Thy Verſe alone record thy Verſe's Praiſe:
So thy own Thoughts ſhould thy own Lines refine,
As Duſt of Diamonds makes the Diamond ſhine.

An EPISTLE to *Mr.* DRYDEN, *occaſion'd by his deſiring the Author to joyn with him in Writing a Comedy.*

AS when great Kings with petty Princes joyn,
And club their Forces in the ſame Deſign,
They more a Conqueſt than an Aid intend;
Thus, while to write with me you condeſcend,
'Tis more to vanquiſh, than aſſiſt, your Friend.
Then not by writing with you will I aim
To prove my Judgment, or encreaſe my Fame;
But ſhew my Senſe by giving yours its Due,
And only ſeek for Praiſe by praiſing you.
Since all who ſtrive for Fame, or Glory, muſt
Be juſt to You to be themſelves thought juſt.
Their Judgment thus, tho' not their Wit, may ſhew,
And gain Forgiveneſs of their Errors ſo.
Thus I may Fame acquire, tho' not my Due,
By yielding Honour to your Muſe, and You.

Your clear, unerring, univerſal Senſe
Cheers like the Sun with gen'ral Influence:
New Wonders ſtill profuſely does diſplay,
And drives the Darkneſs of the Mind away.
But your enlight'ning, comprehenſive Mind
Cannot be to a ſingle Sphere confin'd:
Hence the juſt Fame of your great Genius is
As general, as are its Faculties.
In Comic, Tragic, or Heroic Strain,
You your vaſt Genius can alike maintain;
Their diff'rent Talents other Wits purſue,
But All ſubmit in their own Kind to You.
Whether you mourn, make Love, applaud, or blame,
You ſtill can charm us, and are ſtill the ſame.
With the ſame Art, in Joy, or Grief, engage
Your paſſive Audience, and your active Stage,
With your feign'd Love, and true Poetick Rage.

Others, in Spight of all their noiſy Wit,
Find the Stage ſilenc'd by the louder Pit;
They make us laugh to ſee their Actors cry,
In ſome ſad Farce, or merry Tragedy.

But ne'er do you our Paſſion, or our Senſe,
With Art againſt our Nature influence:
Can make us Silence ev'n in Laughter keep,
And ev'n divert us, while you make us weep.
Your moving Scenes, at once, with various Art,
Harden the ſoft, and ſoften th' hardeſt Heart:
With Love give Grief, with Horror can delight,
And pleaſe the Mind, yet terrifie the Sight.

But when the vulgar Vice employs your Pen,
How we deſpiſe our ſelves in other Men!
At once we grow more merry, yet more wiſe,
Pleas'd and inſtructed with your Comedies.
You can our Follies, without Fooling, ſhew,
And prove your Skill, by making others grow
Ridiculous, without becoming ſo:
Your Senſe, your Humour, and Satyrick Rage,
At once can teach, delight, and laſh the Age.
The greateſt Art is, ſure, your Art alone,
Of pleaſing All Men in your ſparing None:
Charm'd with your Wit, tho' it their Scandal grows,
Their Follies pleaſe them, while you them expoſe.
Your graceful Muſe, ſo well becomes her Rage,
That ev'n her Scorn, muſt ev'ry Heart engage;
As angry Beauties, but more taking prove,
And, when they would provoke, engage our Love.

Your Subjects, tho' they are but Fictions all,
Seem, for your Art, more true and natural:
No ſtrange, abſurd, new Miracles you feign,
More to perplex the Mind, than entertain;
Nor Truths incredible relate, or ſhew,
To make us wonder leſs at them, than you.
What Satisfaction can our Senſe receive
From Tales, or Accidents, it can't believe?
'Tis the too bold Improbability,
That make ridiculous the labour'd Lye,
And Lyar too; no Shame is undergone
More for a Lye, than Truth that looks like One.
No matter what our Tales Poetic are,
Or falſe, or true, ſo true they but appear;
None juſt, or fit, can their Invention call,
If 'tis not eaſie, free, and natural.

Your Plot, tho' ſeeming intricate, is plain,
And gives us Pleaſure, keeping us in Pain;
Begets our Wonder firſt, then clears our Doubt,
Hard to conceive, as eaſie when found out:
Wit, Fancy, Judgment, and Invention too,
(Which ſeldom meet in Others) join in You;
Nay oft in Others one another thwart,
Whilſt each ſo regularly plays its Part
In You, your Art ſeems Nature, and your Nature Art.

You repreſent no Characters ſo low,
As make our Loathing our Diverſion grow;
When Nature, in Simplicity's Exceſs,
Walks in a Garb too coarſe, and mean, to pleaſe.
No witty Lovers in your Scenes we ſee,
Who ſigh by Rule, and take leſs Care to be
True to their Miſtreſs, than their Simile.
No formal Fools endeavour to make known
Their Senſe, when Paſſion only ſhou'd be ſhown;
This Senſe confounds; for, againſt Nature, Senſe
Turns Folly, and gives thoſe twou'd pleaſe Offence,
While 'tis extravagant Impertinence:
But Paſſion (ſince it want of Senſe does ſeem)
We Love's beſt Proof in Lovers ſhould eſteem:
The incoherent Verſes therefore prove,
Oft more perſwaſive far than Wit in Love;
For true Love ſure but a ſhort Madneſs is,
Since none, at once, can Lovers be and Wiſe.
True Love, and Wit, as ſeldom at one time
Together meet, as Senſe, with poliſh'd Rhime;
Except in your ſmooth Numbers, Thoughts ſublime.
You thwart not Nature with Poetic Arts,
Nor think your Lovers with their Head's good Parts,
More than their Bodies, can take Female Hearts.
You Rhime for Reaſon on them ne'er obtrude,
For Argument no falſe Similitude;
Nor make them e'er to wound their Ladies aim
With ſharp Conceit, or pointed Epigram,
Or fire them only with the Poet's Flame.
Yet you with Love can coldeſt Hearts inſpire,
Give them, without Concupiſcence, Deſire;
With warm Thoughts, yet as chaſt as is your Stile,
You, without Guilt, can make the Modeſt ſmile;

Virgins your Love without a Bluſh may hear,
Which ſtrikes their Heart, yet never wounds their Ear.

Your Wit is juſt, as ſtill in Seaſon ſhown,
Since Oſtentation makes ſome paſs for none;
And as good Breeding, ſo the beſt good Senſe,
In the wrong Place, becomes Impertinence.
You ne'er diſgrac'd your true and Sterling Wit,
By putting off the viler Droſs with it;
Which, like true Coin, does for ſuſpected paſs,
When mix'd with what is Counterfeit, or Baſe:
Falſe Wit is of the Want of true the Sign,
As the falſe Money of the Dearth of Coin.

Our Fools of Fancy ſcarce a Thought refuſe,
Only becauſe they know not how to chuſe.
Your Senſe diſtinguiſhes 'twixt juſt and fit,
And ſcorns the forc'd Impertinence of Wit;
By which, as by forc'd Mirth, a Man is made
With That, which ſhould divert him, but more ſad:
But you ſtill ſhun an Artifice ſo mean,
As with forc'd Pleaſantry to load your Scene:
Make the low Farce to ſprightly Wit give way,
And ſcorn to keep the dull Buffoon in Play.
No ſtrange, no far-fetch'd Epiſode obtrude,
Nor leave your Tale for a dull Interlude.
No pompous Fuſtian, in your Plays we find,
More to confound, than to ſurprize the Mind;
To make us leſs conceive the more we hear,
Or ſtun each Head by puzz'ling ev'ry Ear.
Your Senſe as clear, as are your Numbers ſweet,
Takes Refuge in no myſtical Deceit;
No Double-meanings on your Pit you paſs,
Which ſtain our Honour, and our Wit debaſe:
Senſe, ſeeming double, oft proves none at all,
And is, like Love, more falſe, as general;
Or Truth, for being too equivocal.

Strong is your Judgment, as your Reaſon ſound,
Your Wit, as piercing, as your Senſe profound;
Your Fancy copious, fluent, clear and high,
Yet without barren Superfluity;
Nor from the Fulneſs of your fruitful Head,
Are crude, and undigeſted Humours bred.

Your Judgment has no Fault, but too much Wit;
So more to heighten, and illuſtrate it,
You ſhou'd (as Artiſts with their Diamonds do)
By adding Foils a purer Brightneſs ſhew;
Pure Senſe, as pure Gold, beſt will Art obey,
When mix'd, and ſtrengthen'd, with its juſt Alloy:
So ſkilful Artiſts firſt cement their Gold
With the groſs Mixture of a meaner Mold;
Then, with rich Workmanſhip, the Loſs reſtore,
And raiſe the Worth, while they debaſe the Ore.

Some value Wit, like Coin, becauſe 'tis old,
And judge the lighteſt, is the pureſt Gold;
As much by others 'tis deſpis'd of late,
And worn by Time, ſeems crack'd, and out of date;
And from its Age ſuſpected in its Weight.
But like the new-mill'd Coin appears your Wit,
Which none can leſſen, or can counterfeit;
Which, like true Gold, can ev'ry Teſt endure,
At once is weighty, ſolid, bright and pure;
Tho' late-coin'd, current; tho' untry'd, is fine,
Out-weighs their Old, and does our New outſhine.

Such is your Senſe, which you ſo well expreſs,
Each Thought is brilliant in its proper Dreſs.
Ne'er in your Verſe did Senſe ſubmit to Sound,
As oft, in Songs, 'tis for the Muſick drown'd:
Your Reaſon too agreeing with your Rhime,
Is ſtill in Tune, as is your Senſe in Time:
Rhimes, which with others, Reaſon's Fetters are,
To ſtop their *Pegaſus* in his Career;
To check his Swiftneſs, while they ſmooth his Pace,
Their Fancy's Tramels, and their Speed's Diſgrace.
With you they guide him, and improve his Courſe,
In Smoothneſs, Meaſure, Majeſty and Force;
A ſafe, tho' high; a ſwift, yet eaſie Flight;
Diſcreet, tho' daring; lofty, yet in Sight.

Thus, in all Kinds, your matchleſs Art is ſhown,
And thus, the whole Poetic World's your own;
Fame is engroſs'd by you, and what remain'd
For All t' attempt by One has been obtain'd.
Who writes with you, in hopes his Fame to raiſe,
Aſpires (at beſt) to eminent Diſgrace.

Then, ſince no Writer now can find Succeſs,
In writing after you (All muſt confeſs)
I ſhew my Senſe more, by my writing leſs.
Your Reaſon's Light wou'd my dark Senſe outſhine,
And your Poetick Flame extinguiſh mine.

So when bright *Phœbus*'s purer Rays conſpire,
To mix with Smoak, and dull Material Fire;
The Fire, that ſhone with mod'rate Light before,
O'ercome by too much Luſtre, ſhines no more.

Againſt being in LOVE *with Two at a Time.*

I.

IT is my Choice of Miſtreſſes,
That ineffectual makes my Love;
Thus, if my Choice were now but leſs,
My Satisfaction more wou'd prove.

II.

O! that the Fool were then leſs kind,
To me, or that the Wit were more;
The Fool wou'd be much more my Friend,
Much more the Wit I ſhou'd adore!

III.

This with her Kindneſs me does fill,
That murders with her Cruelty;
Becauſe I live, One takes it ill,
The Other, that for her I die.

IV.

'Twixt both, I have my Pleaſure leſs,
Inſtead of both, enjoy not one;
Since me thus equally they pleaſe,
Alas, I Pleaſure gain from none!

V.

Thus, like the poor rich Miſer, I
Am but leſs happy for my Store;
Under more Want of Love I lie,
As to relieve it I have more.

VI.

My Plenty, and Variety,
My want of either thus encreaſe;
The more my Pleaſures multiply,
My Satisfaction proves the leſs.

Againſt PASSION: *To a Quarrelſome Friend.*

IF Wrongs receiv'd, from our agreſſing Foe,
We wou'd revenge, and that with Honour too;
We ſhou'd not our Reſentment of them ſhew;
It more enrag'd our angry Foe wou'd make,
As we leſs Notice of his Anger take;
We have no Loſs, 'till we our Patience loſe,
No Wrong, but what our vain Reſentment does:
Since bearing Wrongs affect us not with Shame,
'Till, by our Rage, our Weakneſs they proclaim.
Wrong, we wou'd beſt revenge, we ne'er return,
Since 'tis our beſt Revenge, proud Foes to ſcorn,
As it by Them is hardeſt to be born.

Therefore, by vanquiſhing our ſelves, we grow
More honour'd, than in conquering our Foe;
Whether by Rank, Power, Birth, or Nature, he,
Either above us, or beneath us, be.
If he's above us, we the Wrong requite,
When what we can't revenge, we yet can ſlight:
If he's beneath us, our Revenge we take
Leſs, as but more we him our Equal make;
And loſe our Honour, for Reſentment's ſake.
If he's our Equal, we Inferiours grow,
And, that wer'e worſted by our Paſſions, ſhew;
Then if our Foe proves our Superiour, he,
Too hard for us, will for our Paſſion be.

Attacking him, we but Diſhonour gain,
By ſeeking impotent Revenge, in vain,
And that way prove him much the better Man:
For if your Foe, on Trial, prove too ſtrong,
Your ſelf the more you right, the more you wrong;
And if that you ſuſpect your Foe too weak,
Your Conteſt with him, will your Shame beſpeak.
As more your Honour you contend to right
On him, who for his Own's afraid to fight;
One Way, or Other, ſo your Quarrel muſt
Be your Diſgrace, ſince fooliſh or unjuſt.
Fooliſh, if that you ſhou'd attack your Foe,
Who wou'd, for Trial, prove too hard for you;
Or if in vain, you (for Reſentment's ſake)
A Man, that is too weak for you, attack;
And him, your Match, diſhonourably make;
By either Quarrel purchaſing your Shame,
To get a Bully's, or a Coward's Name.
If any Wrong be lately to you done,
In Honour, let not Vengeance ruſh too ſoon;
Leſt juſt Revenge, when it too raſhly flies,
Be judg'd but as a cowardly Surprize;
And if the Wrong be long ſince done to thee,
Then ſlow Revenge will thy Diſhonour be:
Thus if Revenge may be, too late, or ſoon,
The Wrong'd right beſt their Fame by taking none;
Since, in forgiving Wrongs, moſt Honour's ſhown,
Man higheſt then above his Nature ſoars,
Subduing Paſſion which the World o'er pow'rs.
By This, his Courage and his Wit are ſhewn,
Virtues diſtinct, that ſeldom meet in One!

If you your Foes Abroad wou'd overcome,
Conquer your Paſſions, your worſt Foes at Home;
Paſſion ſubjects Man to his Foe but more,
As more he ſtrives to get him in his Power:
For how, o'er Others, can his Pow'r be ſhown,
Whoſe Paſſion proves, he is not in his Own?
Beſides Revenge does our Diſhonour grow,
Which makes us Juſtice to our ſelves to do;
In our own Caſe, the Judge, and Party too!
Nay, Party-Judge, and Executioner,
Which proves but leaſt our Courage, moſt our Fear;

Since he who gives Life to his Enemy,
Does all the Harms, his Foe can do, defie;
A Man, by pard'ning, does a King appear,
But by Revenge, an Executioner;
Who, by Revenge, the Name of *Brute*, wou'd gain,
By Patience, and by Mercy, will attain
Rev'rence, and like a God, 'midſt Fellow-Mortals, reign.

Upon the Boldneſs of COWARDICE.

WHY ſhou'd Man's Apprehenſion be his Praiſe?
Yet Fear, the Height of it, be deem'd Diſgrace!
Since Fear is cautious, and induſtrious too,
At the ſame time, does Wit and Wiſdom ſhew,
Which nothing vainly will, or raſhly, do;
Whilſt Courage only is the Fear of Shame,
Expoſing Man but to his Reaſon's Blame;
Whoſe Valour's greater, as his Senſe is leſs,
And aims at Honour by Fool-Hardineſs:
So Man's vain Honour in purſuing Praiſe,
In Spight of Juſtice, ſhou'd be his Diſgrace:
Since ſeeking Praiſe ſhould Infamy be thought,
When more from Vanity, than Honour, ſought.
Then there's more Glory in Contempt of Fame,
When Pride converts ev'n Merit into Blame,
And makes ſought Honour grow the Seeker's Shame;
Whoſe Courage is the Height of Fear, (we ſee)
Elſe a wiſe Coward wou'd he dare to be,
And live from Strife, and Emulation, free;

Who Praiſe by Death, as ſoon as gain'd, muſt loſe,
Much leſs his Fortitude than Weakneſs ſhews.
The Name of Madman, more than Hero, fits,
The Man who, drunk with Vanity, commits
Bold things, that Nature, Senſe, and Juſtice ſhock;
That ſtartle Reaſon, and Religion mock:
So no more Praiſe deſerves (the Sober think)
Than Bullies do for Proweſs in their Drink;
Who in bold Acts a ſtupid Courage ſhew,
Only becauſe they know not what they do.

Men laviſh of their Souls, in Queſt of Fame,
Meet Death, and all but for an empty Name.
Againſt their Senſe, and their Experience ſtrive
To die in Fact, in Fancy to ſurvive!
To gain by Death an Immortality,
Which ought to be their Reaſon's Infamy:
Since Men beſt Proof of Senſe and Valour give,
Who, ſpight of Fame, dare for their Country live;
For he who dies, is out of Fear, or Pain,
But he who lives may ſuffer both again;
Then ſure, as Courage is but Dread of Shame,
Fear is but Courage, in Contempt of Fame.
Fear is Man's Height of Honour, ſcorning Praiſe,
Boldly defying Fame, to bear Diſgrace,
Rather than for a Murderer to paſs:

Thus Fear, can bolder things than Courage do;
And, as 'tis Courage, ſo 'tis Conduct too.
Shy Prudence 'tis, and wary Policy,
Which Danger wiſely does at Diſtance ſpy,
And makes its Danger its Security:
Since Danger to us much leſs fatal is,
As prudent Fear prevents us from Surprize.
And the ſame Care, that diſtant Danger ſhews,
Forc'd to the Tryal our Protection grows:
Since Cowardice, oft acting from Diſpair,
Does more than Men of ſtrongeſt Courage dare;
For Cowards, when they cannot run away,
A deſp'rate Fury on the Foe diſplay;
And win the Honours of the dreaded Day.

But Cowardice does Honour beſt ſuſtain,
When it tranſgreſſes not the paſſive Strain:
Since as 'tis harder much, 'tis nobler too,
To ſuffer Wrongs unmov'd, than Wrongs to do.
In fine, th' Exceſs of Honour is but Fear,
Which makes Man all things out of Fear to dare,
And turns the Height of Courage, call'd Diſpair;
Thus Fear is Honour, which deſpiſes Shame;
Wiſdom, preferring Safety ſtill to Fame.
So Circumſpect, Juſt, Honourable, Wiſe,
Is honeſt, cautious, guiltleſs Cowardice;
Which of Man's Virtue ſtill the beſt Defence,

Secures his Faith, preſerves his Innocence:
Nay, and 'tis evident, but for our Fear,
In vain all Virtue, all Religion were.
Juſtice is not our Fear of God, but Man;
Religion's but our Dread of endleſs Pain,
Rather than Hope eternal Joys to gain.
Nay, ſure, our Faith in Heav'n Preſumption were,
But for this modeſt meritorious Fear;
Then Circumſpect, and harmleſs Cowardice,
At once appears both innocent and wiſe;
Makes Saints and Stoicks, wears Religion's Face,
And ſhines with ev'ry Philoſophick Grace.
Which makes a Man, ſo patient, and ſo meek,
When ſtrook on one, to turn the other Cheek,
Rather than Vengeance wickedly to ſeek.
Fear is, in ſhort, the Virtues all in one,
Since, but for that, perhaps, we ſhould have none:
Men's Faith in God proceeds but from their Fear,
Or elſe none Right would do, or Wrong would bear.
No Faith in God, no Truth to Man wou'd ſhew;
Or, but for Fear of Hell, to Heav'n wou'd go;
Then Fear, which Honour ſcorns, or Vanity,
Dreads no ill Name, Diſgrace, or Infamy;
And Innocence prefers to guilty Fame;
Shou'd be Man's Honour, rather than his Shame;
Which dares its ſelf, ſpite of its ſelf to own,
The hardeſt Thing, that by the Brave is done:
And ſure next That the greateſt Boldneſs is,
To puſh at Fame, by praiſing Cowardice.

A DIALOGUE betwixt Phillis *and* Strephon, *upon his Reſignation of her to his Old Rich Rival.*

I.

PHILLIS.

YOU to another give me now,
Who gave my ſelf to you before;
So more unjuſt to me you grow,
My Freedom to me to reſtore;
That Freedom which by Force you ſtrove to take,
But which you now by Force would give me back.

II.

STREPHON.

To force you to Variety,
  Shou'd not my Want of Kindneſs ſhew,
Since Women love Inconſtancy,
  My leaving you for Love ſhou'd go:
For ſince I find you weary grown of me,
My Love I prove moſt when I ſet you free.

III.

PHILLIS.

Muſt you then leave me, do you ſay,
  But more my Pleaſure to fulfil?
My Love and yours you ſo betray,
  To gratify your changing Will;
To make unkind Compliance the Pretence
To cloak your Falſhood, and your Negligence.

IV.

STREPHON.

'Tis true, my *Phillis*, hard our Fate,
  I muſt my Rival's Bliſs procure;
Make Love to Thee for him I hate;
  My future Claim in Thee t' enſure:
Thy Beauties muſt t' another's Arms reſign,
And make Thee his, to make Thee ſooner mine!

V.

PHILLIS.

Can any one to Love pretend,
  In parting with the Nymph he loves?
Who to his Rival, quits his Friend,
  Unkindneſs, more than Paſſion, proves.
To leave the Friend, he owns, he loves, that he
Sooner poſſeſs'd might of her Kindneſs be.

VI.

STREPHON.

If that I cannot gain your Love,
  But by my giving you away,
My Love, I parting with you prove,
  Who elſe unbleſt might longer ſtay;
Since you have ſworn, 'till you my Rival wed,
You will not bleſs your longing *Strephon*'s Bed.

VII.

PHILLIS.

Then to be grateful to thy Love,
  I thy Requeſt muſt diſobey,
My Kindneſs to thee beſt to prove,
  Muſt thy Deſire to me gainſay;
Juſtly thy ardent Love to ſatisfie,
In Gratitude muſt thy Deſires deny.

VIII.

STREPHON.

No, if your Love you'd to me ſhow,
  Wed my rich Rival, with Me lie;
Then you to both will Juſtice do,
  He wants a Wife, a Miſtreſs I;
As kind as juſt, in this one Act, you'll prove,
He'd have an Heir, and I the Sweets of Love.

IX.

PHILLIS.

Can that be Love, wou'd me defame,
  And wrong the Maſter of my Bed?
'Twere my Diſhonour, tho' your Blame,
  Were I to ſo much Guilt betray'd;
Moſt diſobliging Swain, to love me ſo,
Provoke my Ruin, and procure my Woe!

X.

STREPHON.

Since He no fitting Spouſe can prove,
  Nor give the Joys on Wedlock wait;
I but the Scandal would remove,
  And plant Thee in a happier State:
For think, unleſs my Love the Shame prevent,
You'll be thought Barren, or He Impotent.

The Frail Nymph's APOLOGY.

HOW can I help my yielding to Mankind?
  All are, alas! too hard for me, I find;
And, the Love-ſickneſs of the Soul will make
The Spirit, for the potent Fleſh, too weak.
Then ſince Reſiſtance makes the Lover more
Exact his Vigour, and provokes his Pow'r,
The vain Repulſing of our Honour's Foes,
Us to their Paſſion does but more expoſe;
Why more than They ſhould we our Crédit loſe,
Who can but ill th' Invader's Force oppoſe?
That which we can't defend, we muſt ſubmit
To ſtrong Perſwaſions urg'd by Love, or Wit;
And, not to loſe our Honour, part with it;
Since ſure our Honour more our Shame wou'd prove,
Made by our Pride, ungrateful to our Love:
If cruelly perverſe, and ſimply coy,
We would prevent our Own and Lover's Joy:
And ſtill the more he ſued for our Embrace,
Be ſullen, and refuſe the courted Grace.
Shou'd I return him leſs, to make him more
My Foe, as more he was my Friend before;
By not ſubmitting we the Lover make
Our Honour from Us, in Revenge, to take;
And by Perverſeneſs ſet our Fame at Stake:

  To loſe our Honour, and our Pleaſure too,
Does both Ingratitude and Folly ſhew;
Therefore that Honour, which we can't defend
Without Aſſiſtance of an able Friend,

'Tis beſt reſigning, ſince it is our Truſt
Of Men of Honour makes them nobly juſt;
For 'tis the Pleaſure of vain Liars moſt
Thoſe Women's Favours, who refuſe, to boaſt.
I yield to them, ſtill to preſerve a Name,
Expoſing Modeſty, to ſave my Fame:
I yield to Fools, and Wits, to Great and Small,
That none my Honour may in Queſtion call,
Which, but to keep, I render up to all:
Since all Men (ſure) muſt needs ſpeak beſt of thoſe,
Who, for their Love, their Honour moſt expoſe.

So that by Force, or Inclination, we,
To Love, and Lovers, muſt ſubmiſſive be.
The Proud I favour, out of Pride to ſee
Them on their Knees, more willingly, to Me.
Since Men are brib'd to Silence by our Love,
Who, when deny'd, wou'd our Traducers prove.
The Humble, favour'd, think me free from Pride,
And with the Great and Proud I've oft comply'd,
But by my Shame to be more dignify'd.
The ſturdy Ruffian makes me yield by Force,
The Gentle by the Pow'r of ſoft Diſcourſe.
I yield to one, becauſe by him compell'd,
To t' other, but becauſe not forc'd, I yield.
An old Acquaintance makes me to comply
On the pure Score of Familiarity;
And 'tis uncivil Strangers to deny.
The Bully makes me out of Fear ſubmit,
I yield, for fear of Scandal, to the Wit:
Nor can I This reſiſt, or That prevent,
For Strength of Arms, of Back, or Argument;
Nor can I This reject, or That deny,
But yield to Love or Importunity.

Too weak my Body, for the Bold, I find;
As, for the Gentle, much too weak my Mind.
By Force, the Rude my Raviſher will prove,
The Gentle is my Raviſher with Love;
The Flatt'rer gains me by his artful Praiſe,
The Libeller for fear of more Diſgrace;
I to the Brave ſubmit, becauſe they ne'er
Boaſt of their Conqueſts, or expoſe the Fair:

To Cowards, ſince they dare not tell for Fear.
Me, the well-ſpoken, to Compliance move;
The Dumb, Diſtruſtful, by their Silence prove
An aweful Modeſty, Reſpect, and Love.
The faſhionable Sparks my Fancy take,
Who go more fine, their better Court to make,
Leſs for their Pride, than for my Pleaſure's ſake.
To love th' Ill-dreſs'd, and Careleſs, I'm inclin'd,
Who leſs themſelves, the more they love me, mind.

The Luſty, and the Tall, my Liking claim,
Who hope Proportion is All o'er the ſame.
As oft I claſp the Little, and the Low,
In Hopes ſome Parts may make a goodlier Show;
(Since little Women oft are large below.)
I like the ſpare Man, for his ſlender Size,
As beſt by Nature form'd for Exerciſe;
The Fat, and Burly, equally approve,
Such are good-natur'd All, and Friends to Love.
I love the Black Man, ſince the warmer Friend;
The Fair, becauſe more gentle, ſoft and kind:
Me, in their Turns, the Brown, or Aubourn take,
Only by diff'ring from the Fair or Black.
Nay I can love thoſe, whom few like, the Red,
Who tho' they look worſe up, are beſt in Bed.
Alike thus all Complexions me delight,
If that alike All ſeem to me by Night;
Of handſome Men I cannot but approve,
Who give me Pleaſure, and engage my Love.
And to th' Ill-favour'd muſt good natur'd be,
Who (though I like them leaſt) moſt plead, I ſee,
And ſtill are ever ſatisfy'd with me.

Old Men (for being fond of me) I deem
Worthy my Friendſhip, tho' not my Eſteem;
The Young, becauſe they make me fond of them.
Old Men, ſince young Men for us they maintain,
The Young, ſince we, more Pleaſure from 'em gain.
Old Men, becauſe they get us not with Child,
By which our Fame were ruin'd, Beauty ſpoil'd;
Tho' happ'ly our advent'rous Ladies find,
They grow leſs pregnant, as the Men more kind.

The Old we ſleep with but that Gold to take,
We give the Young for keeping us awake:
I to the Rich am of my Favours free,
That of their Coin they may be ſo to me:
And to the Poor I charitable prove,
Who, what they want in Gold, muſt give in Love.
Then if with old and poor Men I comply,
You may be ſure I no Man can deny.

The Silent Lover's DEFENCE.

OTHERS falſe Tongues can you believe,
Yet not my truer ſpeaking Eyes?
Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The leſs I boaſt my real Flame,
The more my Paſſion's Truth beſpeaks;
Not what the Tongue, but Eyes proclaim,
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like profeſſing Friends,
Are more believ'd, the leſs they ſay;
Who more our artful Speeches minds
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
Whilſt they to thee ſuch Love profeſs;
True Love is, like true Courage, ſeen,
But more as we pretend t' it leſs.

The COMPLAINT *to a Diſloyal Miſtreſs.*

YOUR Crime you did, againſt my Will, commit;
Muſt I, againſt my Will, be plagu'd for it?
You only did offend the Gods, and Me;
I only muſt diſgrac'd and puniſh'd be.
Diſhonour'd thus, and you alone to blame,
Muſt you, ungrateful *Syren*, boaſt your Shame?

Unknowing, unconſenting, I'm betray'd;
O Faith ill kept! O Kindneſs worſe repaid!
But ſince I to your Crime no Party was,
Why ſhou'd your Infamy be my Diſgrace?
Knowing I would your Frailties have withſtood;
Committed, have conceal'd 'em, if I cou'd:
But loſt to Modeſty, to Love, and Me,
You make a Merit of your Infamy.
'Tis true, Confeſſion oft does Guilt abate;
Your Crime Confeſſion does but aggravate:
O that it did not too my Sorrows ſwell!
Suſpicion would have been a lighter Hell.
Now more for your own'd Falſhood I am griev'd,
And ſhould have leſs been wrong'd, if more deceiv'd.
I had, perhaps, in part been ſatisfied;
And only jealous, had you ſtill deny'd:
But when audaciouſly the Crime you own,
My Sorrows heighten, as your Shame is known.
Whilſt ſtill you all your wonted Eaſe maintain,
I feel for your Offence redoubled Pain.
Unequal Love! to take the Guilty's Part;
She breaks a Vow, but I muſt break a Heart.

LOVE *and* WINE.

IN vain I Drunkenneſs forſwore,
Becauſe by That made Sick and Blind;
Since tho' I have the Flask giv'n o'er,
Love ſtill intoxicates my Mind.

If then for either Sottiſhneſs,
Alike Man's Senſe is in Diſguiſe;
No matter which way, ſure, it is,
By ſparkling Wine, or ſparkling Eyes.

Yet moſt debauch'd the Lovers ſhew,
As Love is ſober Sottiſhneſs;
Whilſt Drunkards know not what they do,
Which makes their Guilt and Folly leſs.

To an Ingenious Young Man, ſo ſollicitous for the Future that he neglected the Preſent.

WHY take you for your future Life ſuch Care,
And why ſo heedleſs of the preſent are?
Would you a future Happineſs ſecure?
Spend well the preſent Hour, that Bliſs t' inſure.
Each bold, wiſe, good Man makes his Will his Fates,
Who ſpends this Life well, fears no future States;
Is fortunate in ſpite of Fortune here,
As here leaſt happy, is moſt bleſt elſewhere;
Makes his Life bliſsful here by his Content,
Forms no vain Hopes, and does vain Fears prevent:
We ſhould not idlely murmur at our State,
Since as we here are all but Gueſts to Fate,
We ought, as Gueſts, our Treater's Time to wait;
Nor, e'er we come our Treatment to receive,
What it will prove be too inquiſitive;
Since all ſound Minds, like all ſound Stomachs, are
Still the leaſt curious how they're like to fare:
For as it is the Stomach, not the Meat,
Which to it ſelf, makes good or bad the Treat;
So the good Mind, with whatſoe'er can come,
Is ſatisfied, ſince ſatisfied at Home;
Pleas'd leſs by th' Appetites which it ſupplies,
Than by thoſe things which it to them denies:
Whilſt the weak Mind, like all weak Appetites,
In far-fetch'd Curioſities delights;
And moſt its certain Weakneſs does imply,
As only gratified with Novelty.
In ſearch of future Knowledge, Joys and Reſt,
We of the preſent do our ſelves diveſt:
For ſince Deſire does but Deſire augment,
It brings thoſe Miſeries it wou'd prevent.
Our Care the Menaces of Fate to ſhun,
Does not retard, but drags 'em ſooner down;
Makes ſure the Miſchiefs we but dread from Fate,
Speeds their Arrival, and prolongs their Date.
Fore-knowledge then the worſt Imprudence is,
Which makes us Joys in our Poſſeſſion miſs;
And, by a moſt improvident Forecaſt,

Urge on the Future, and the Preſent waſte.
Thus we imaginary Evils bring,
By our vain Fears, to ſolid Suffering;
Unanxious then of what the Powers decree,
Let's learn a wiſe Inſenſibility;
Since Heaven and Fate unalterable are,
Our Care more Folly and Preſumption were,
That which muſt come to ſhun, what we can't ſhun to fear.
Too ſoon, alas, the deſtin'd Ills will come,
We need not haſten, cannot ſtop our Doom:
If good Luck comes, let's with our ſelves prevail,
By our Impatience not to make it ſtale;
Nor by o'er-eager Wiſhes, as in Love,
Make our Enjoyments ineffectual prove;
For Raptures oft Fruition do prevent,
And Height of Paſſion makes us Impotent:
Let's ſcorn to be the Raviſhers of Fate,
Nor for our happy Hour refuſe to wait.
Fortune, the Avenger of an anxious Mind,
The more we ſhew Diſtruſt, becomes leſs kind.
Her Malice then more ſurely to prevent,
We muſt againſt each Chance ſecure Content,
Nor make our Fear our Hope's Impediment:
For fancied Miſchiefs, or Misfortunes are
Made real to us by our over Fear;
As, in our Hopes, oft our vain Wiſhes grow
Strong Pleaſures, and ſome real Joys beſtow,
Whether they ever come to paſs, or no.
Then for the Future we ſhould leſs employ
Our Thoughts, the more the Preſent to enjoy;
For the Wiſe Careleſs know, to dread our Fate,
E'er come, too ſoon is, and when come, too late.
The Man of Negligence is truly wiſe,
Him, bad Fate cannot frighten, good ſurprize:
Since Cares or Fears our Dangers more procure,
Good Chance uncertain make, Ills dubious ſure;
And all our Caution, Providence and Care,
Do too much Thought, too little Senſe declare:
Our Fears, or our Impatience, more increaſe
From Dread of Ills, and Doubts of Happineſs.
For Expectation, that makes Bleſſings dear,
Impending Miſchiefs renders more ſevere;
And, to the quivering Eye, brings e'en the diſtant near.

By ſtrain'd Fore-knowledge we on Danger run,
And, fearing Ruin, are by Fears undone.
'Tis wretched for Heaven's Alms, as Numbers do,
To this, or that, Celeſtial Houſe to go,
Knowing our ſelves we beſt our Fates might know.
Our ſettled Minds once brought to crave no more
Than what Heaven grants, we baffle Fortune's Pow'r:
Whilſt the rich Powerful moſt in dread of Fate,
Are, from good Fortune, moſt unfortunate;
And, as 'tis beſt, fear moſt their Change of State.
Good Chance ſtill makes us fear its Fickleneſs,
The Bad, to fear its Conſtancy no leſs:
We only can be happy, or be wiſe,
As moſt our Appetites we compromiſe;
As we our Actions and our Wills reſign
To what's thought fitting by the Powers Divine;
Who, ſince all humane Things uncertain are,
Deſiring nothing, nothing have to fear;
Our preſent, and our future Ills prevent,
Whilſt we to all, we cannot ſhun, conſent,
And, ſpite of Fortune bleſt, preſerve a fix'd Content.

The Diſappointed MUSE.

BY Verſe and Praiſe I thought to make her mine,
Her Heart to vanquiſh, and her Ear incline.
Miſtaken Thought! My treach'rous Praiſe became
A Means of loſing the fantaſtick Dame;
Her laviſh Charms I publiſh'd to the Town,
And all Mankind are now my Rivals grown:
That Muſe which did for Me her Love inſpire,
Like a falſe Bawd, has ſet her out to hire:
Thoſe Strains that did her Vanity increaſe,
Became the Cauſe of her Unfaithfulneſs.
The more my Numbers did her Beauties raiſe,
The more ſhe ſcorn'd me for th' exalted Praiſe:
Proud of my Theme, I ſet her Charms to view,
When prais'd, th' Ingrate to other Lovers flew.
But muſt I her Ingratitude accuſe,
Or the raſh Flights of my applauding Muſe?

The Man who vainly does his Gold expoſe,
Deſerves the Treaſure, that he boaſts, to loſe;
Since we to keep our Purſe and Miſtreſs too,
Should neither brag of, nor ſhould either ſhew.

LOVE's *Golden Age.*

I.

HOW happy was that Age of Old
When Hearts were neither bought, nor ſold?
When each unmercenary *She*
For Love expected nought but Love;
And when the kind proteſting *He*
His Paſſion by his Faith did prove:
When Friends each other's Words did take,
And Honeſty did all their Bargains make!

II.

Then Look for Look, and Kiſs for Kiſs,
Was all was giv'n *her* Love, or *his*;
Or for Exchange of Hearts was paid,
By the gen'rous youthful Swain,
To the bright, but artleſs Maid,
His Love to prove, and Hers to gain:
White *Cupid*, chang'd from what he was of Old,
Now, like a *Negro*-Slave, is bought and ſold.

To a DOCTOR *of* PHYSICK, *on his writing a Satyr againſt* WIT.

TRUE Quack in Poetry, as Phyſick, Thou!
Who to our Bane do'ſt thy Advice beſtow,
That Thou, not We, may'ſt better by it grow.
Like Quacks, you live by Thoſe you cauſe to die,
And damn to gain your Immortality.
In vain you ſtrive, by murth'ring the Eſteem
Of Wits and Poets, to be thought of them.
As *Indian* Fools believe they ſhall enjoy
The Parts, and Pow'r, of him they can deſtroy.

But you have Reaſon to fall out with Wit,
Since, e'er againſt it you this Satyr writ,
You always ſcribbled in Deſpite of it.
If to mad Poets you'd a Doctor be,
Be firſt from their Poetic Frenzy free:
You of your Readers do true Patients make,
Who your Advice againſt their Stomachs take.
Your Verſe, like your Preſcriptions, is ſo mean,
That, like bad Muſick, it provokes the Spleen.

Then ſpare your Satyr, gentle Sir, leaſt we
From your Correction much more mad ſhould be;
Since, like a Quack, you make us leſs endure
From our Diſtemper than your rugged Cure.
Your ill Example makes your Doctrine vain,
Which our ill Writing would with worſe reſtrain.
As *Sparta* once her drunken Sons Exceſs
Reſtrain'd by more egregious Sottiſhneſs.

Your Verſe ſhould thus the beſt Diſſuaſive be
Againſt ill Writing, as worſe Poetry.
So when the nobleſt Precepts can't prevail
To mend us, ſad Examples never fail.

To his Unconſenting *Miſtreſs.*

IF juſtly we the Wretch accuſe,
Who, curſt with Avarice,
Dares not his own large Treaſures uſe,
Thy Virtue then is Vice.

Thou ſuch a guilty Niggard art,
Nor Love wilt give, nor pay;
That mak'ſt me loſe, my Due, thy Heart,
Tho' mine you take away.

To Honour thus too nicely true,
Ungrateful ſtill you are;
No Love repaying where 'tis due,
Tho' you no Debtor ſpare.

That Honour, you ſo ill maintain,
To forfeit you deſerve;
Whilſt your own Pleaſures you reſtrain,
And all your Lovers ſtarve.

Miſers can, dying, make Amends
To thoſe they leave behind;
You cannot ſo oblige your Friends,
Then, whilſt you live, be kind.

To Nature be not thus unkind,
Thy Beauty's Stores employ;
Thou'lt curſe thy unconſenting Mind,
When thou art paſt the Joy.

For Beauty kept, like Gold, too long,
Becomes its Keeper's Pain;
Who of the Bliſs her ſelf does wrong,
Which That was giv'n to gain.

The REPROOF. *To a Silly, Handſome, Talkative Coquet.*

BE dumb, my fair Coquet, if you would be,
Or wiſe, or truly witty, thought by me;
Truſt leſs your pratling Tongue, than ſpeaking Eyes;
There your beſt Part of ſoft Perſwaſion lies.
For, when you ſpeak, we your good Senſe diſpute,
Which, ſure, none e'er wou'd cenſure, were you mute.
Your Silence would your Judgment more beſpeak,
Which, when you talk too faſt, we find too weak.
Ev'n ſilent Folly may for Judgment go,
But Senſe too talkative muſt Folly ſhew.
As noiſy Wit Impertinence reveals,
Silence ſhews Reaſon, and bad Senſe conceals.

Be juſt, nor wrong the Talents Heav'n has lent,
By uſing them to their Diſparagement;
The Triumphs of your Beauty moſt t' enhance,
Your Tongue controul, but fight with ev'ry Glance.

Such ſpeaking Looks can ſteal our Senſe away,
And make us dumb, e'en when we moſt would ſay.

But you a Privilege of Words pretend,
Your Modeſty and Conduct to defend:
Who juſtifies her Fame, we ſtill ſuſpect;
Truſt her, who paſſes Scandal with Neglect.
Then leaſt t' incur the Cenſure of the Age,
You leaſt muſt in your own Defence engage.
The Cauſe you may perplex, but little aid,
By Words convincing us that you're a Maid.

Or is this Faculty ſo often ſhewn,
Becauſe no Sounds can pleaſe you but your Own?
If ſo, the Lover, that would hope Succeſs,
Muſt hear you talk, but ſilently addreſs.
And he, who would by Gifts himſelf endear,
Should not preſent you Pendants, but his Ear.

Let me, fair Nymph, the favour'd Servant be,
And you ſhall talk to all Eternity.
Suff'ring my ſelf to be by Love betray'd,
I'll gaze, and think your Eyes the Muſick made:
Doat on the Sound, unknowing of the Senſe,
And, kiſſing, prove my Taſte of Eloquence.

To CELIA, *who, flying from him into a Grove, fell down.*

THAT I purſued you *Celia*, with ſuch haſte,
Was from this Reaſon that you fled ſo faſt.
That you your ſelf a Savage Beauty ſhew,
Was the firſt Motive that I chas'd you ſo.
But, as wild things, whom our beſt Game we call,
I follow Thee, wild Thing, but for thy Fall.
I for my Pleaſure took ſuch Pains alone;
And held thee in Purſuit to run thee down:
Yet aiming not to make a barb'rous Chace,
Not to deſtroy, but propagate thy Race.

Let me not tax thee, that thou ſought'ſt the Grove
To ſhun my Paſſion, but to meet my Love.
Here we might act our Tranſports on the Green,
And ſport uninterrupted, and unſeen.
Where, for the weary, panting Pair, is ſpread
A ready, eaſie, ſoft, refreſhing Bed.
Where Shades, and Silence make it ſeem like Night,
And the kind Gloom excludes the Rival's Sight.
Where Turtles to our Love Example ſhew,
And all Day long in mutual Cooings wooe.
Where e'en, that Spy, the Sun can never come,
To be to baſhful Lovers troubleſome.
Where nothing can a fear'd Admittance gain,
The Freedom of our Tranſports to reſtrain.
But ev'rything, the Shade, and Noon-day Night.
And rev'rend Silence do to Love invite.
Where Trees with interwoven Arms we find,
That ſeem, like us, in ſoft Embraces twin'd.
Where bending Boughs with gentle Breezes move
To fan the Ardours of our glowing Love.
Where Waters, bubbling from the Chryſtal Springs,
Mix with our am'rous Sighs their Murmurings.

Then do not, *Celia*, needleſs Doubts create,
Nor diſappoint th' Indulgence of our Fate.
Thoſe Feet, that wing'd you, did your Flight impede,
And you became my Prey but thro' your Speed.
Thoſe Feet that, as the Deer's, deſign'd your Aid,
In your Eſcape your Safety more betray'd.
Then plead not Duty, and Connubial Love,
My happy Seizure does my Title prove,
And the vain Plea of Nuptial Rights remove.
Thus, tho' another's Game, thou'rt now my own,
My lawful Game, who toil'd to run Thee down.
Tho' Thou within the Pale of Marriage be,
The Law has ſettled no Propriety;
I mean, the Law both of the Chace and Field,
For gameſome Things, like Thee, by Nature wild.

EASE, *the Wiſh and Endeavour of all Men, loſt by their too eager Purſuit of it.*

I.

THE Source of all our Toils is Eaſe,
For Eaſe, the Ruſtick plows the Shore;
Th' advent'rous Merchant plows the Seas,
And Drudges dig the ſhining Ore:
By various Arts we multiply our Pains,
And labour with our Bodies, Tongues, or Brains.

II.

For this the Lawyers, at th' Expence
Of Lungs and Conſcience, palm the Fees;
In hopes their painful Eloquence
Will purchaſe large Eſtates, and Eaſe:
The Wealth acquir'd does but new Toils create,
And ſet them farther from a tranquil State.

III.

The Miſers, to be more at Eaſe,
Scarce any to themſelves allow;
Whilſt with their Gold their Cares increaſe,
And new Fatigues from Plenty flow:
The darling Treaſures, they with Labour gain,
Produce the Harveſt of Diſtruſt and Pain.

IV.

Ev'n the proud lazy Courtiers wait
But for their Eaſe on Regal Pow'r;
In formal Drudgeries of State,
Waſting the tedious, toilſome Hour:
While Place, and Office, all their Reſt deſtroy,
And long Dependance grows laborious Joy.

V.

For This, the ſoft luxurious Man,
Whoſe Cares are centred all in Eaſe;
Provokes his reſtive Body's Pain,
And gives Diſtempers their Increaſe;
By Indolence to lengthen Life eſſays,
And by that Indolence contracts his Days.

VI.

Who vainly toil for Eaſe of Mind,
And all the *Stoick*'s Arts employ;
By anxious Diſquiſitions find
They their own Quiet but deſtroy:
Without the ſought Repoſe ſtill drudging on,
'Till Life in the miſtaken Chace is run.

VII.

Let Wiſe Men then, who moſt ſeek Eaſe,
The diſappointing Search give o'er,
Since they will but enjoy it leſs,
As anxiouſly they ſeek it more;
Alone at Eaſe is that well-judging He,
Who thinks, in Life, there no ſuch Thing can be.

Againſt ATHEISM.

HOW ſenſeleſs is that ſhuffling Hypocrite,
Who proves his Faith, by his denying it!
For that there is a future Life is ſhewn,
Ev'n in the Pains he takes to prove there's None:
Thus his Profeſſion his own Doubts confute,
Since what he did not doubt he'd ne'er diſpute;
His pannick Fear, and never ceaſing Doubt,
Make more his Faith, and leſs his Reaſon out:
Strict Atheiſts ſo from Want of Faith appear
More credulous than true Believers are;
Blind Bigots in their Infidelity,
That their own Fancy truſt, yet Faith deny;
Excluding Miracles, they greater own;
That the World's form'd but by it ſelf alone,
And Work without a Workman may be done;
That Motion is without a Mover wrought;
That Reaſon's no Reſult of Senſe or Thought;
That Method is the blind Effect of Chance,
And Order is without an Ordinance.
Nay, they believe the World's Eternity,
And its Eternal Maker yet deny;
Againſt all Fear of future Life declare,
Yet ſuffer in their own fantaſtick Fear

Of things, their Senſes ne'er cou'd feel or ſee,
Or Reaſon tell 'em that they e'er cou'd be;
Strongly they Immortality diſclaim,
Yet ſhudder to lay down their Mortal Frame:
Tho', if they thought an End of Pain it were
To die, then Death they ſhould to Life prefer:
For did they nought of future Life, believe,
They cou'd no Fears, from ending Life, conceive:
How credulous theſe Atheiſts muſt appear,
Who, to their own Opinions, will adhere,
And their Beliefs and Diſputations ſtrain,
Points, more than Faith requires them, to maintain!
While the beſt Proof of Senſe is Doubtfulneſs,
And the beſt Reas'ning, the moſt modeſt Gueſs:
For Reaſon when moſt poſitive it grows,
And would its peremptory Flights impoſe;
Againſt it ſelf does its own Forces raiſe,
And certain Weakneſs in its Pride betrays:
Striving Mankind, by private Thoughts, to lead
From ſtrong Perſwaſion to its frantick Creed.
Whilſt doating Atheiſts urge each fond Conceit,
And preſs their Wiſdom as of wondrous Weight:
Sure they forget it is their own Pretence,
That no Man's Faith ſhou'd ſway another's Senſe:
Abſurdly then, they think, to make that out
By Reaſon, which by Nature we muſt doubt;
For Want of Faith more poſitive to grow,
But in our Fancy, againſt what we know;
Believing Chance, that's ſtill irregular,
Made Method by Confuſion firſt appear;
That from it ſelf the World its being had,
Tho' we ſee nothing by it ſelf is made;
Or any Beings that we ſee, feel, know,
Can be their own Works, and Creators too;
Or cou'd (from diff'ring with themſelves) agree,
The more united with themſelves to be.

The Atheiſt therefore, who believes all this
For want of Faith, a greater Bigot is,
Than he who does the Sacred Writ eſpouſe,
And ev'ry Chriſtian Miracle allows;
Yet miſſes in his unbelieving State,
The Comforts that on true Believers wait.

Since he that does on Providence repoſe,
From that Dependance much the happier grows.
Men, in this Life, derive a happy State,
Or an unhappy, from their Faith, not Fate.
Faith, which ev'n here anticipates our Joy,
And proves an early Immortality:
By which we cauſe our preſent Bliſs to laſt,
Enjoy the future, nor regret the paſt.
Faith gives us Hopes, by which we baniſh Fear;
And guides to Tranſports we but gueſs at here:
We by our Faith can give our ſelves Content,
Foreſtal good Fortune, and the bad prevent;
So to our ſelves, by this one Rule alone,
Are all-ſufficient, and oblig'd to None.
Whilſt Atheiſts, who diſpute a future Life,
Make here that Joy, which cannot laſt, their Grief;
Whereas, by Faith, we earthly Joys improve,
As we ſecure a nobler Bliſs above.

But yet the Disbelief that they profeſs
Is Faith, tho' impious, in a ſtrange Exceſs.
No God, without a Proof to Senſe, they'll own,
And yet believe, without a Proof, there's none;
For ſince there's little Sign on Earth, they ſay,
That Providence does any Pow'r diſplay;
No vengeful Sentence on the Guilty paſs,
Or ſcreen the Virtuous with ſome ſignal Grace;
Therefore they ſacrilegiouſly diſown
The Being of a Pow'r that is not ſhown:
And from that trifling Argument declare
Againſt a God or providential Care.
Tho' they ſhou'd therefore think there ſhou'd be One,
By whom ſtrict Juſtice ſomewhere muſt be done;
And ſince to Merits, or Demerits here,
They neither find him gracious, nor ſevere;
There muſt be, after Life, ſome future State,
Where Souls ſhall to their Merit find their Fate.
For the worſt Men on Earth, 'tis often found
In Wealth, and Heav'ns beſt Bleſſings moſt abound,
Pamper'd, and unreſtrain'd; which would not be,
If that th' All-wiſe, All-juſt, Divine Decree
Had not determin'd, Virtue ſhou'd elſewhere
Poſſeſs thoſe Bleſſings which it taſtes not here.

To his Indifferent Miſtreſs.

I.

AH! Dear, proud Charmer, cou'd you prove
At once more Cruel, or leſs Fair,
Your Cruelty wou'd ſpeak ſome Love,
In turning Mine to ſtrong Deſpair;
For luke-warm Love, or cold Indifference,
Keeps with more Pain my Flame in more Suſpence.

II.

To make me Yours, you ſtill diſdain,
Yet can't conſent to let me go;
I of ſuch Kindneſs muſt complain,
Which makes you but more cruel grow;
Then let your Preſence give my Paſſion Eaſe,
Or let my Love, by kinder Abſence, ceaſe.

III.

In Pity then, too barb'rous Dear,
A more obliging Hate confeſs;
Make me diſcard my Hope, or Fear,
Be kinder, or more Scorn expreſs;
For ſure to Me it would be more Relief
To die for Love, than linger on in Grief.

IV.

Long Expectations giv'n in vain,
Make any Bleſſing but too dear;
Kindneſs, which keeps us ſtill in Pain,
Is but too lovingly ſevere;
Then prove more Love, or ſhew more Cruelty,
To make me longer live, or ſooner die.

V.

If that my Death thy Pleaſure be,
Thy Scorn the murth'ring Stroke can give;
One cruel Glance will ſet me free,
One Smile of Comfort make me live:
Then grant me Love, or kindle up Diſdain,
Since, next to Pleaſure, 'tis to feel no Pain.

For the Publick Active LIFE, *againſt* SOLITUDE.

SINCE none are known to live, but that they move,
Men, that they live, muſt by their Action prove:
Their Wit, their Reaſon, and Religion too,
Not by dead Faith, but living Action ſhew.
If they ſin, who themſelves of Life deprive,
The Sin's no leſs t' inter themſelves alive;
And, 'gainſt the End of Providence, to quit
The World, tho' made but for the Uſe of it.
Reaſon perſwades us to Society,
Without which Men wou'd live moſt brutally.
If Love then of Society, at leaſt,
Shews beſt the Diff'rence 'twixt the Man and Beaſt;
Man ſhou'd, for Love of Solitude, be ſtil'd
But more a Brute, more barbarous, or wild:
If he's more humane thought in Word or Deed,
Who ſeems in both more publick-ſpirited;
Then ſneaking Solitude, (we muſt confeſs)
But ſeems, and is more brutal Selfiſhneſs,
And proves Man's Vanity, to think that he
Could to himſelf ſo all-ſufficient be;
Believing, he his Wiſdom beſt does ſhew,
And beſt himſelf, the World, and Mankind know,
As he the deſart Parts of Life does range,
And his dear ſelf from Social Joys eſtrange;
Swoln with proud Spleen, and Notions of his own,
He thinks to be a World t' himſelf alone:
And of a Life, and Freedom to diſpoſe,
Both which he to the publick Service owes;
Since no Man, only for himſelf is made,
But for the World's ſake, and his Neighbour's Aid.
If then his Life does to the State belong,
He lives in private to the publick Wrong;
To make himſelf an Out-law ſeems to ſtrive,
And of a Subject does his King deprive,
Of converſable Man, turns ſelfiſh Brute,
And lives an unintelligible Mute;
Leſs, for his Senſe, does to his Reaſon yield,
But lives, againſt his Senſe and Nature, wild.

Yet ſince, 'tis ſaid, in this World there are none
But muſt be Gods, or Fiends, to live alone;
Then Man, to live here more ſecurely muſt
In Solitude his own Self-love diſtruſt;
And Hazards and Temptations beſt to fly,
Should from himſelf to ſafer Guides apply:
Not act like thoſe that are ſo deſp'rate grown,
They'll hearken to no Counſel but their own.
So Man, who was by Nature only meant
For Converſe, ſhou'd not fruſtrate her Intent,
Since made for Friendſhip, Union, Company;
He lives, if he the Social World will fly,
To the Diſproof of his Humanity;
And when retir'd, and ſpeculative grown,
Is to Mankind but a more thinking Drone:
Leſs uſeful to himſelf, and to his Friends,
As moſt his Days in Solitude he ſpends.
Since ev'n the Mind, as Body reſtive grows,
And wanting Culture does its Functions loſe.
Thought, without Motion, clogs the crouded Brain,
As Blood that ſtagnates, and becomes our Pain:
Leaguing with Death will play th' unfriendly Part,
As Blood will kill that's clotted round the Heart.

To buſie Men, th' unactive too appear
As the fix'd Stars to moving Planets are;
Which, wanting Motion, muſt their Influence want,
And to the World be leſs ſignificant;
For Men, like Stars, more awful ſtill appear,
But as more uſeful in a higher Sphere,
And gain alike, as they more active grow,
Above more Glory, and more Pow'r below.

He then that leaves the World before he dies,
Sure of Himſelf the greateſt Felon is;
Who ends his active Life, in ſpite of Fate,
Which bids him ſtill the Call of Heav'n to wait;
Nay, ends it in a guilty, ſhameful Way,
Who does the uncompulſive Felon play;
Taking his Life and Company by ſtealth
From his beſt Friends, the World, and Commonwealth.

On Orpheus's *Deſcent to* HELL. *To a good Maſter in Muſic, who had a Scolding Wife.*

ORPHEUS, of Old, as lying Poets tell,
Follow'd his Wife ev'n to the Deeps of Hell;
Whither moſt Husbands to this Day, 'tis ſaid,
More by their Wives than other Whores are led.
Since Husbands here above-ground, as below,
No Hell but for their gadding Conſorts know;
For here the Buſineſs of the ramb'ling Wife,
Is ſtill to lead her Spouſe a Helliſh Life.
Such Conſorts, with their jilted Husbands deal,
As Siſter-Hags with *Tantalus* in Hell;
Their Appetites by ſham Incentives move,
Then make thoſe Appetites their Torments prove:
Give them freſh Hopes, their Patience but to tire,
And, 'twixt their Diſappointment, and Deſire,
Make them ſure Pains for doubtful Hopes acquire.

But *Orpheus* did not his dark Journey take,
(As 'tis ſurmis'd) to fetch his Wedlock back;
But having miſs'd, a while, the Fury here,
Went down to be convinc'd that ſhe was there;
For having paſs'd, on Earth, a curſed Life,
And done hard Penance in a curſed Wife:
He car'd not to what woeful Realms he went,
Marriage once born, he fear'd no Puniſhment.
Some ſay he Sung, but not his Soul to chear;
He Sung, becauſe he was a Widower.
The Beaſts, and Furies, liſten'd to his Song,
And all confeſs'd the Harmony was ſtrong;
But yet the Voice which Fiends and Brutes cou'd hear,
Sounded not ſweetly to his Conſort's Ear.
She only was the Beaſt, whoſe ſtubborn Soul,
The Muſick of his Pipe cou'd ne'er controul.

Tumults and Noiſe he cou'd with Muſick quell,
And ev'n make jarring Diſcord ceaſe in Hell.
So Hell return'd him back to Earth again,
Whoſe Harmony diſturb'd th' Infernal Reign:

But to make laſting Diſcord ſure below,
Would not permit th' obſtrep'rous Wife to go.
The firſt, and laſt, was *Orpheus* of Mankind,
That ever ſure Relief from Hell did find.
Hell many a curſed Wife to Man has giv'n,
But taking Wives away 's the Gift of Heaven.

To a Beautiful, Profeſſing, Real JILT.

IF Thou that Jilt, which thou haſt ſworn, wilt be
What e'er Diſguiſe of Art you wear, to Me
A right true Woman prove, and I'll believe
You'll make your utmoſt Efforts to deceive;
Still truer to their Sex the Women prove,
As falſer to their Vows, and to our Love.
And ſince I cannot Conſtancy require,
Be private in thy Scapes of looſe Deſire.
I not thy Pleaſures, but the Scandal, dread;
By That we ſhould be both diſcredited.
Be thine the Guilt, ſo mine be not the Shame,
Give up thy Virtue, but preſerve thy Fame.
To multiply thy Joys, thy Honour ſave,
Then thou wilt Crouds of preſſing Lovers have;
If with feign'd Modeſty you gloſs Deſire,
And by forc'd Coyneſs kindle up their Fire.
For Men are made, by Prohibition, ſtill
Their warm Deſires more eager to fulfil;
Play the coy chaſte One, to promote thy Guilt,
And ſeem the Matron, tho' thou act the Jilt.
For thy own ſake, if not for mine, from Sight
Keep thy dark Deed, or do them in the Night,
Since Theft adds Pleaſure to the ſtol'n Delight:
Love's Joys are heightned when in Private done,
And Shew of Virtue makes us more come on:
Let thy Luſt wear a Mask then like thy Face,
Like That, but more Men's fierce Deſires to raiſe:
Yet dally not with Lovers, but to make
Their Vigour ſtronger in the wiſh'd Attack.
And when they ſtorm, keep on the Vizard ſtill,
And ſwear they ſeize the Bliſs againſt your Will.
So Bullies labour to conceal their Shame,
While they, by Noiſe, would juſtify their Fame.

A Diſſwaſive to his Miſtreſs on her reſolying to turn NUN.

FORBEAR this irreligious Zeal, I pray,
And think not thus to make your Life away;
To all the World, e'er Nature's Call, to die,
Is to commit a blind Impiety.

Think what a Chain of Lives on yours depend,
A Father, Mother, Lover, and a Friend.
All theſe you of their Comfort will deprive,
Reſolving to interr yourſelf alive.
Ungrateful, thoſe that hold you dear to kill,
A Vow of vain Devotion to fulfil!
Made in the Weakneſs of your falt'ring Soul,
When Superſtition did its Pow'rs controul:
When all the nobler Faculties were barr'd,
And lazy Reaſon ſtood not on his Guard.

In Time a wiſer Reſolution make,
And do not blindly Piety miſtake:
The Life, your Parents gave, they may demand;
Lent but on Truſt, they claim it at your Hand:
Without whoſe Leave, in vain you would beſtow
That Life on Any which to them you owe;
Nor ſince by prior Vows you're bound to me,
Can you, in Conſcience, from thoſe Vows be free:
A ſacrilegious Robbery 'twould prove,
Sworn to be mine, to cheat me of your Love.
True Zeal could ne'er ſuch Sentiments inſpire,
Theſe are the Dictates of ſome ſtrange Deſire.
Giving to Heav'n, what is not yours to give,
You, in that Act, Heav'n and your ſelf deceive.
Nay, and the ſacred Pow'rs of Heav'n provoke
By Perjuries, and Faith on purpoſe broke.
Each Vow pronounc'd its Sanction has from Fate,
Nor can a Second e'er its Force rebate:
Since then by Vow you firſt to me were bound,
And by my Faith the mutual Contract crown'd;

Firm to my Truth, if I am ſtill the ſame,
No Cloyſter can abſolve you from my Claim.
Turn'd a Recluſe, e'er I ſhall ſet you free,
You will a Curſe upon the Cloyſter be.

But ſay, that you've ſome Pennance vow'd to do,
For this you need not to a Nunn'ry go.
A ſurer Penitent, for Life to be,
Go not to Cloyſters, but to Church with me;
There, by a Charm, we'll quench the am'rous Fire,
And, link'd in Wedlock, mortify Deſire:
Die to all Joys, and ſtrong Diſquiets prove,
The Conſequence of penitential Love.
Diſtruſts, and mutual Jealouſies ſhall riſe;
And fierce Debates, by Night, unſeal our Eyes.
Since there's no Life of Strictneſs half ſo ſure,
As Marriage, true Repentance to procure.
The little Eaſe, we in that State can know,
Is greater Pennance than Recluſes do:
Then if a Courſe of Pennance you deſign,
Both for the ſaving of your Soul and mine,
At once conſenting to become my Wife,
Reſolve to grow a Penitent for Life.

To PHILLIS, *on her being Cold in the Heat of* SUMMER.

WHEN all that lies beneath the Sun
Is ſcorch'd, or melted with his Fire:
How comes it, *Phillis*, you alone
Glow not from Weather, nor Deſire?

Like ſnowy Mountains, chill, and high,
Tow'ring you ſtill o'erlook Mankind;
Whilſt at your Feet we burning lie,
Thee, brighteſt Nymph, all Froſt we find.

Our Dog-Days from the Sun and You,
Muſt the ſcorch'd World at once receive?
Your Ice, like Him, inflames us too,
And does redoubled Ardours give.

Your Eyes that ſet our Souls on Fire,
The Part of Burning-Glaſſes play;
Whilſt they remain themſelves entire,
Yet dart thro' Ours Love's burning Ray.

To a BRIDEGROOM, *after having married an ill Wife to ſcreen him from his Debts.*

FEARING a ſhort Impriſonment, my Friend,
You've choſe in Durance your whole Life to ſpend.
To 'ſcape Confinement, and a Jail, by force,
You freely run into a Jail that's worſe:
Wedlock, from Priſon, is a curſt Relief,
To 'ſcape a Jailer, but enſure a Wife!
The ſtricteſt, and moſt jealous Keeper, She,
From whoſe Controul Death only ſets Thee free.
From Friends and Converſe, forc'd thy ſelf t' eſtrange,
While She to ev'ry Friend at Will muſt range.
With Jailers Queſtions, ſtill bars up your Way;
Where wou'd you go? And whom to ſee, I pray?
And if thou ſtir'ſt abroad, be ſure that ſhe,
To watch her Pris'ner, at thy Side will be.
Yet light the Miſchief, if thou wert but ſo,
But, from a Pris'ner, thou a Slave muſt grow:
Toil in the Vineyard you too raſhly choſe,
Your Goods and Perſon all at her Diſpoſe.
Thus like a Man by Surety-ſhip undone,
Thou'ſt ſign'd a Bond t' have nothing of thy Own.
Confin'd without the Benefit of Bail,
In your own Houſe, by Marriage made your Jail.
Nor is Impriſonment alone thy Fate,
Correction too attends the Nuptial State.
Conſtrain'd to Drudg'ry, each dull Husband beats
The Hemp of Wedlock in the Wedding Sheets;
And the groſs Work of Love, in Form and Fear, repeats.
By Wedlock then thou art remov'd, not freed
From that *Fleet*-Priſon thou ſo much did'ſt dread,
To the damn'd Durance of the Marriage Bed;
Seiz'd by that Church-Writ, they a Licence call,
Which does all Ranks of Men for Life enthral.
Unhappy Wretch! that thinking to be free,

Haſt damn'd thy ſelf to laſting Cuſtody.
So tim'rous Fools the Fear of Death to ſhun,
Raſhly into his cold Embraces run.
Yet dying ſo, they 'ſcape the Pain of Life;
Your Cure ſums up its Torments in a Wife.
But Crouds, like you, have raſhly bin undone;
And ſhunning *Scylla* on *Charybdis* run.

The Dumb Lover.

LOVE, that makes others ſpeak and write,
Makes both my Tongue and Pen lie ſtill;
Robs me of Speech and Fancy quite,
Whilſt it with Cares my Brain does fill.
Thus I, by Love, for Love am made unfit,
And what ſhou'd give me Courage leſſens it.

Struck Dumb, when I would moſt expreſs,
Moſt modeſt, when I moſt ſhould dare;
Moſt awkard is my dull Addreſs,
When beſt I would my Flame declare:
Unhappy Baſhfulneſs, that do'ſt betray
Thy Maſter's Paſſion, and his Bliſs delay!

Yet ſince Reſpect beſpeaks my Flame,
As Silence our Reſpect does prove;
My Dumbneſs ſhould my Zeal proclaim,
And Silence aid the Cauſe of Love;
As Beggars, wanting Words, their Wants to ſhew,
Command our Pity and our Purſes too.

Chloris *enjoy'd in her Sleep.*

LONG of ſoft Words the Pow'r I try'd,
To bend my *Chloris*'s ſtubborn Will;
Awake, ſhe ſtill my Suit deny'd,
Aſleep, did ev'ry Wiſh fulfil:
O charming Slumber, that could prove
More kind than all the Pow'rs of Love!

With Gold I ſtrove to tempt her Eyes,
  With Love and Muſick touch her Ear;
But ſhe did ev'ry Bribe deſpiſe,
  Nor would my warm Addreſſes hear:
Had ſhe not ſlept, I ſtill in vain
Had, waking, urg'd my Love-ſick Pain.

But then my Paſſion I expreſs'd
  In tim'rous Whiſpers, as ſhe lay;
And gently touch'd her ſwelling Breaſt,
  And liſten'd what her Heart did ſay:
Kind Heart, that made no rude Alarms,
To rob me of my *Chloris*'s Charms!

With eager Joy the Fort I won,
  A glowing Bluſh her Cheeks o'erſpread:
But ſhe, diſſembling, ſtill ſlept on,
  And ſeem'd inſenſible and dead:
Thus, *Chloris*, thou at once did'ſt prove
Juſt to thy Honour, and my Love.

Advice to a Young FRIEND *on the Choice of his* LIBRARY.

THY Books ſhou'd, like thy Friends, not many be,
  Yet ſuch wherein Men may thy Judgment ſee.
In Numbers ev'n of Counſellors, the Wiſe
Maintain, that dangerous Diſtraction lies.
Then aim not at a Croud, but ſtill confine
Thy Choice to ſuch as do the Croud out-ſhine.
Such as thy vacant Hours may entertain,
And be thy Paſtime, not thy Life conſtrain;
Not dark, myſterious, crabbed, or moroſe,
Uſeleſs, and void, or ſtupidly Verboſe,
Tho' witty, yet judicious and ſincere,
And like true Friends, ſtill faithful, tho' ſevere;
Books that may prove, in ev'ry Change of State,
Guides and Aſſiſtants to your ſhifting Fate:
That may to Virtue form your early Soul,
And the firſt Thought of unripe Guilt controul.
Friends, whoſe ſage Wit, call'd up at each Extream,
May help you to converſe on ev'ry Theme;

And when retir'd from Buſineſs, and alone,
Delight you with their Talk, and ſpare your own.
Make ſhort the Seaſon of the reſtleſs Night,
And force dull Hours to mend their ling'ring Flight.
Then, whereſoe'er your wand'ring Steps you guide,
May travel with you, and cloſe up your Side:
Relieve you from the Pageantry of Courts,
Their gawdy Fopp'ries, and their irkſom Sports:
Or, if ſome dire Neceſſity require,
With you to Dungeons for your Aid retire.
And ſtill, like Friends, your Sadneſs to prevent
In Priſon, Want, Diſtreſs, or Baniſhment.

Like Friends, it matters not how great, but good;
Not how long known, but how well underſtood:
Imports not, though without they old appear,
If new and juſt the Thoughts within 'em are:
So that, like old Friends, ſtill they ready be,
Open at Will, and of Inſtruction free;
Whoſe faithful Counſel ſoars above the Art
Of ſervil Flatt'ry, to ſeduce the Heart:
But its inſtructive, honeſt Dictates lends,
Void of Deſign, or mercenary Ends.
Unlike moſt other Friends, leſs tireſome too,
As with them ſtill you more acquainted grow.

To an Old Jealous USURER.

THOU, Miſer, ſeem'ſt moſt jealous of thy Gold,
Yet for Advantage wilt thou let it go;
Why then ſhould'ſt thou thy brighter Wife with-hold,
Who wou'd the largeſt Int'reſt yield, we know?

Since to encreaſe your Store is ſtill your Trade,
Letting it out to Friends at common Uſe,
Why muſt your beſt Commodity lie dead,
And you, to make the beſt of it, refuſe?

If Procuration-Money you demand,
I'll give it, let your Wife but be reſign'd;
My wiſhing Love ſhall on no *Premium* ſtand,
If you'll conſent, and I can make her kind.

And ſince by Fraud thou'ſt gotten my Eſtate,
In Me, by Fraud, it no Injuſtice were
Thus to return upon Thee thy own Cheat;
And get Thee, to th' Eſtate Thou'ſt got, an Heir.

To a Handſome *Woman, who kept Company with* Ugly *ones, as Foils to ſet her ſelf off.*

SINCE all things under Heav'n, bright Nymph, are ſtill
Deem'd by Compariſon, or Good, or Ill;
By your She-Friend's ſmall Beauty you appear
Brighter than by your own full Charms you are;
From her Defects your Beauties ſeem Divine,
And ev'ry Grace does to Advantage ſhine.

Yet what you gain in Charms, improv'd by Art,
You loſe in our Opinion of your Heart.
We damn that Pride, by which you ſtrive to raiſe
Your Triumphs o'er us by a Friend's Diſgrace:
And make Deformity the Foil t' invite
Our Praiſe, and ſhew you in a fairer Light.

Old Matrons keep *Dutch*-Dogs and Monkeys ſo,
That their own Faces may leſs hideous ſhew;
So young Coquets take care t' enhance their Grace,
By their attending Handmaid's homely Face.
And ſo ſmall Wits, with ſome fat Fool appear
To give their Genius's a brighter Air.
But your bright Eyes, that do like Di'monds play,
Want nothing to ſet off their ſparkling Ray.
A mod'rate Beauty may need Foils, but Thine,
Like a large Di'mond, beſt alone does ſhine:
For Charms, like Jewels, when they're great and true,
Seem without Foils more glorious to the View.

But You, tho' bleſt with each prevailing Grace,
As if diſtruſtful of your lovely Face,
To magnifie its Glories ſtill contend
By ſhining out with ſome leſs beauteous Friend.
So the bright Moon the brighter does appear,
Grac'd by the Fires of ev'ry leſſer Star.

But, at the Sun's Approach, the Moon and they
Shrink from the Light of his immortal Ray.
Such are your Beauties ſo tranſcendant bright,
All others, where you blaze, are dim as Night.
While, like the glorious Planet of the Day,
Your ſpreading Luſtre you to all diſplay.
Still may you ſhine on all things like the Sun;
But, tho' you ſhine on All, warm me with Love alone!

An Addreſs to IMPUDENCE.

THOU great Support of Courage, Fame, and Senſe;
Hail to Thee, bold and proſp'rous Impudence!
Knaves, but for Thee, muſt feel Reproach and Shame,
And Fools become the Laughing-Stocks of Fame.
Tame Cowards, but for Thee, might ſtand diſclos'd
In all their Weakneſs to their Foes expos'd.
Thou do'ſt the Poets to Preferment raiſe;
Wits, wanting Thee, would want both Friends and Praiſe.
Weak Modeſty is Reaſon's worſt Diſgrace,
Courage, by That, for Cowardice wou'd paſs;
Since but for daring, puſhing Impudence,
Courage ſeems Weakneſs; Wit, Impertinence.

Then Impudence no Shame to Man can be,
Which him from Shame in ev'ry State does free;
Nor with the Women for Diſgrace ſhou'd go,
Without which none cou'd their good Breeding ſhew.
Thus Both to Credit from this Talent riſe,
And dare each weak Diſparagement deſpiſe.
Whilſt Thou aſſiſt'ſt them to o'ercome that Shame.
Which Shyneſs and Diſtruſt would but proclaim.
Our Love, Wit, Honour, all without thy Aid
Wou'd languiſh in an undiſtinguiſh'd Shade.
No good, or great Examples e'er be known,
No bold Truths ſpoken, nor great Actions done.
Since baſhful, ſneaking, tim'rous Modeſty
Conceals that Virtue it ſhou'd juſtifie:
Which, but for Impudence, moſt uſeleſs were,
And could not on the publick Stage appear.

What Praiſe, what Honours may'ſt thou juſtly claim,
That do'ſt promote our Fortunes, and our Fame?
As beſt thou draw'ſt our Virtues out to ſight,
And ſett'ſt them in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light:
Scorning on Truth t' impoſe a farded Dreſs,
Thou ſhew'ſt her in her primal Nakedneſs:
And ſtill to Nature art ſo juſt a Friend,
Thou ſtriv'ſt not ought to palliate, or defend.
Each Art, each Affectation do'ſt diſdain,
Man's Favour, or a Woman's Heart to gain;
Nor e'er did'ſt uſe a Vizard or Diſguiſe,
T' extort their Money, or good Will ſurprize;
Thy Enmity and Kindneſs ſtill appear
Open and plain, unartful and ſincere.
Well may'ſt thou too th' Aſcendant boaſt o'er Fate,
Since from themſelves the Bold are fortunate:
And thou, like Fortune, art their conſtant Friend,
Who will on thee, in ſpite of Senſe, depend;
Since thou by ſtrong Imagination too,
'Gainſt Nature, Senſe, and Wit, can'ſt Wonders do.
Support the Small, and juſtifie the Great;
Nay make ev'n trembling Cowards deſperate.
In War, or Peace, in Law-Suits, or in Love,
A Second to the weakeſt Side do'ſt prove:
Diſpatch and Execution on thee wait,
While Modeſty proceeds with cautious State.
Thou, Warriour-like, do'ſt ſcour the dang'rous Field,
While ſhe to ev'ry Bug-bear Doubt does yield.
Almanzor-like, thy bold Diſciples are,
And all things *do*, becauſe they all things *dare*.
Thus Impudence, which moſt unjuſtly we,
The Shame of all the Virtues think to be:
Miſtakingly we their Diſhonour call,
Which is the Cauſe, and the Support to all:
For ne'er cou'd Honour, Courage, Virtue, Wit,
Be brought into Example but for it;
All undiſtinguiſh'd, but for her wou'd lie
Unknown, unpractis'd, in Obſcurity.

Then Men that Impudence their Praiſe ſhould deem,
Which recommends them to the World's Eſteem;
Aids them to gain their Riches, Love or Fame;
The better Title, as ye bolder Claim;

With happy Forwardneſs its Sons ſupplies,
And is the Cauſe that Fortune nought denies
To them that ſcorn to beg precariouſly,
But to themſelves are their own Deſtiny.
Inſpir'd by thee, great Men great Actions do,
And Raviſhers of jilting Fortune grow;
Whilſt ſtill the Baſhful, and Preciſe, in vain,
At aweful Diſtance ſue her Smiles to gain.
In Court, or Camp, bold Fools are ſure to riſe,
Who laugh at Conſcience, and weak Curbs deſpiſe.
By no Opinions from their Aims are ſway'd,
But think all juſt that does their Int'reſt aid.
Men of this Stamp can all things bring about,
Who in their Conduct, neither fear nor doubt.

In ſhort, ſucceſsful Impudence beſtows
Whate'er Relief its Clients can propoſe:
Does ev'ry Means to ev'ry End ſupply,
And to all Wants gives All-ſufficiency.
It acts all Virtues, tho' it ſelf be none,
And from its Influence Merit thrives alone.
Nay, and ſuch mighty Wonders can it do,
As reconcile ev'n Contradictions too;
Diſguiſe it ſelf without Diſguiſe, and ſeem
Ev'n Modeſty, its oppoſite Extream.
Boldly it ſelf againſt it ſelf maintain,
By which its Eſſence is but made more plain:
Since ſure no greater Boldneſs can be ſhown
By Impudence, than when 'twou'd paſs for none.

The DRUNKARD'*s Invitation.*

TOO ſhort the longeſt Life we find,
And Death we yield to with Regret;
Why are we then to Sleep inclin'd,
To make this ſhort Life ſhorter yet?
E'en let's from ſlumbring Fits refrain,
And make our Lives as long again.

To lengthen out our Days in ſpight
Of niggard Time, or Deſtiny,
Let us not cloſe our Eyes by Night,

Nor buried in dull Slumbers lie:
But, as the ſprightly Drunkards do,
Let's live all Day, and all Night too.

For why ſhould ſober Sots ſtill crave
To ſleep half of this Life away,
Of which they ne'er enough can have,
Yet Death, ev'n whilſt they live, obey?
When we a double Life may live,
And Nature ſpent with Wine revive.

Since that they live enough None think,
Why ſhould we ask of churliſh Fate
What they can grant themſelves, who drink,
That is, make Life of longer Date:
While flowing Cups are ever crown'd,
And an eternal Health goes round.

Each Moment then of Life to ſave,
Let's inch it out by drinking deep;
For when we ſink into the Grave,
We ſhall but lie too long aſleep:
Then drench our Clay in Wine we muſt,
Leaſt it too ſoon ſhould turn to Duſt.

Let ſmarting Lovers ply the Bowl,
Who here no other *Lethe* know;
To lull their Pains, their Griefs controul,
And baniſh from their Senſe their Woe:
The ſprightly Juice will waken Joy,
And ev'ry anxious Thought deſtroy.

Your ſleepy, ſober Sots no more
Than Twelve dull Hours enjoy of Life;
Whilſt Drunkards live the Twenty four,
Free from ſad Dreams and waking Strife:
Why then ſhould dull Preciſians cry
That Wine deſtroys our Entity?

When Mortals ſay the Sun goes down,
He haſtes to drink beneath the Deep;
And to freſh Company is gone,
Only, like Us, his Rounds to keep:
Then whilſt to Us he's under Ground,
Let, in his Stead, the Glaſs go round.

Brisk Wine, his ſparkling Deputy,
Each Breaſt will in his Abſence cheer;
Inſpire with Warmth and Gaiety,
When he forſakes our Hemiſphere:
So while the Glaſs its Round goes on,
We miſs no Friend, and want no Sun.

To a Conceited, Ignorant DOCTOR, *who pretended to value his Reputation more than his* FEE.

IF he gets Fame, who kills his Man or Two,
What more extenſive Praiſe is due to you?
Who, while you ſhould from Death and Anguiſh ſave,
Glut with promiſcuous Crouds the yawning Grave.
A King that takes his Subjects Lives away,
Kills by thoſe Laws which his own Conduct ſway.
But like an arbitrary Victor, You,
Lawleſs, and uncontroul'd, your deadly Will purſue:
Nay, like the *Turk*, you ev'n in Abſence kill,
And have your Mutes, your Orders to fulfil:
Like him, the Cauſe of Death too you conceal,
And Druggs, as fatal as his Bow-ſtring, deal.
Your Patients, like his *Muſſelmen*, muſt die,
E'er their beſt Friends, or they themſelves know why.
Thus more than Kings you do the Fates command,
And wider ſtretch your executing Hand;
They boaſt but Subjects Lives beneath their Sway,
But Princes your Prerogative obey.
Like them in This, the Land's Preſervers meant,
You grow its Torture and its Puniſhment.
Who Tyrant like, prolonging Weak Mens Pains,
Still exerciſe your Pow'r, t' augment your Gains:
Like Tyrants too, your Viſits coſt us dear,
And give us Charges, as they give us Fear:
Like them too when we come within your Power,
You make thoſe faulty were not ſo before;
Or ſtriving our Infirmities to cure,
From your Aſſiſtance makes us worſe endure.
Stomachs to warm, the Livers you annoy,
Livers to mend, the Stomachs you deſtroy;
Feavers, with Dropſies Deluges, abate,
Dropſies dry up with a new Feaver's Heat:

Starve one Diſeaſe to give another Food,
And harm one Part to do another good.
You help the Head, but diſcompoſe the Heart,
And eaſe one Anguiſh by another's Smart.
You ſtagnant Pluriſies with Dropſies drain,
Thoſe Floods in dry Conſumptions ſink again.
You by removing Aches fix 'em more,
Make a great Gangrene of a little Sore:
The ſounder Part, for the corrupted, vex,
And the whole Body, for one Part, perplex:
You with our Frames, like bungling Tinkers, do;
Patch up one Leak in Life, and burſt out two.

Phyſick then aids, yet no Diſtempers ceaſe,
The Cure at beſt is but a new Diſeaſe;
And Doctors Viſits to their Patients grow
The dreadfull'ſt Viſitations they can know;
Whilſt for Reward they give Encreaſe of Pain,
And ſcrawl Preſcriptions but the Purſe to drain.
Such is their Art, and ſuch their Itch of Gold;
And, poor as 'tis, th' Advice is ever ſold.
The Slaves, like Plagues, in populous Cities ſtay,
But ſeldom take the Cottage in their Way.
For Doctors ſcorn to come where Fees are ſcant,
But leave us ev'ry thing, but Health, to want.

Advice to a FRIEND *to leave the* COURT *when his Intereſt was on the Decline.*

IF Thou thy Fortune would'ſt at Will command,
And ſtill unwav'ring in her Graces ſtand,
To that Court-Jilt, as to a fickle Fair,
Grow coy, when ſhe begins her Smiles to ſpare:
With prudent Careleſſneſs repay Neglect,
And leave her when ſhe wains in her Reſpect.

When Glory long purſued, thinks fit to fly,
Take Shelter in a ſafe Obſcurity:
In clouded Fortune, like the ſetting Sun,
Retire, that none may mark your going down:
And, like the Sun's, it will be doubted ſo,
Whether your Glory be declin'd or no.

For then Mankind will that Declenſion call
Rather your wiſe Retirement, than your Fall.
The Fall, which we foreſee, yet cannot ſhun,
We ſure ſhould leſſen by our lying down.
Since Falls, from Fortune's giddy Chariot, ſeem
Leſs dang'rous ſtill, as more we yield to them.

When up ſome ſteep and ſlipp'ry Ridge we go,
Cautious muſt be our Steps, our Motion ſlow;
Since, as to climb the Ridge moſt Haſte we make,
We ſlide the faſter, and the farther back.
So We, more ſoon at Eminence t' arrive,
Fortune's ſwift Wheel leſs furiouſly ſhould drive:
Our fierce, wild, Paſſions like wild Horſes bind,
And curb th' ambitious Sallies of our Mind;
That, as we onward toil, our Pace may grow
More ſure and eaſie, as more ſmooth and ſlow.

If you would hope Misfortunes to controul,
'Gainſt Fortune's Fickleneſs ſecure your Soul:
With Fortitude her ſhifting Moods redreſs;
(Your Conſtancy the more, as her's is leſs!)
And Diſappointments better to prevent,
Expect the worſt ſtill from each Accident.
Since that, when we too ſtrong perceive our Foe,
Our Dangers greater from our Strugglings grow.
And ſince the World in Motion ſtill we ſee,
Think that no State can in it laſting be.
Nothing on Earth is ever at a Stay;
Perfection does but uſher in Decay:
And Hopes, like Fruits, when to full Ripeneſs come,
Soon pall in Taſte, and ſicken in their Bloom.

Int'reſt, as Beauty, falling to Decay,
At Court no longer, to be ſcorn'd, ſhould ſtay:
We this, at leaſt, to our own Honours owe,
Without Diſmiſſion, uncompell'd to go.
Since He who voluntary quits the Place,
He elſe by Force muſt leave, prevents Diſgrace.
So worſted Gen'rals wiſely do retreat,
And make a Triumph out of their Defeat;
When they no more can puſh their Fortune on,
With that Succeſs which they before had done.

To a Young Man of Quality, who was angry with his Friend for thwarting him in his Diſcourſe.

THAT I oppos'd your Arguments, 'tis true,
But I oppos'd alone to profit you:
No Honours from the Contradiction ſought,
But to reclaim you from Miſtake in Thought;
I ſhould leſs Value for you ſure have ſhewn,
To let you in an Error ſtill run on:
'Tis kind, bewilder'd Travellers to ſtay,
When, from the Road they ought to take, they ſtray.
So when you from the Path of Reaſon go,
Your Error I in hearty Friendſhip ſhew:
Point out the Tract you ſhould your ſelf have choſe,
Nor ſuffer you a Want of Senſe t' expoſe.
If ignorant of Nothing you'd be thought,
Suffer your ſelf by others to be taught;
And think the Road of Life is better known,
By ſuch as farther than your ſelf have gone.
But if that you to know the World pretend,
Think him, who leaves you to your ſelf, no Friend;
For young Men drunk with Self-conceit or Pride,
Their Friends, like Sots, in ſpite of 'em ſhou'd guide;
Support their ſtagg'ring Steps, nor let them run,
Weak, and unguarded, in Deluſion on:
Too oft, by fond Opinions, led aſtray,
We ſwerve from Truth, and take the diff'rent Way;
Who then from Error kindly ſets us free,
Muſt in that Act our Friend accounted be;
Which he could not, if indolent and tame,
He ſaw us err, and ſtrove not to reclaim.
For when a Man againſt himſelf does act,
His conſcious Friend is guilty of his Fact;
And acceſſory to thoſe Miſchiefs grows,
Which he prevents not, yet which he fore-knows.
He then alone true Friendſhip does diſplay,
Who will not let his frantick Friend have Way:
But when he ſees him take a dang'rous Flight,
In Argument, or Action, ſets him right.
Your Mind from Paſſion, or Conceit redeems,
E'er either flings you on ſome wild Extremes.

Paſſions, like Winds, when under no Command,
Drive us on hidden Rocks, and Hills of Sand:
And fond Conceit in Eddies plays us round,
'Till, unexpecting, we at once are drown'd.

For Solitude *and* Retirement *againſt the Publick, Active Life.*

AMbition, Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
The Paſſions which to publick Buſineſs guide,
That medling Man leſs idle may be made,
Shou'd him to Reſt and Solitude perſwade;
From Induſtry, impertinent and vain,
To Eaſe and Leiſure ſend him back again;
Prefering Privacy, and ſilent Joys,
To Popularity, and empty Noiſe:
Since all the Reſt and Freedom, which the Great,
Or Rich, can find, is in obſcure Retreat;
Life's happy'ſt State, and beſt Eſtabliſhment,
For wild Ambition but deſtroys Content.
Honour and Wealth, the Joys we ſeek, deny
By their Encreaſe, and their Variety;
And more confound our Choice than ſatisfie:
Officious, bold Diſturbances they grow,
That interrupt our Peace, and work our Woe:
Make Life a Scene of Pain, and conſtant Toil,
And all our Days in freſh Purſuits embroil.

But if to Solitude we turn our Eyes,
To View a thouſand real Bleſſings riſe;
Pleaſures ſincere, and unallay'd with Pain,
An eaſie Purchaſe, but an ample Gain!
There Cenſure, Envy, Malice, Scorn, or Hate,
Cannot affect Us in our tranquil State:
Thoſe Cankers that on buſie Honour prey,
And all their Spight on active Pomp diſplay.

Alone, remov'd from Grandeur and from Strife,
And ev'ry Curſe that loads a publick Life,
In Safety, Innocence, and full Repoſe,
Man the true Worth of his Creation knows.

Luxurious Nature's Wealth in Thought ſurveys,
And meditates her Charms, and ſings her Praiſe.
To him, with humble Privacy content,
Life is, in Courts, and gawdy Pride, miſ-ſpent.
To him, the Rural Cottage does afford
What he prefers to the *Patrician* Board:
Such wholſome Foods as Nature's Wants ſupply,
And ne'er reproach him with his Luxury.
He traverſes the blooming verdant Mead,
Nor envies thoſe that on rich Carpets tread.
Basks in the Sun, then to the Shades retires,
And takes a Shelter from his pointed Fires.
Wak'd by the Morning-Cock, unſeals his Eyes,
And ſees the Ruſticks to their Labours riſe;
And in the Ev'ning, when thoſe Labours ceaſe,
Beholds them cheary eat the Bread of Peace:
Sees no foul Diſcords at their Banquets bred,
Nor Emulations, nor Diſguſts ſucceed:
But all is quiet, jocund, and ſerene,
A Type of Paradiſe, the Rural Scene!
Here may he ſit, and on the Rocky Shore
See diſtant Storms, and hear the Billows roar,
And count the Wrecks on the toſt Ocean ſpread,
Safe from each Surge that curls its ridgy Head.
Here he may laugh, in Privacy and Eaſe,
At guilty Grandeur, and its Fopperies;
At the big Knaves of State, that toil and ſweat;
Promotion, little worth their Toil, to get.
And, pleas'd, congratulates himſelf to find
His Happineſs cannot be undermin'd;
That he to no Dependance owes his Joy,
Which Chance, or Want of Int'reſt might deſtroy.
Thus as his prudent Privacy is more,
He's moſt Himſelf, and leaſt in Fortune's Pow'r.
Still, as his Aims are leſs, has more Content,
And ſtill is ſafer, as more innocent.
For all true Happineſs, we muſt confeſs,
Is more, as it depends on Others leſs.
His Happineſs we then muſt greateſt own,
When it depends upon Himſelf alone.
Since all that we true Happineſs allow,
Is None, 'till it our Satisfaction grow:
And happy, or unhappy, there are none,

As in the Thoughts of Others, but their own.
For nothing to us is, or Good, or Bad,
As in its ſelf, but our own Thoughts 'tis made.

Then if ſafe Innocence we wou'd acquire,
Gain Eaſe and Peace, at which we All aſpire,
We from the World, and Mankind ſhou'd retire;
Ambition, Avarice, alike forego,
And leave our Equals, and Superiors too;
Proud of Retreat, and Solitude, ſhou'd grow,
The more the diſappointing World we know;
Since there we true Felicity poſſeſs,
And boaſt our Joys the greater, Fears the leſs.
More Eaſe, Peace, Safety to our ſelves we gain,
As we from Publick Commerce more abſtain;
And ev'n as Trees, when they at Diſtance grow,
Leſs Miſchief to each other's Roots can do:
So Men in Solitude the better thrive,
And leaſt each other of Support deprive.
Then ſince baſe Man is Man's worſt Foe, we find,
We wiſely ought to ſhun all Humane-kind.
No Foes, or no Competitors to know,
Out of the World we from Mankind ſhould go.
Our Danger by our cloſe Receſs prevent,
So with leſs Fear to live and more Content.

Beſides, how vainly do we drudge in Life,
And tread the Circles of uneaſie Strife!
Poor Mortals break their preſent Reſt, and Peace,
For the ſole Hopes of future, laſting, Eaſe.
The Buſie, Proud, by Arts or Arms aſpire
To gain the World but from it to retire.
Abroad the Soldier, and the Merchant roam,
But with more Peace and Reſt to live at Home:
At Home the Lawyer with his Pleas takes Pain,
But his *Quietus* by his Toil to gain.
Heroes the Publick ſerve at Sea and Land,
To have but more the Publick at Command;
And after ſit in ſweet Retirement down,
And boaſt their Freedom, and their Lives their own;
Hazards they ſeek, but ſafely to poſſeſs
The Fruits of all their Buſtle, and Diſtreſs:
Conquer in War, but to triumph in Peace;

And run into Diſquiet but for Eaſe.
For Eaſe, in Peace or War, both active grow,
And labour on, to have no more to do;
Unthinking that their Eaſe is in their Power,
Cou'd each reſolve to toil for It no more,
Could each their Plagues in vain Purſuits prevent,
And find their Peace and Plenty in Content.
Since but moſt happy, as moſt pleas'd is he,
Who none more happy than himſelf can ſee,
That is, the Man who lives content alone,
Pleas'd with his Company (ſince but his own)
And if pleas'd with himſelf, in want of none.

Thus Solitude is the beſt State for All
The Rich, the Poor, Proud, Humble, Great and Small,
In which the Proud has no Competitor,
The Rich no Sharer of his hoarded Store.
In which the Poor, the Weak, the Helpleſs find
No proud Oppreſſors their low State to grind.
In which the Great, who can no Rivals bear,
Sleep undiſturb'd, and are without 'em there:
There the Diſtreſs'd a ſure Azilum boaſt,
And Slaves of Buſineſs to the World are loſt.
The weak Protection find, and Reſt the Great,
Which none can find in any other State;
There Love and Honour can in private lie,
Without Diſtruſt, Fear, Force, or Enmity.
Freedom and Eaſe on Solitude attend,
Safe from a threatning Foe, or treach'rous Friend.
Wherein no Change the happy Man can know,
And th' Innocent continues to be ſo,
Nay, ev'n the Guilty innocent may grow.

If Safety, then, and Innocence, and Peace,
And Freedom, with no ſlothful healthleſs Eaſe,
In Solitude without Invaders are,
And Men, from fewer Neighbours, leſs ſhould fear,
The ſolitary Life, of Courſe, ſhould go
For the moſt Wiſe, moſt Safe, and Happy too;
Where Men in Peace and Temperance may find
Their Health, and Eaſe of Body, and of Mind;
Far from th' Infection of the Crowd withdraw,
And ſhun the Quacks in Phyſick, Faith and Law.

The Poor, and Juſt, and Wiſe, in Solitude
Are ſafe, on them no Doctors e'er intrude;
With plund'ring Viſits making poor the Friend,
Whoſe Cure alone the artful Cheats pretend.
They too are ſafe from the Inſulting Proud,
Who ever trample down th' Inferior Crowd:
The Weak then ſafeſt in Retirement are,
Safeſt the Poor too, as they leſs appear.
If then we would our Senſe or Virtue prove,
We to a peaceful Deſert muſt remove:
Run from the Throng to ſome ſecure Receſs,
Where dwell no Prieſts to make our Faith *yet* leſs;
While, lewd in Conduct, they the Gown debaſe,
And all their Doctrines, by their Lives, diſgrace:
Where too no Swarms of wrangling Lawyers are,
By Law the Courſe of Juſtice to debar.

But ev'n as Birds, in narrow Cages pent,
Droop for their Mates in ſullen Diſcontent;
Who, added, clog the little Domes the more,
And make them cloſer Pris'ners than before:
Thus on each other Men but more intrude,
As they would more divert their Solitude.
For Men in Towns, as Birds in Cages fare,
And by more Numbers more polluted are:
While thoſe, who perch above, this Pleaſure know,
They for their Eaſe defile the reſt below.
Thus Men in Crowds the worſt Infections gain,
By which Man grows ev'n a Diſeaſe to Man.
Then as Diſeaſes of the Fleſh to ſhun,
We from the Crowd to open Air ſhould run:
To 'ſcape the Mind's Plagues, as the Bodies, ſo
We from the tainted Multitude ſhould go:
And wiſely imitate the feather'd Race,
Who, to ſing better, chuſe the freer Space.
No mad Ambition e'er did Birds engage
To ſeek Captivity, and court the Cage;
But baſer Thoughts Men meanly entertain,
Who barter Liberty for ſordid Gain;
And in a State of Slav'ry ſhuffle on,
Yoak'd by ſome Project from high Hopes begun;
'Till of each other they in Time grow ſick,
And find the Union makes them Splenatick.

Then, wiſe too late, they would their Fault retrieve,
And all Companions, and all Buſineſs leave.

Add to all this, that ev'ry Humane Breaſt
By ſuch a Train of Paſſions is poſſeſt;
That ſtill our Envy, Av'rice, or our Love,
Make us unſocial to all Others prove.
Thus, worſe than Brutes, whom Inſtinct only guides,
True to our ſelves, we're falſe to all beſides.
With open Hate, or Craft conceal'd purſue,
Sure to betray, or forcibly undo.
But Savage Beaſts, by Nature's Law conjoyn'd,
(To others Foes) are loving to their Kind.
Man only does on his own Species turn,
And with a Rancour unextinguiſh'd burn.

Then Solitude, that does our Crimes reſtrain,
Reſtores us to our Innocence again;
Makes each unruly Paſſion ſink away,
Wanting the Objects which ſhould give them Play:
Whereas the active and the buſie Life
Keeps each conflicting Appetite in Strife;
To conquer which *Herculean* Labour were,
Since Paſſions *Hydra*'s of the Mind appear;
When one you ſcarce have with much Labour ſped,
You find two others riſing in its ſtead.
Thus our Ambition's Work can ne'er be done,
Since two Deſires we raiſe in quelling one.
Heroes have thus their Labour for their Pains,
Their Courage but new Dangers for 'em gains;
Whoſe Toils the greater by great Actions grow,
Since each bold Act provokes a future Foe;
Beſides ſtill as we go the buſy Round,
We but our own Felicity confound:
And by the proud *Deliriums* of the Mind,
Our ſelves to one unceaſing Slav'ry bind.
For as we graſp at Pomp, and wide Controul,
We give up all the Quiet of our Soul.
Miſtaken Man, as his Command is more,
Has leſs his Time, or Fortune, in his Pow'r;
Whilſt all the Gains he can from Grandeur boaſt,
Is to rule Some, yet have his Freedom loſt:
Cruſh'd too in his o'er-weaning Thoughts of Pride,

Oft is his Glory by his Claim deny'd;
Whilſt he from proud Superiors can't acquire
That equal Rank to which his Hopes aſpire;
Nor will his Equals on him Praiſe beſtow,
By which above 'em in Eſteem he'd grow;
Nor will Inferiors e'er his Fame increaſe,
Since magnifying his, makes theirs the leſs:
If his Superiors then his Converſe ſhare,
He muſt from them a Diminution bear;
If with his Equals moſt he ſpends his Life,
He muſt be ſubject to Reproach or Strife;
And if he with Inferiors ſtill does keep,
As more familiar, he becomes more cheap.
The Proud and Selfiſh then ſhould live alone,
Whoſe Pride above themſelves can ſuffer none;
Since all Society will, more or leſs,
Contribute their Ambition to depreſs;
While ſome grow boldly ſlack in their Reſpect,
And others view their Grandeur with Neglect.

If then ſo ſoon the Great and Powerful fail,
And Vapour-like, almoſt e'er ſeen, exhale:
How ought the Poor Diſtreſt the World to quit,
But to prevent their being left by it?
Fools too ſhou'd leave it, to be counted wiſe,
The Wiſe, that none their Wiſdom might deſpiſe,
Since none can long what they are us'd to prize.
The luckleſs Man ſhould his vain Hopes give o'er,
That his Deſires may cheat themſelves no more:
Thoſe too that taſte good Fortune in Exceſs,
Taught to believe her frail Duration leſs,
Should from her Fondneſs fear her Fickleneſs.

The Proud, Rich, Poor, the Fool, Wiſe, Small and Great,
Shou'd from the World, to ſeek their Ends, retreat:
Since in the World none Great or Good appear,
Or Juſt, or Honeſt, Wiſe, or Happy are,
But for their Knowledge of themſelves and it,
Which beſt they prove, as it they ſooneſt quit:
And as they with moſt Willingneſs withdraw,
Since they muſt once by Nature's ſettled Law.
They who themſelves of publick Life deprive,
Interr'd in peaceful Solitude alive,

Alive enjoy the Privilege of Death,
Safe from Oppreſſion's Hand, or Envy's Breath;
And here ſecure Joy, Innocence and Reſt,
The only things that here make Mortals bleſt:
Thus to the World before their Death can die,
And grant themſelves an Immortality.

Well might the various *World* be call'd a *Stage*,
And *Life* a *Play* in ev'ry Turn of Age,
Where no Man's Part another's does excel,
As Good, or Bad, but acted Ill, or Well;
As Great, or Small, but uſeful more or leſs,
And more conducing to inſtruct and pleaſe.
Then ſince a publick Part of any Sort
Who undertakes, muſt prove the publick Sport,
Muſt act in *Tragicks*, or appear the Jeſt,
He chuſes ſure the wiſeſt Part, and beſt,
Who takes the ſhorteſt Character to play,
And which may leaſt his Want of Skill betray.
His tireſome Talk there ſooneſt done, he ſo
May a *Spectator* from an *Actor* grow:
May ſo himſelf, not others, entertain,
And laugh to ſee the buſier *Mimick*'s Pain.
Since on the World, as on the Theatre,
It wiſer much, and nobler does appear
The Right of paſſing Cenſure to maintain,
Than ſtand the cenſur'd Actor in the Scene:
For 'tis the Pleaſure of the envious Age
To mock each Actor on Life's common Stage;
Then we ſhould leaſt turn Actors, leaſt to be
The Marks of this ill-natur'd Mockery.

Beſides, our Parts and Judgment beſt are ſhown,
As to the carping World we live unknown;
Since none (but when alone) can wiſely live,
Or can themſelves from Errors undeceive:
And ſince Free-thinking by the Headſtrong Crowd,
And buſie, is not in the World allow'd;
Tho' without Thought, none that they live can know,
We from the World, to know it more, ſhou'd go.
For Men the buſie idle World ſhou'd quit,
To know themſelves beſt, and what's done in it.
As from the thronging Multitude got free,

We beſt, at diſtance, all their Actions ſee.
Men, when they herd, tame Animals appear,
And keep together leſs for Love than Fear:
But when alone, and from the Crowd remov'd,
Their Fears are leſſen'd, and their Joys improv'd;
And ſelf-ſufficient in that tranquil State,
They feel no Troubles, and they make their Fate.
Whilſt in the World we ſtill Diſturbers find,
Both of our Bodies Eaſe, and Peace of Mind;
And muſt a thouſand Hazards undergo
From a diſtruſtful Friend, or truſted Foe.
But here unforc'd, or Wrongs to do, or take,
We need no Foe to fear, no Friend to make:
Living with Heav'n in near Intelligence,
Thus ev'n on Earth we Gods of Men commence:
In Peace, Reſt, Joy, (our earlier Heav'n below)
In Want of All, no Want at all to know.

To his Coy MISTRESS.

AS in thoſe Climes where Wood and Stone,
Made Gods, are ſerv'd with aweful State,
The ſenſeleſs Worſhippers alone
Do the more ſenſeleſs Gods create;
So You, fair Nymph, whom I my Goddeſs name,
That Title can alone from my fond Worſhip claim.

That thou can'ſt ſpeak, or look me dead,
Then, ſmiling, raiſe me to Deſires,
Are all the Fictions of that Dread,
Which my too cred'lous Love inſpires;
Whilſt I, with blind Devotion, idolize
The Thunder of your Voice, and Lightning of your Eyes.

Not all the Wonders of your Face
Could give you half the Pow'r you boaſt;
Our Ign'rance does your Beauties raiſe,
And makes us Zealots to our Coſt.
From our own Blindneſs, no your Brightneſs, ſo
Do our too flatt'ring Faith, and ſtrain'd Devotion grow.

Vain were that Heav'n of Charms, and Pride
Of Youth, but for our Vows and Praiſe;
Which yet You ſcornfully deride,
Tho' they do your whole Empire raiſe:
All mighty States have to ſome meaner Things,
Firſt own'd their Riſe and Pow'r, as Subjects make their Kings.

But what proud Tyrants then, like You,
To Empire rais'd, were ever known
With Scorn and Rigour to purſue
Thoſe Vaſſals, who firſt fix'd their Throne?
But you, ſtern Goddeſs, think all Praiſe your Due,
And damn Us with Neglect, for our Adoring You.

To King CHARLES II. *on His* RETURN.

YOU come, Great Prince, at length Triumphant Home,
Like Chriſtian *Conſtantine* to Heathen *Rome*.
No barb'rous Foe your Chariot-wheels attends,
But Such as All are leſs your Slaves than Friends.
Not Such as bound in Chains, but Duty, are,
In *Britain*'s Triumph, more than Yours, to ſhare:
Since You to Mercy, like a God, inclin'd,
Return your Friends to free, not Foes to bind.
Like joyful Volunteers, your Foll'wers then,
Sure of Protection, crowd your Royal Train;
Whilſt You, the Joy and Bleſſing of the Age,
Advance to raiſe your Peers from Vaſſalage;
Who truckling Commoners were made of late
To the Uſurpers of the Church and State;
Whoſe lawleſs Pow'r You haſten to withſtand,
Too long divided from your drooping Land!

Ev'n as the Sun, return'd from Southern Skies,
Cheers the cold North, and its chill Froſts unties:
So You, the long-wiſh'd Bleſſing of our Iſle,
Chaſe all our Fears, and make the Nations ſmile;
While ev'ry Miſt, that did obſcure the State,
Begins at your Approach to diſſipate.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *a Man of a great Mind, reduc'd to a little Fortune.*

I Your bad Fortune now congratulate,
And think you in Misfortunes fortunate;
Who can the Malice of your Fate prevent,
And, leſs in Wealth and Pow'r, boaſt more Content:
Not ſuff'ring Fate your Spirit to depreſs,
You make, in ſpight of Fate, your Happineſs.
In Chance unequal bear an equal Mind,
And do in diff'rent States no Diff'rence find.

He is not Great who gives to others Law,
But He whoſe Patience can his Paſſions awe.
Who beſt his worſt State ſtill can undergo,
And Conſtancy in Change of Fortunes ſhew.
Who, in his great Adverſities, can find
Sure Happineſs in an unſhaken Mind.
Such ſtill art Thou, and ſuch thy happy State,
Above the Injuries of grinding Fate:
Secure of Soul, thou can'ſt all Fortune brave,
Scorning to be falſe Expectation's Slave.
No flatt'ring Hopes can thy firm Peace defeat,
Hopes, that like Shadows, when purſu'd, retreat!
To Thee external Accidents are Sport,
Who fear'ſt not Fate, and do'ſt diſdain to court.
Thou then art like a God, who owes to None
His Happineſs but to Himſelf alone.

To a LADY, *an Advocate for Marriage.*

IF that the Favours greateſt are which we
Confer moſt voluntary, frank, and free;
And if that Benefit we value moſt,
Which comes the eaſieſt, or in Toil, or Coſt,
That courteous Virgin moſt our Thanks demands,
Who on no Wedlock-Terms preciſely ſtands:
And ſhe who ſooneſt, cheapeſt, grants her Love,
Does the moſt honourable Miſtreſs prove:
Who nobly does on her Friend's Faith rely,
Without a Bargain, Bond, or previous Tye.

But Marriage makes the Mode of bart'ring Love
Leſs generous, as more diſtruſtful prove;
Since Love is not diſhonourable made,
When a free Gift, but mercenary Trade.

What gen'rous Mind can condeſcend to owe
His deareſt Pleaſure to a paultry Vow?
And be content the Rights of Love to hold
By a dull Tenure that the Church has ſold?
'Tis Prieſtcraft all, the Trick of cous'ning Law,
(For both the Gown-men here together draw:)
To load the Laiety with hard Exciſe,
And rigid Payment for the Bliſs they prize.

Then ceaſe, if you wou'd make the Gift compleat,
To take Advantage from this pious Cheat.
Give me thy Love, but let thy Love be free,
Nor aim to rob me of my Liberty.
Is Love ſo brittle, or thy Charms ſo weak,
That They cannot detain, and He muſt break,
Unleſs a previous Inſtitution bind
To keep Thee fair, and force Him to be kind?

Leſs Paſſion mercenary Wives confeſs,
Than free, uncraving, willing Miſtreſſes.
Theſe with a Grace their deareſt Charms impart,
And look but for the Tribute of a Heart.
Unlike to theſe the Treatment of our Wives!
Each She, in Wedlock, whoriſhly contrives
To fix her ſelf for Life at Bed and Board,
And make a Keeper of her pinion'd Lord:
Nay, makes him, (more injurious is the Force!)
To keep her too, *for better and for worſe.*

Paſſion alone ſhall make me True and Juſt,
All Obligations elſe beſpeak Diſtruſt.
And that forc'd Bond, which Diffidence implies,
Does Breach of Faith, and Falſehood authorize.
Let Marriage, and forc'd Contracts only joyn
Thoſe that exchange not Hearts, but truck for Coin:
Slaves that make Settlements, and can for Gain
Submit to drag for Life a golden Chain.

Diſſembling Wretches that careſs a-bed
The Wife, who heartily they wiſh were dead.
Not ſo the Lover, who to change is free,
Serves unconſtrain'd, and counts it Liberty.
He calls the Favours of the Nymph to Mind,
And in that dear Remembrance ſtill is kind.

To a LADY *who ask'd, What He chiefly admir'd in her?*

ALL over I'm in Love with Thee,
As Thou all over lovely art;
There's not a Part but pleaſes Me,
Except thy proud ungentle Heart.

Your Beauty's Light is evident,
Tho' where, or how, we cannot ſay;
Thus unſeen Stars i' th' Eement,
United, make the Milky Way.

Whoever loves your Eyes alone,
A kind Look only ſhould be his;
And he, whoſe Lips but dwell upon
The Praiſe of Yours, ſhould loſe his Kiſs.

I love each Charm, each Grace alike,
And to them All give all my Heart:
Love did my Breaſt too deeply ſtrike,
For Me to know, or name the Dart.

On a LARK *ſinging in the Air, and followed by his Mate. To* CELIA.

THE feather'd Bard, like all the tuneful Kind,
Sings moſt, as moſt he leaves the World behind;
And finds their Fate; by ſoaring ſtill ſo high,
To ſhrink, and leſſen to the Vulgar Eye.
Like them, the more he gains upon the Skies,
So much the farther from his Food he flies;

But to the World as he does leſſer ſhew,
The leſs to Him appears the World below.
Let this ſmall Songſter's airy Courſe be mine,
Who nought but Pleaſure by my Flights deſign:
For might my Muſick but as ſweetly ſound,
I'd build my Neſt like His, upon the Ground.
When from the World at laſt I'm forc'd to fly
Upwards like him, I'll do it chearfully:
Who like the Lark, ne'er ſing, or fly from Thee,
But to make You, my Mate, to follow Me.

To a vain impudent Courtier of King CHARLES *the Second's, who us'd to adviſe him, tho' never cali'd to Council.*

'TIS Treaſon in vain Courtiers to adviſe
Their Prince, who knows he's *ſovereignly* wiſe;
Since nothing more can leſſen Majeſty,
Than to ſuppoſe it's Inſufficiency:
For Kings in Council, as in War, are known
Aid to deſire, but not to be outdone
In force of Head, or Arms, by any one.
A Subject then ſhould claim the Royal Ear,
But as a modeſt, good Remembrancer:
Not to teach Monarchs what they knew not yet,
But that they might not, what they knew, forget.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *on his painting the Author's ſcornful Miſtreſs.*

SO to the Life you paint, that ev'n you make
The painted Canvas ſeem to move and ſpeak;
Moving the Paſſions, ſpeaking to the Eye,
You make Us guilty of Idolatry.
My Goddeſs in your Draught I may adore,
Who ne'er in Life ſat ſtill to Me before:
But oft as I, fond Lover! gaz'd, would turn
Her Eyes away in Hatred, or in Scorn.

But now, whilſt I in your fair Picture ſee,
And gaze with Tranſport on her Beauties, She
Nor changes Looks, nor frowns, but does appear
To look on Me, e'en whilſt I look on Her.
Here may th' Original your Art upbraid,
Juſt to her Charms you've thrown her Pride in Shade!

To PHILLIS, *Singing a Song of the Author's.*

LET Me thy Kindneſs but revive,
Who dy'd long ſince for Love of Thee;
My Verſe ſhall make thy Beauty live,
Altho' that Beauty murder'd Me.

My Songs, deſign'd my Love to aid,
(Too forward in its bold Attack!)
Thus thy defenſive Arms are made;
My own Artill'ry drives me back.

So Shafts, return'd upon the Foe
By thoſe at whom they firſt were aim'd,
Of their Defence offenſive grow,
When by their own Arms they are maim'd.

A Conſolation to CUCKOLDS.

INjurious, ſpightful, and ill-judging Town,
To cry the Trade of Cuckold-making down!
When by it half your Sons to Honours riſe,
And raiſe their Fortunes, and their Families:
Why then ſhould that be deem'd Diſgrace, or Shame,
To which ſo many owe their Wealth and Name,
And ſo gain Honour, ev'n in Spight of Fame?

By Horns new Houſes, rich and great, are made;
And Horns prop up the old ones, and decay'd.
They give the friendleſs Friends, and ſtrong Allies,
And reconcile the bitt'reſt Enemies.
From them 'tis falſely thought that Husbands loſe
Their Reputation, Peace, or dear Repoſe;

Since oft their Honour, and their Peace depends
On the free Toils of Cuckold-making Friends;
Who, planting Horns, ingraft, as well, Content
And matrimonial Broils, and Feuds, prevent:
Screening the dull unactive Spouſe from Strife,
And the rude Noiſe of an expecting Wife.
For the poor Drudge, that has for Years been wed,
Worn out, and ſated with the Nuptial Bed,
Weaken'd by conſtant Duty, and decay'd,
Would find no Reſt but from the Lover's Aid.
He then that kindly, when the Husband tires,
Takes Pains to eaſe the glowing Dame's Deſires,
Procures the good Man's Peace, and makes the Wife
Afford him a more comfortable Life.
For, taſting conſtant Pleaſures, ſhe forgets
Her Wittol's Impotence, or leſs regrets.

How oft, when Youth and Age in Wedlock meet,
(The Swain all frigid, and the Nymph all Heat!)
Has the brisk Lover's vig'rous Limbs ſupply'd
The Dotard's Weakneſs, and appeas'd the Bride?
Cur'd her of Languiſhment and long Deſpair,
And giv'n his Age the Credit of an Heir?

How oft have Traders their beſt Cuſtom ow'd
To Favours by their Courteous Wives beſtow'd?
How many Sots have had the Luck to wear
A Chain of Gold, and fill the Office-Chair,
Have rowl'd in Wealth, and Lords of Pow'r become,
From the ſole Gift of thriving Cuckoldom?
So rarely do the Wittols fail of Place,
And ſuch the Merit of one lewd Embrace!

No wiſe Men therefore ſhould the Title ſcorn,
But think their Creſts ennobled by the Horn;
Since ev'n in Courts, as Foreſts, they who bear
Their Branches higheſt, ſtill the Leaders are;
And by 'em keep the Underlings in Fear.

But ſome may tremble at the dire Diſgrace
Of Spurious Iſſue, and a Baſtard Race.
Vain Fear, from awkard grov'ling Notions bred!
Dull are the Products of the Marriage-Bed:

By Duty urg'd, each formal Nuptial Pair
Club their Endeavours for a driv'ling Heir;
Born only to inherit, and tranſmit
The Mem'ry of his Parents failing Wit.
But Baſtards, got in Strength of hot Deſire,
Spring to the World with a ſuperior Fire.
As form'd for Actions elegant and great;
For Heroes ne'er were yet legitimate:
The Names that ſtand ſo glorious and ſublime,
And glitter in the old Records of Time,
By Whoring, and by Baſtardy, became
Lords of the World, and Favourites of Fame.
Theſe prided in their Mothers wanton Fires,
And purpoſely diſclaim'd their legal Sires.

Such *Alexander* was, who did diſown
Old *Philip* to be counted *Ammon*'s Son.
Lucullus, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, Names that ſhine
In *Roman* Pages, and good *Antonine*,
All boaſted Wives that ſcrupl'd not to be
To private Lovers of their Favours free,
Yet were too wiſe to think their Conſorts Shame
Would them, or their Poſterity, defame.
Dull *Lepidus* alone diſdain'd to bear
The condeſcending Cuckold's Character;
He thought the Title ſcandalous, and mean,
And, like a Fool repining, dy'd in Spleen.

Ye murm'ring Cits, that curſe the Marriage State,
And wiſh your ſelves unbound at any rate,
That damn the Enſigns which your Wives beſtow,
And loath the Honours of the loaded Brow;
Think, they no Scandal to the Wearers turn,
But when with Paſſion and Impatience worn:
Think too what Foreheads they have grac'd before,
What Kings have planted, and what Kings have wore:
Nor ſlight the Bleſſings of a wanton Wife,
The promis'd Joys reſerv'd for After-life:
Since, whereſoe'er the Cuckold-maker's driv'n,
The Cuckold has Aſſurance of his Heav'n!

To a FRIEND *who had invited him to* TUNBRIDGE.

WITH Me no Water will go down,
Not ev'n from the *Caſtalian* Spring;
For Water would all Fancy drown,
And make ev'n *Homer* ceaſe to ſing:
Strong gen'rous Wines the Spirits cheer,
But Water is a Murmurer.

The cold inſipid Stream forſake,
And quaff dull Element no more;
With Me rich Draughts of Nectar take,
And your impov'riſh'd Blood reſtore;
Draughts that will Wit and Mirth inſpire,
And tingling Love, and fierce Deſire.

Let quaking Ducks, and gabbling Geeſe,
(A ſilly Water-drinking Race)
Still tipple 'till their Blood does freeze,
But let not Us our Souls debaſe,
Or force the bright Ætherial Fire
In gelid Potions to tranſpire.

'Tis Water makes the Fiſhes mute,
But Wine has made a Cod's-head ſpeak;
Fools can, inſpir'd with Wine, confute
Dull ſober Diſputants in *Greek:*
Water falſe Logick breeds, but Wine
It ſelf's an Argument Divine!

This ſtrikes the latent Virtues out,
And does each Faculty refine;
Greece ne'er had giv'n her Foes the Rout,
Had not her Sons drank deep of Wine:
And *Troy*'s tall Tow'rs might ſtill have ſtood,
But for the damn'd *Scamandrian* Flood.

Then take a large *Herculean* Bowl,
With Nectar ſparkling o'er its Brim,
And drench thy drowzy drooping Soul,
'Till thy gay Eyes with Pleaſure ſwim:
And as the chearful Draughts go down,
Let *Chloe*'s Health the Liquor crown.

Come, and with Me to *Chloe* drink,
She ſhall the gen'rous Juice improve;
To Her we ev'ry Glaſs will clink,
And in this Sport out-rival *Jove:*
For, whate'er Gifts the Gods may boaſt,
They found out *Wine*, but Men the *Toaſt*.

The BILL *of* FARE.

A Courteous Knight I ſing, of ample State,
Yet more in Stomach than in Fortune great;
Who at King *Arthur*'s Board, as at his own,
(Had He then liv'd) ſtill his good Stroke had ſhown:
The ſtrong deciſive Weapon of whoſe Strife
Was not his Whinyard, but more dreadful Knife;
Who oft'ner, than in Combats of the Sword,
Would riſque his Life at his o'er-loaded Board.
Large Commons were the Tournaments he fought,
And Surfeits the ſole Foes with whom he fought:
Theſe he encountred ſtill, tho' ſtill o'ercome,
And tempted ev'ry Day his Martyrdom.

He on a Time, with Invitation fair,
Which ſome call Challenge, did his Comrades dare
With him the Tryal of their Strengths to try,
Whether at forc'd Meats, or high-ſeaſon'd Pye,
Whether on Poultry, or more luſcious Fiſh,
Or whate'er elſe ſhould fill th' expanded Diſh.
Such was the peaceful Summons he did ſend
To each voracious and undaunted Friend;
No Blood did he require their Wrath to ſpill,
No Giants, but their Appetites, to kill.
No Dragon's Head, or Gryphin's Hide to maul,
But with him on his Kitchen-Fare to fall.

My *Muſe*, tho' little us'd to feaſt, declare,
Since all the hungry Muſes Smell-feaſts are,
What was our Noble Treater's Bill of Fare.

All took their Place, not ſtanding on Degrees,
And each his proper Plate and Knife did ſeize;
Tuck'd up the Napkin to his rivel'd Chin,
Look'd ſmart, and ſeem'd to wiſh the Dinner in.
And now the Waiters on each other croud,
And puff, and ſweat, beneath the pond'rous Food.

In meagre Soup diſgrac'd, fat Crawfiſh come,
In Soup, meer Water as alive they ſwom!
Tame Ducklings in another Pottage dive,
Pin-feather'd ſtill, almoſt as when alive.
Higher (an Ocean in a ſingle Diſh!)
A large black Sea of Butter ſtor'd with Fiſh:
Fiſh, that a ſeeming *Paradox* propound,
Since thoſe that leaſt were *ſalt*, leaſt *freſh* were found.
And thence a Quibber, to dull Joaks inclin'd,
Said all the Fiſh were *Smelts* that he could find.
A huge Calve's-Head, as oft it comes to paſs,
At the Board's upper End demands its Place;
Who that he had his Brains about him ſhew'd,
(And that was more than ſome about him cou'd!)
Whoſe Brains, as at the Council-Board 'tis ſeen,
Made them devour the Head with fiercer Spleen:
For there the beſt Heads ſtill moſt Danger run,
By clumſy Politicians oft undone!
A ſtrong Ragouſt ſtood near its Kindred-Fiſh,
Too ſtrong its Odours for a ſtanding Diſh.
A Pile of Sweetbreads, the Knight ſaid, ſtood by,
But ſoon each Noſtril gave his Tongue the Lye;
Perch'd on the Salt a lean, burnt, Turkey ſtood,
That, for his Want of Feeding, was our Food:
For he ſo like a Skeleton did look,
He dy'd not by the Hands of any Cook:
And here, and there, to glut th' offendedEye,
Scorch'd Mutton, and raw Veal, promiſcuous lie.

Next, in the Mire of dirty Currants ſmear'd,
The Puppy of a *London* Sow appear'd,
A Pig of ſuch a Size you might have ſwore

It was its Mother's Rival in the Boar.
A Veniſon Paſty, ſteaming all below,
Did, undiminiſh'd, to the Side-Board go;
The rank *Effluvia* did our Taſte prevent,
And each excus'd it for the powerful Scent.

Next on the Board three Cockney Conies came,
Whoſe Stink was much like their's we ſhould not name,
Altho' the latter's vig'rous Scent, we deem,
Still recommends them beſt to our Eſteem.

Next did a Pyramid of Fowl appear,
Some but half-pluck'd, half-roaſted others were,
Larded with Bacon were the lean and lank,
But Bacon's ſelf could not diſguiſe the rank:
Wildgooſe, and Woodcock, Widgeon, Snipe and Quail,
Together pil'd, ſome ſweet, and others ſtale!
Tarts, of young Fruit, a large Deſert, below,
That taſted much leſs of the Fruit, than Bough,
But, like moſt early Things, thought good, ſince dear,
And valued moſt, as moſt inſipid Cheer.
French Cheeſe ſtood by, that ſmelt like Carriers Toes,
Fit only to regale a Swine-herd's Noſe.

Such were their Cates; and next, my Muſe, declare,
If better were the Sequel of their Fare:
In clumſy Bumpers Wines were dealt around,
And ev'ry Glaſs with nauſeous Bawdry crown'd.
A diff'rent Sort each loaded Salver grac'd,
Diff'rent in Colour, but alike in Taſte;
His common *Port*, was luſcious as his *Sack*,
And the ſame Stum impos'd for *Frontiniac*.
And as few think their Friends they entertain,
Unleſs they with the Stomach load the Brain,
So he, to gratify his drunken Crew,
Forc'd them to drink till drinking made 'em ſpew.
And more to aid the Vapours of his Wine,
Did his ſophiſticated Nonſenſe join;
Prated, but would no Replications hear,
As he deſign'd to feaſt each Member's Ear:
But Gueſts ſtill claim a Right at ev'ry Treat,
To ſhare the Chat as well as ſhare the Meat:
So each grew unattentive to their Hoſt,

And leaſt regarded whilſt he gabbled moſt:
A diff'rent Theme from every Talker roſe,
And each lik'd That he did himſelf propoſe:
This form'd a Camp, and that a Council-board,
And talk'd moſt wiſely of the Gown and Sword:
Others with dang'rous Hereſies grew warm,
And could the Errors of the Church reform;
Preſcribe to Faith, and mould Religion new,
As Drunkards, firſt or laſt, are ſure to do:
Some talk'd of Victories in *Flanders* gain'd,
Others of Conqueſts o'er the Fair obtain'd.
And whilſt ſome glory in their Wounds, and Scars,
Gain'd for their Honour boldly in the Wars;
Others their Courage more pretend to prove,
By Proofs of Boldneſs in advent'rous Love.
Here Some that would the happy Men be deem'd,
Report how wondrous well they are eſteem'd:
And ſo abuſively their Miſtreſs praiſe,
That each Eulogium grows the Nymph's Diſgrace.
Others, of Female Conqueſts not ſo proud,
Talk of Court-friends, and drink ſome Peer aloud:
And one vain Coxcomb does a Counteſs toaſt,
And her good Humour, and his Influence boaſt.

Thus while the Board, in looſe disjointed Chat,
Deſcanted ſome on This thing, ſome on That;
The Knight, whoſe Senſe was drown'd in Wine, thought fit
To Rail at Men of Senſe to ſhew his Wit:
Declar'd thoſe Bards, whom all true Wits call Maſters,
Were wretched Rhimers, and dull Poetaſters,
Said *Donne* and *Cowley* but ill Poets were,
And, tho' they had ſome Brains, yet had no Ear;
Compar'd *De Foe*'s Burleſque with *Dryden*'s Satire,
And *Butler* with the *Lutrin*'s dull Tranſlator:
Decried each *paſt* to raiſe each *preſent* Writer,
And curs'd the *Fox*, while he cry'd up the *Biter*.

Thus treated, and thus talk'd this wondrous Knight,
As if his Kindneſs was deſign'd in Spight;
Since, to his Wits and to his Bounty's Proof,
He gave them of his Feaſt and him enough:
Yet made them merry, while they laugh'd to find
His Cheer alike was bad of ev'ry kind:

And that he ply'd them freely with Diſcourſe,
To make the nauſeous Entertainment worſe:
Yet all agreed he did his Word out-do,
Who promis'd *one* Calves-head, and gave them *Two!*

To Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE, *on his ſhewing his Verſes imperfect.*

BE wiſe, and ne'er to publick View produce
Thy undreſt Miſtreſs, or unfiniſht Muſe;
Since either, by that *Diſhabilé*, ſeem
To hurt their Beauties in our good Eſteem:
And eaſier far we kind Impreſſions make,
Than we can rooted Prejudices ſhake.
From Nature learn, which *Embrio*'s does conceal,
Thine, till they're perfect, never to reveal.

To the King of FRANCE, *at the Treaty of* NIMEGUEN, *written there.*

YOU by your Sword long ſince have giv'n us Law,
And kept the *European* World in awe;
While ſtill you did your conqu'ring Forces ſend,
A Foe to vanquiſh, or protect a Friend:
But, yielding now that warlike Sword to ſheath,
Your Triumph's greater than in giving Death:
Since you your ſelf have nobly conquer'd now,
And made Reſentment to your Virtue bow;
What more can Arms and Conqueſts do, than bend
A ſtubborn Foe, or Kingdom's Bounds extend?
Monarchs by War can vanquiſh Earth alone,
But by their Mercy they make Heav'n their own.
Then moſt above a humane Pitch they ſoar,
When Juſtice and when Pity curb their Pow'r.
Tyrants and Dev'ls are pleas'd when they deſtroy,
But to preſerve is ſtill the Godhead's Joy.
Kings then who have the Pow'r yet will not ſpare,
Not God's *Vicegerents, but the* Devil's *are.*

HONOUR, *an* Enemy *to* Love.

WHY ſhould you ſuch Devotion ſtill
To that falſe Idol Honour ſhew!
In this you prove Love's Infidel
And worſhip your moſt deadly Foe.

Like faithleſs *Indians* thus you bow
To a grim Pow'r that's ſerv'd with Fear.
And, as it does your Torment grow,
Become the more its Worſhipper.

Miſtaken Saint! give me the Pow'r
The Errors of thy Zeal to mend;
Thy proud Tormentor ſerve no more,
But own a God will prove a Friend.

No longer let the ſtrict Regards
Of jealous Honour rule thy Soul;
Thy nice Diſtruſt thy Cure retards,
And does more wholeſom Thoughts controul.

Love's Penitents ſhould loſe no Time,
To-morrow ſtill you ſimply ſay;
Procraſtination is a Crime,
Begin the Convert then to Day.

Upon the Author's *receiving an angry Letter from a* Friend *abroad, who quarrel'd with him for not anſwering a former of His.*

DREAD Sir, ſo late my *gentle* Friend,
This pacifying Scroll I ſend,
To let you know your Laſt is come,
Wrote by the Beat of warlike Drum;
Which breaths in one indignant Page,
From *Flandria*'s Shore your burning Rage:

And ſeems, becauſe your Sword's in hand,
Reſolv'd t'extend your fell Command.
Thus, when you're drawn, like Bullies, you
Employ your Wrath on Friend or Foe:
And finding that your Troops will ſoon
Make the *Dutch* Horſe before 'em run,
You for new Quarrels now lay in,
And ſheath the Sword to draw your Pen;
Which as unjuſtly too you wield,
As Heroes do the Sword in Field.
Glory's the Word, and wrong or right,
Your Reſolutions are to fight,
Nay, tho' my Pen has long ago,
Submitted both to yours and you,
And tho' I do whate'er you will,
You ſeek new Quarrels with me ſtill;
Treating me thus, you act (I find)
As Heroes have Time out of Mind;
Shewing that Juſtice and the bold
Can no fair Correſpondence hold,
Or Honour Reaſon e'er afford,
But what's the Reaſon of the Sword.
So that whene'er you pleaſe to ſhew
Your Anger riſing on your Brow,
Friendſhip muſt from that Moment ceaſe,
And Letters turn to Challenges.
But I, who now have dropt the Faſhion
Of taking ſuch an Invitation,
Whom Age and ſhrinking Nerves have made
No longer of the fighting Trade,
Like other Cowards cannot be
Wrought to reſent an Injury;
But, in whatever Terms you ſend,
Muſt ſtill ſubſcribe my ſelf your Friend.

Ad LESBIAM è Zannazariô.

HEI! mihi quam variis diſtringor, Leſbia, *fatis*;
Uror, &, heu! noſtro manat ab igne liquor.
Sum Nilus, ſumq; Ætna ſimul: reſtinguite flammam,
O Lachrymæ! aut Lachrymas ebibe, flammam meas.

Tranſlated thus.

AH! *Leſbia*, now or never Pity ſhew;
Two diff'rent Fates, alas! to Thee I owe:
For Thee in Flames I'm ſcorch'd, in Tears I drown,
At once a *Nilus*, and an *Ætna* grown.
Let my Tears quench my Fire, O cruel Dame,
Or dry my Tears up with more potent Flame.

Sleep and Death.

O Sleep! thou doſt thy healing Virtues lend,
At once t'inſtruct our Nature, and befriend.
Do'ſt to our wearied Limbs fresh Strength ſupply,
And giv'ſt Ideas what 'twill be to die.
Brother of Death! In Office how the ſame!
Both lent us to repair our ſhatter'd Frame;
Yet diff'ring here, that Sleep at beſt can grant
A Short Refreſhment in our preſent Want;
But Death, when it arreſts our mould'ring Clay,
Prepares us for a State of Undecay.
In other Circumſtances, gentle Sleep,
Like Death, on Man can equal Bleſſings heap.
With him thou do'ſt this common Province ſhare,
To make the Graves that bury all our Care:
Like him, the wrong'd and luckleſs thou doſt bleſs,
With Eaſe, Reſt, Quiet, and Forgetfulneſs.
Like him thou art an humble Leveller,
Since all Degrees in Thee alike appear:
Like him moſt Reſt do'ſt to ſuch Mortals give,
As moſt by Rule and ſober Temp'rance live;
Like him do'ſt ſilence buſie Life's alarms,
Subdue our Paſſions, and prevent our Harms.

O Sleep, thou common, yet thou partial Joy,
Oft kind to Plenty, but more often coy;
That ſtill prefer'ſt the humble tranquil State,
And leaſt are compaſs'd by the Proud and Great:
With waking Cares the rich and great are curſt,
Cares, that the Seals of brittle Slumbers burſt!

Thou, like thy Siſter Innocence, do'ſt fly
The Court, and all it's empty Pageantry,
And ſtill delight'ſt thy balmy Gifts to ſhed,
Upon the honeſt lab'ring Ruſtick's Head:
In Cities rarely do'ſt thou chuſe to dwell,
Conſtant as Cobwebs to the humble Cell;
Loſt in ſoft Beds, but in each hard one found,
And, like a Country Miſtreſs, on the Ground.

Thou only can'ſt each abſent Bleſſing grant,
Which, but aſleep, we languiſh for and want:
Thou'rt the chaſt Comfort of the Widow's Bed,
That kindly do'ſt reſtore the Husband dead;
And, O, thou full Refreſhment to the Maid,
Who do'ſt, in Dreams, her feav'riſh Paſſion aid;
Do'ſt give her Pleaſure, yet her Shame prevent,
Eaſe her Deſire, yet keep her innocent.
No Man's undone, who ſeems oppreſt by Thee;
Debtors are, under thy Arreſt made free:
Thou can'ſt poor Slaves from Chains awhile releaſe,
In Durance, give them Freedom, Health and Eaſe.
By Thee, our Cares in diff'rent Lights are rang'd,
And black Deſpair for chearful Hopes exchang'd;
Diſtance and Time thou can'ſt at Will oe'rleap,
And compremiſe whole Years in one ſhort Sleep.
By Thee divided Friends embrace in Thought,
And abſent Lovers are together brought.
O let me this laſt Benefit enjoy,
And *Lucia*'s Image the dear Dream employ,
A Prophet's Viſion ſhall ſeem flat and poor,
To the rich Tranſport of that bliſsful Hour.

On His GRACE *the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH.

HEroes have ſtill, when from the Wars they come,
Bin pleas'd to let the *Lyre* ſupply the *Drum*.
I but a feeble Harmony can raiſe,
My Art and Hand too weak to touch your Praiſe!
Yet I've a common Right, as *England*'s Son,
To thank you for the wond'rous Things you've done.

Swift as your Fame o'er adverſe Realms you run,
And conquer faſter than the Foe can ſhun:
Vanquiſhing Cities in as ſhort a Space
As other Princes viſit them in Peace:
Whoſe Walls and Trenches can no more enſure
Safety to Them, than Dread in You procure.
Whom Dangers ſtill and Difficulties make
More fierce, and eager for the bold Attack.
While your great Heart, which ne'er itſelf did ſpare,
Forces your Friends, as much as Foes, to fear:
Since They, who follow You, muſt undergo
Hazards as great as meeting You their Foe.

But You in Arms, as peaceful Conteſt, find,
In ſpight of Oppoſition, Peace of Mind:
Serene in Danger, as in calm Debate;
Not like our fierce, hot Miniſters of State,
In Council furious, but in War ſedate.
Ev'n when the Battle ſtands in dread Array,
Midſt all the Terrors of the fatal Fray,
Your Virtue makes you merciful as brave,
Who fight to conquer, conquer but to ſave.
As ancient Heroes their juſt Arms employ'd
To quell thoſe Monſters which Mankind deſtroy'd,
You fight to ſet inſulted *Europe* free
From that moſt hateful Monſter, Tyranny.
Riſquing your Life your Foes, as Friends, to ſave,
And free that World which others would inſlave.
So doubly vanquiſhing your Friends and Foes,
Theſe by your Kindneſs, by your Courage Thoſe.

What Wonder, *Marlbro'* by theſe Virtues roſe?
By Theſe, the *Romans* triumph'd o'er their Foes.
Theſe rais'd the *Trojan* to the bleſt Abode,
And made him firſt a Hero, then a God.
Both were alike by Goddeſſes inſpir'd;
By *Venus*[1] He, as you by *Anna* fir'd:
Yet with this Diff'rence each in Fame ſhall live,
He fought to *gain* an Empire, You to *give*.

[1] *Æneas.*

The ENVIOUS CRITICK.

THE Poor in Wit or Judgment, like all Poor,
Revile, for having leaſt, thoſe who have more:
So 'tis the Critick's Scarcity of Wit
Makes him traduce them who have moſt of it.
Since to their Pitch himſelf he cannot raiſe,
He them to his mean Level would debaſe.
Acting like Demons, that would All deprive
Of Heav'n, to which themſelves can ne'er arrive.

To his Diſcontented FRIEND.

IN vain we quarrel with our Stars, or Fate,
For Diſappointments our vain Hopes create;
For when too much from Fortune we require,
We fruſtrate our own Hopes by our Deſire.
If we our Expectations would effect,
Let's hope the *beſt*, but ſtill the *worſt* expect:
We can, alone, inſure our Wiſhes ſo,
And diſappoint our Diſappointments too.
Since when our Hopes too high a Pitch will ſoar,
We dream of Riches, but are truly poor.

On a Great STATESMAN, *who ſeldom ſpoke, and then ambiguouſly.*

THE Great Wiſe Men, who God's Vicegerents are,
Like Him, to Men myſterious ſhould appear;
Rarely be ſeen, and never underſtood,
To govern, and be worſhip'd by the Croud.
For moſt Men that there's more in Things believe,
Which they leaſt meet with, and they leſs conceive.
The God, we worſhip, would ſmall Rev'rence find,
Would he once grow familiar to Mankind.

The PRAISE *of* AVARICE.

To Sir JOHN CUTLER.

NO matter, let the buſie Rout exclaim,
And brand with ſcurril Jeſts thy honour'd Name;
Slaves that have Spleens alone from being poor,
And curſe thy Conduct, while they wiſh thy Store.
If thou art wiſe, add not to thy Expence
One Mite to leſſen their dull Virulence.
For when the ſcoundrel Crew have done their worſt,
The Fox thrives ever beſt for being curſt.
They hate thee, *Cutler*, and, in ſpight, would fain
Thy Conſtitution and thy Pocket drain.
Strong Rivers, well we know, will loſe their Force
If Chance, or Art, divert their wonted Courſe;
Down the new Sluice inordinate they flow,
And leave their Channels dry, or leave them low.
You, as you live, at others Coſt can ſee
The Havock of intemperate Luxury;
What Hazards on licentious Riot wait,
What Crouds reduc'd in Body and Eſtate,
While to the Senſe they give up Reaſon's Sway,
And ev'ry craving Appetite obey:
While they in wild Profuſion miſemploy
The Gifts of Heav'n, and their own Health deſtroy.

How falſly we that prudent Thrift deſpiſe,
By which Man gains what he himſelf denies!
Since he receives from voluntary Want
More than his craving Appetites could grant:
The frugal Wiſe by Self-denial find
Deſires reſtrain'd, and a contented Mind.
Then that bleſt Thrift, which aids us to controul
The working Paſſions of the reſtleſs Soul,
And keeps us guiltleſs, ſhould be deem'd our Praiſe,
Not load us with Reproach, and foul Diſgrace.

The Man that does poſſeſs a glitt'ring Store,
And uſes not the Treaſure in his Pow'r,
Is not a Slave to Luxury, or Pride,

But muſt contemn the Wealth he ſtrives to hide:
And to contemn what vulgar Spirits prize,
Is, ſure, to be moſt temperate and wiſe.

Nor is't a Virtue in itſelf alone
Not to be prodigal of what's our own;
But ſtill that Virtue more exalted grows
In the fair Conſequence that from it flows.
Fairly the Merits then of Thrift to ſcan,
Muſt be to boult the Matter to the Bran,
And from th' Effects of Parſimony ſee,
If it a Frailty, or a Virtue be,
If it in ought our Characters maintain,
Reform our Follies, or our Faults reſtrain;
If it to others make us uſeful grow,
Or our own Happineſs we to it owe.

Firſt then, ſince our own Good is firſt in view,
Trace we what Bleſſings to ourſelves accrue.
'Tis ſure, by voluntary Want, we may
The Calls of wanton Luxury allay,
Till Want, by Cuſtom, makes us live on leſs,
And is itſelf reliev'd by its Exceſs:
Since Want does oft ſo long the Stomach ſtay,
Ev'n till our Appetites it takes away.
Such Want does then our Innocence maintain,
Curbing thoſe Paſſions which might prove our Bane.
Beſides that Temp'rance ſtill prevents Decays,
Inſures our Health, and gives a Length of Days.
While our groſs Bodies, pamper'd up and full,
Grow heavy, and the active Spirits dull;
Our midnight Riots all our Vigour drain,
By Sickneſs waſted, and ſubdued by Pain.
Again; from Thrift proceeds our keeneſt Wit,
Since ſharp Neceſſity's the Cauſe of it;
Hence too our Reaſon and Religion riſe,
We muſt be thrifty, if we will be wiſe;
And if we will the ſacred Laws obey,
We muſt not give wild Appetite the Sway.
Again, from this ſole Virtue we derive
More than the Philoſophick Schools can give;
For there Content in vain by Rules is taught;
Rules that by Thrift are into Practice brought,

For wiſely ſparing what we might have ſpent,
Proves to ourſelves we can preſcribe Content:
While without gen'rous, ſelf-denying Want,
Man's vain Deſires were more extravagant,
Since to himſelf Content he could not grant.
Without which Wealth, Pow'r, Honour, all are vain,
And prove our Curſe as they promote our Pain.

Now turn the Tables, and we ſoon ſhall ſee
What are the Gains of Prodigality:
By this the Rich Man ſquanders out his Store,
And middling Stocks are levell'd with the Poor.
Since vain Profuſion lays all Riches waſte,
Which Thrift firſt raiſes, and preſerves at laſt.
When by Imprudence we are once undone,
What Friends remain t'adore our ſetting Sun?
The fawning Crew that, in his happier State,
Shar'd all his Fortunes, ſhun the Bankrupt's Fate:
And thoſe, who envied once his Store, deride
The Wealth now ſhrunk, and damn the Unthrift's Pride.

Unlike this Vice, wiſe Thrift ſtill ſets us free
From Danger of Contempt and Beggary;
Thrift in the Rich Extravagance reſtrains,
And in Content the Poor with leſs maintains;
Honour's beſt Friend, tho' deem'd its Enemy,
And the Support of Generoſity:
Since did not Thrift for gen'rous Acts provide,
Munificence of courſe long ſince had dy'd:
The Poor, and Needy ſtill are beſt maintain'd,
As our Extravagance is moſt reſtrain'd.
For whilſt the Laviſh ſpend what Others gave,
Thrift makes us from Ourſelves for Others ſave.
In this our Virtue flies the nobleſt Pitch,
Keeping us poor to make our poor Friends rich.

Live on then, *Cutler*, in Deſpight of Fame,
That gives each Quality a Baſtard Name,
And calls that Thrift, which does our Reaſon grace,
Poorneſs of Soul, and Avarice, and baſe.
Let no ſuch Terms thy ſettled Rules deſtroy,
But all the Benefits of Thrift enjoy.
Fools only can thy frugal Life deſpiſe,
Thy Heirs will call thy Conduct juſt, and wiſe.

For FRUITION. *To his Platonick* MISTRESS.

FAntaſtick *Phillis!* ceaſe to pleaſe,
Or elſe conſent to give me Eaſe;
Pox! of your dull Platonick Schemes,
'Tis waſting Life in idle Dreams:
And quitting ſolid Joys, to prove
What crowns the Fairy Land of Love.
Since Nature to ſo ſhort a Date
Has circumſcrib'd the Lover's State,
To Raptures, that ſo ſoon are paſt,
The ſooner let us wiſely haſt.
For Love for Action grows leſs fit
For want of exerciſing it,
Ev'n as our Limbs and Reaſon too,
Leſs us'd, leſs uſeful to us grow.
Beauty, like Wealth, becomes our Pain,
When we the Uſe of it reſtrain;
We worſt are treated by that Feaſt,
Which we may ſee, but muſt not taſte.
To hunger in the Sight of Meat,
Yet not be ſuffer'd once to eat,
As old, and ſacred Poets tell,
Was *Tantalus*'s Curſe in Hell;
For gazing kindles up Deſire,
And ſets the eager Soul on Fire;
But then to gaze, and not enjoy,
Will pine us like th' *Ovidian* Boy,
Till we by painful, ſlow Decay,
To Streams, or Shadows, melt away.

Our Life, our Pleaſures to improve,
Muſt be to give a Looſe to Love;
Not with vain Schemes our Bliſs delay,
And for the happy Morrow ſtay,
But ſeize the Joy, and live to Day.
For Hope, that ſtill our Bliſs ſuſpends,
Like boaſting, unperforming Friends,
Too oft protracts us but to get
The Time our credulous Hearts to cheat.
I, who profeſs myſelf to be

Blind *Cupid*'s faithful Votary,
By Works, not Faith alone, would prove
The blind Devotion of my Love;
Of Joys, in ebbing Life make ſure,
Since Love, nor Life, can long endure.
And ſince if we procraſtinate,
And loſe th' indulgent Hour of Fate,
In Love, as Faith, the bleſt Occaſion,
Once loſt, will turn our Condemnation.

Upon a Poetical PHILOSOPHER*'s hanging himſelf at* Oxford.

IF that more Fame is gain'd (for ſo we're told)
Not as our Life, but Death, appears more bold,
And voluntary too, thy Death ſhould ſeem
A Virtue in thee, *Creech*, and not a Crime.
By voluntary Death we Fame ſhould get,
Making a Gift of what was but a Debt;
Paying that Debt, which we to Nature owe,
E'er Heav'n demands it, or the Debt be due.

Death may be ſhameful when we from it fly;
But when we meet it, turns to Victory.
Creech found the trifling Sand of Life run ſlow,
(Impatient, that he might immortal grow:)
And in that Zeal of ſhunning Pain, his Fate
He would not ſtay for, but anticipate;
And, with *Lucretius*, did himſelf tranſlate.
Unlike thoſe Cowards, who alone dare praiſe
A noble Scorn of Death in pompous Phraſe,
He by Example juſtified his Thought,
And follow'd the bold Doctrine which he taught.
Beſides, his dying thus a Volunteer,
Shew'd more his Faith in God, as leſs his Fear;
Who bids th' O'erladen, and the Weary come
And find ſure Reſt in their eternal Home;
And does not this imply, we ſhou'd not wait,
To prove leſs Faith, a ſecond Call from Fate?
This is a Life of Sin, and ſtill the more
'Tis lengthen'd, we enlarge the diſmal Score;

Creech, that he might no more his God offend,
At once to Sin and Sorrow put an End.
And merits ſo a Martyr to be thought,
Dying unforc'd, to prove the Faith he taught.
Our faithleſs Prieſts to others only preach
Contempt of Life; belying what they teach;
While no Examples of their own they ſhew,
Tho' 'twere to Heav'n by Martyrdom to go.
Nor e'er, to prove their Faith in God, will die
Freely, tho' ſure of Immortality.

To his Cruel MISTRESS.

YOU, like moſt Gyrants that give Fear and Pain,
Sternly forbid the Suff'rers to complain:
Tho' when our Anguiſh riſes to Exceſs,
Complaint, without Relief, were ſome Redreſs.
For in all Grief and Pain, the greateſt Pain
Is ſure to want the Freedom to complain.
And in the Pain of Love, as of the Gout,
There's ſome kind of Relief in crying out.

The SIMILE.

IN *Courts*, as at *Picquet*, a *ſhuffling* King
Does the Top Cards oft to the Bottom bring;
And in *Courts* too, as at *Picquet*, we've ſeen
Good Cards diſcarded, and *worſe* taken in.

On CHLORIS, *who grew ſhy at Day-break.*

THe Sun, which all things always us'd to chear,
Chaſing at once the Darkneſs and our Care,
By ſhortning the dear Pleaſure of the Night,
Brought me Diſcomfort with its envious Light:
And with officious Viſit was as rude,
As Spies that on their buſie Friends intrude.

While the kind Shade of Night veil'd Heav'n and Thee,
Shame ſlept, and lovely *Chloris* was moſt free:
But as the Morn grew bright, the Nymph grew ſhy,
And rows'd that Foe to Lovers, Modeſty.
Unkind, intruding Planet! thus to prove
Th' unwiſh'd Diſturber of our ſecret Love.
Thus, when thou ſhin'ſt on all Material Fire,
The fainter Flames in thy ſtrong Rays expire.

To his Promiſing MISTRESS.

THAT I may reap more Pleaſure, promiſe leſs;
Fierce Expectation kills our Happineſs:
And while we would anticipate our Joy,
We the Fruition, e'er it comes, deſtroy:
Our forward Hopes ſtill their own Ends prevent,
As Haſt is oft our Speed's Impediment.
To raiſe my Appetite, conceal my Fare:
Deſires ſoon pall, and ſeldom anſwer'd are.
Love's Feaſts, as other Banquets, pleaſe us more,
When we leaſt know, what we ſhall have, before.

The Poor POET's *Sanctuary.*

TO 'ſcape the Proſecution of the Law,
Wiſely I to the Lawyers Holds withdraw;
And find the ſafeſt Sanctuary there,
From whence the Rich moſt their Deſtruction fear:
For Lawyer's Temples, like the *Jews* of Old,
Men from the hand of Juſtice can with-hold.
Since in their Temples, like the *Jews*, we find,
They've Pow'r to let us looſe, as well as bind.
And claim a ſacred Priveledge long ſince
Among themſelves with Juſtice to diſpence:
So not for Juſtice I to them did fly,
But that I Law and Juſtice might defy:
For amongſt Lawyers, as all Thieves, tis' known,
The poor, undone Man can be ſafe alone.

To a Vain, Young COURTIER; *occaſion'd by his ſpeaking contemptibly of the* PLAYERS.

WHY are harſh Statutes 'gainſt poor Players made,
When Acting is the Univerſal Trade?
The World's but one wide Scene, our Life the Play
And ev'ry Man an Actor in his Way:
In which he, who can act his ill Part well,
Does him, who acts a good one ill, excell.
Since it is not ſo much his Praiſe, whoſe Part
Is beſt, but His, who acts it with moſt Art.
No matter what our Task, if well 'tis done;
But moſt Men act Parts which are leaſt their own.

The dull grave Fool will ever act the Wiſe,
The Coward be a Bully in Diſguiſe,
The juſt Man's acted by the cunning Knave,
The proud Man, out of Pride, will be the Slave,
The knaviſh Flatt'rer ſtill aſſumes the Friend,
Gives others Praiſe, himſelf to recommend;
And cries their Senſe and Judgment up alone,
Not to ſupport their Credit, but his own:
And not ſo much to have it underſtood
Their Praiſe is juſt, as that his Judgment's good.
Detractors, who ſpeak ill alike of all,
Will their falſe Judgments their right Reaſon call.
The Hypocrites ſtill moſt Religion act,
Moſt Faith profeſs, as they have leaſt in Fact.
The cunning Slave moſt for a Fool would go,
And ſeem the Bubble whilſt he makes Men ſo.
The wealthy hoarding Miſer acts the Poor,
And leaſt confeſſes, as his Wealth is more:
The needy Prodigal, on t'other ſide,
Fond to ſeem rich, ſhews all his Store in Pride:
So Fops, moſt laviſh of their little Wit,
Talk moſt, but leſs ſtill to demonſtrate it.
Thus in the World, as on the Stage, we ſee
Men act, unlike themſelves, in each Degree.
But 'twixt the World and Stage this Diff'rence lies,
Play'rs to reform us wear a known Diſguiſe;

We no ſuch warrantable End can boaſt,
But ſtill are Hypocrites at others' Coſt.
To ſhame us from the Trade, the Cheats they play,
We, when we moſt pretend to ſerve, betray.
In Juſtice to ourſelves then, let's forbear
To cenſure; and our *Brother-Strolers* ſpare.

A Drinking Song

I.

LET Fools who thirſt only for Honour and Fame,
In rambling about to ſeek after a Name,
Drudge, labour, and ſtarve, to be kill'd, or to kill,
But reſolute Drunkards get Fame, ſitting ſtill.

II.

We with Perukes thrown off, like bald *Cæſars* look fierce,
Arm'd, like *Bacchus*, with Bumpers new-drawn from the Terſe,
Which, like Veteran Troops, we diſcharge in a Volley,
And, when we're worſt routed, moſt venture to rally.

III.

Then a pox on the Pimp, who's for running away,
Here's a Health to the Man, who quite gone, yet will ſtay,
Who, tho' never ſo cut, ſtill calls out for his Bump-
er, and like an old Soldier will fight on his Stump.

To a Friend, *on his being diſcarded at Court.*

YOUR Fate and Foes in vain your Fall conſpire,
Your Fortune's broken, but your Mind intire;
Diſgrace deſign'd you does your Honour grow,
Since you ſo well ill Luck can undergo;
E'en thus in your Decline, ſo high you ſoar
Above your grov'ling Foes, that you are more
The Courtier's Envy than you were before.
The ſame mean Spirits, who, with invet'rate Gall
Envied your Riſe, now grutch you e'en your Fall:
And in Revenge the Ills they've done repent,
Which prove not Your, but Their Diſparagement.

This Court-Diſgrace your Glory is, not Shame,
(Since you in Change of Fortune are the ſame;)
Your Glory, but your Succeſſor's Diſgrace,
Who, after You, ſo ill ſupplies your Place.
Let the proud Fools, who doat on Slavery,
And court the Tribute of a ſuppliant Knee,
Who for a Cringe, a ſervile Bow, can wait,
And be the worſhip'd Drudges of a State,
Think you are leſſen'd by the Loſs of Pow'r,
While you rejoice and bleſs the bliſsful Hour,
Which gives you Peace of Mind and Liberty,
And ſets you from a vile Dependance free.
The Monarch thus confers a greater Grace,
Than when he chains you to a ſervile Place:
And your Diſmiſſion I congratulate,
Who by your Loſs are made more Fortunate.

In Fortune only, not in Mind, brought low,
You'll higher in Eſteem with wiſe Men grow;
For Men, whoſe Minds by no Change alter'd are,
In their Declenſion greater ſtill appear:
And, like old Shrines, maintain ev'n in Decay
The Veneration we were wont to pay.

The CONSCIENTIOUS MISTRESS.

I.

CHLOE diſcard thy ſilly Pride;
Can'ſt thou a Miſtreſs ſcorn to be,
Yet turn a baſe ſubmiſſive Bride
To One who aims to fetter Thee?

II.

Diſtruſt no Sign of Faith can be,
Marriage would ſcandalize our Love;
Then let us ſtill continue free,
And ſo more honourable prove.

III.

I'm now thy Pris'ner, chain'd by Love,
Wedlock would but thy Pow'r confine;
By That I ſhould thy Maſter prove,
Not be thy Slave, but make thee Mine.

IV.

Love ſure ſhould honourable be
  Till it becomes a trucking Trade;
'Tis Honourable when 'tis free,
  A noble Gift, not Bargain made!

V.

Freely your Favours to impart,
  Would ſhew your Love and Honour more;
She who on Terms will ſell her Heart,
  Grows by the Church a licenc'd Whore.

Life, *a* Simile.

LIKE bubbling Springs, we all begin our Courſe,
Thro' Life, from ſome unknown and little Source;
Rip'ning in Years, like ſpreading Floods we run,
Traverſe a World at large, to us unknown,
And drive inceſſantly each other on.
Silent, when deep, like Streams, our Reaſon flows,
And ſtill more Noiſy, as more Shallow, grows.
Like Rivers too, a winding Courſe we take,
Indent with Frauds, and crooked Contracts make.
Grown bold in Crimes, with more licentious Courſe
Thro' other Mens Proprieties we force,
Like Rivers, that no Bound or Channel know,
Devouring all the Lands we can o'erflow.
Our Hours, Days, Years, courſe one another on.
As Floods, but to be loſt, to th' Ocean run.
And like thoſe Floods, fierce and precipitate,
We hurry on the Torrent of our Fate,
Fond in the vaſt Abyſs of Time to lie,
Drunk up in circular Eternity!
Where all alike, when once we come to fall,
Are loſt in one unfathom'd General.
Ev'n as thoſe Streams, which to the Ocean run,
Swell up his Current, but quite loſe their own.

To his FRIEND, *a Cautious Lover.*

THAT thou wilt marry, thou doſt ever ſay,
And ſtill th' important, threaten'd Act delay;
For in one Woman you expect to find
A ſprightly Genius, and a ſteady Mind,
A ſolid Judgment, and a reas'ning Soul,
That all her Sexes Follies can controul.
Preſumptious Man! what Merits of thy Life
Can earn thee ſuch a Wonder of a Wife?
Heav'n may ſome Miracles, of Grace, have lent,
But modern Wives are for our Puniſhment,
Not giv'n to bleſs, but force us to repent.

Then ſtand not idly ſhiv'ring on the Shore;
Reſolve or to go back, or venture o'er.
In vain you'll ſeek a Miſtreſs, or a Wife,
Who will be govern'd in her Courſe of Life,
Or ſteer her Conduct by her Reaſon ſtill,
Controul her Paſſions, or reform her Will:
All ſteer their Motions juſt as Frigats ſail,
The Head is always govern'd by the Tail!

To a Young GENTLEMAN, *who ask'd the Author's Advice, whether he ſhould turn Courtier.*

IF you my Counſel ask, as oft 'tis done,
Reſolv'd before-hand to purſue your own,
You then will call the Counſel that I ſend,
Scandal, and not the Dictates of a Friend:
But if you really, for your Uſe, require
The Sentiments you with ſuch Zeal deſire,
In theſe blunt Lines, as in a Mirror, ſee
All Courts decypher'd in *Epitome.*

The Court's a Place of Contradictions ſtill,
Where all are Libertines, yet none can have their Will.
Where all are proud as Kings, yet all are Slaves,
All Men of Honour, yet all lying Knaves.

Where moſt are Fools, tho' ſeeming Men of Senſe,
Cowards in Fact, but Heroes in Pretence.
Where All to All ſeem Friends, but are not ſo;
Where true Faith leaſt, for ſwearing it, they ſhew:
And Lying ſtill does for good Breeding go.
Where violent Hands can on the great Men lay,
And yet from little Dunners run away.
Where higheſt Places, Honours, and Command
By baſeſt Servitude and Frauds are gain'd.
Where Joys are ſhort, Vexations long endure,
And Diſappointments only there are ſure.
Where Womens Love, and moſt Mens Friendſhips are,
For ſeeming free and cheap, to Friends moſt dear.
Where Men, their Fame and Int'reſt to increaſe,
But elſewhere make their Fame and Credit leſs.
Where, as by Lotteries, All in Hopes of Gain,
Their Fortunes to augment, their Pockets drain:
Where, as in other Lott'ries too, for One
Who gets a Prize an Hundred are undone.
Where Fools, ſince Fortune there has moſt to do,
More of her Favour, and her Bounty know.
Where then it is moſt Folly to be Wiſe,
And Wiſdom ſtill is made a Sacrifice.
For Wit and Wiſdom fly Diſcov'rers are,
Which guilty Knaves, and Fools in Office, fear:
Whence with Court Secret, and with State Affair
The Wiſe and Honeſt but leaſt truſted are.

Honour and Int'reſt you at Court will miſs,
Where Virtue's ſcorn'd, and Vice triumphant is;
Where Modeſty to Grace has no Pretence,
But is diſgrac'd by pow'rful Impudence.
Where Foes by Truth, and Friends by Fraud are made,
And Flatt'ry is the only thriving Trade.
Where proud, great Men, as moſt in Actions baſe,
Themſelves in Wealth and Honours higheſt raiſe.

To Favour then, nor Juſtice, there pretend,
Where Wit no Patron has, nor Truth a Friend,
Nor Honour will the weakeſt Side defend.
Where Wit on Politicians is a Spy,
And Luſt and Fraud require ſtill Privacy.
Where either Sex, to aid their Int'reſt, muſt

With Honour part, to gain or keep a Truſt.
Where Benefits are grudg'd, and come ſo ſlow,
They more an Injury than Favour ſhew.
Since none can there obtain the Boon deſir'd,
Till Modeſty's ſhamed out, and Patience tir'd.

With Virtue, Juſtice, Truth, then ne'er pretend
To gain Friends, where thoſe Virtues have no Friend.
But there pimp, cheat, forſwear thyſelf, and lie,
Shun clowniſh Truth, and ſimple Honeſty,
To gain Court-Grace, and with the Courtier vie.

To his FRIEND, *who preſented him with a Horſe.*

YOU make me now a real Steed beſtride,
Who did before on Fancy's Courſer ride;
Poor *Pegaſus*, the Poet's founder'd Jade,
Serv'd me, as all the Brothers of the Trade.
On him we ride a hunting after Fame,
A dang'rous Chaſe, and for a paltry Game!
But you, my Eaſe and Safety to procure,
Mount me upon a Horſe, that's tame and ſure.
Yet he has one damn'd Fault, that he muſt eat;
While *Pegaſus* requir'd no kind of Meat:
Cheap, tho' unſure, no Provender *He* needs,
But, like the Race-Horſe, ſtill his Maſter feeds.

To a damn'd SCRIBLER, *who threaten'd to write againſt the* AUTHOR.

THAT thou wilt write againſt me, thou haſt ſaid,
A Threat, alas! which I but little dread:
Since, what Thou writ'ſt by none but Thee is read.
Yet if it were, ſuch wretched Stuff 'twill be,
It more will ſcandalize Thyſelf, than Me.
Thy Pen, much like the Coward's Sword, thy Shame
Will by thy weak Defence but more proclaim.

On a SEA FIGHT, *which the Author was in, betwixt the* Engliſh and Dutch.

PLUTO himſelf did tremble in his Hell,
Pale Ghoſts look'd paler, to hear new Ghoſts tell
What was in *Neptune*'s Empire done above
By Two great Fleets, that for Hell's Empire ſtrove.
Each Side, like Fiends, in Fire and Smoke did fight,
And put the Dev'l himſelf into a Fright;
For both diſpatch'd to Hell ſuch Numbers down,
That *Pluto* ſcarce could call his Realm his own.
And ſince both States to Monarchs had been Foes,
He fear'd, betwixt them, they would him depoſe.
So loud our Cannons roar'd, ſo much our Fire
Outdid his Flames from ev'ry blazing Tire,
As if th' advent'rous *Britons* ſtrove to be
Maſters of Hell, as well as of the Sea:
Or that both Parties were Confed'rates grown,
To pluck his Univerſal Empire down.
For Rebels ever by their Nature hate
The abſolute Dominion of a State,
And with the Devil himſelf would Right diſpute,
If He pretended to be Abſolute:
Juſtly he fear'd, our *Engliſh* would *rebell*,
And knew the *Dutch* the *Dev'l* would *buy* and *ſell*.

To a Well-ſhap'd LADY, *who met him by Appointment, but would not pull off her Mask.*

I.

'TWAS an unhappy happy Hour to me,
In which you met me, yet I ſaw you not;
That meeting you ſhould my Misfortune be,
Before I met you I could ne'er have thought:
Prevent my ſeeing you a way more kind,
For let me ſee, and Love will make me blind!

II.

If you would have me give my Paſſion o'er,
To ſhew yourſelf, tho' out of Spight, conſent;
Once let me ſee Thee, n'er to ſee Thee more,
Whate'er the Iſſue be, I'll be content.
If good thy Face, for Love I ſoon ſhall dye;
If bad, the firſt full Sight will ſatisfy.

To a poor Whore, who would fain have father'd a Pox on him.

TO cure your Ails, you put me in a Sweat
By a Demand which, as your Ails, is great;
And ſince you can no Baſtard to me lay,
You for another's Pox would have me pay.
But your Diſaſters, that are got at large,
Muſt e'en be patch'd up at the Publick Charge.
No private Man, in Conſcience, ſhould relieve
A Pox which Pariſhes have club'd to give.
From baudy Juſtices expect Relief,
And, as for other Fires, procure a Brief.
Since publick as Highways and Streets you are,
The Publick ought to keep you in Repair:
A Common Woman, like the Common Shore,
Should be repair'd upon the Common Score.

The Unperforming LOVER's *Apology.*

AS when our Rage does too much Paſſion vent,
Our Paſſion makes our Vengeance impotent;
So oft in Love, as Rage, Exceſs of Joy,
And Raptures ſtrain'd too high our Bliſs deſtroy.
'Twas not your Want of Charms, nor mine of Love,
Which made our Wiſhes ineffectual prove;
Our mutual Eagerneſs our Joys delay'd,
And Love its Wiſh by its Deſire betray'd.
Your too much Beauty, my too much Deſire,
Your too much Warmth in Love, my too much Fire,
Made both our Flames as more, more ſoon expire.

The Fault was not, tho' the Misfortune, mine;
I was too eager, and Thou too Divine!
Thy Beauty which invited firſt my Love,
Did firſt its fatal Diſappointment prove.
You were too good, and I too raſhly kind,
And both were croſs'd for being of a Mind.
Your Love's Impatience caus'd my Love's Delay;
Your Grant, my Pow'r to take it, took away.
Your Willingneſs to yield, was more my Shame,
My Love was baffled while it overcame.
Conſenting, and unanimous in Love,
The leſs we could each other's Kindneſs prove:
So, like two Wreſtlers, 'twas our equal Strength
Kept us from meaſuring each other's Length.
Thus 'twas our mutual Love, which did prevent
Our Satisfaction by too much Content.
Thou wert too *lovely*, to be more *belov'd*,
And I too *bleſt*, to have my Bliſs *improv'd*.

The END.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Hero and Leander

p. 75, l. 1. *Hero and Leander.* The reprint of this burlesque poem in *The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.*, Vol. II, 1729, is prefaced by the following: "The Bookseller to the Reader. *We take the Liberty to add to the former, the following small Piece, which we have undoubted Assurance was written by Mr.* Wycherley *under Twenty Years of Age. The first Production, however imperfect, of such a Genius, will not be displeasing to the Curious. It was printed in the Year* 1669, *from a very faulty Copy, even with Blanks and Omissions of half Couplets in many Places, and Interpolations of strange Lines in others, without the Name of Author, Bookseller, or Printer.*"

It must be remarked that the above is a very bold, not to say brazen, assertion. The text of 1729 is in every way inferior to the original of 1669; wholesale alterations and reckless changes are made; in many places passages of some length are omitted, the text being wrested so that this shall not be apparent.

p. 75, l. 5. *ſpightfull.* 1729: ſpiteful.

p. 75, l. 5. *ſtill 'tween.* 1729: between.

p. 75, l. 12. *Maſters.* 1729 adds a note: "This Poem was writ at the Time when *England* and *Holland* were at War by Sea. The Character of the Pilot which follows is a Satyr on some Statesman of that Age."

p. 75, l. 19. *ſcituation.* 1729: ſituation.

p. 75, l. 22. *Heaven to receive.* 1729: Heav'n-ward to receive.

p. 75, l. 22. *her Will.* 1729: its Will.

p. 75, l. 29. *With fly . . . a Swabber.* 1729 alters these two lines thus:

> With fly disguis'd, the Ocean he would rook,
> For long before he rose to be a Swabber.

p. 75, l. 30. *Eele-bobber.* 1729: Eel-bobber.

p. 76, l. 2. *Soon well.* 1729: Full well.

p. 76, l. 18. (*few Fathers doe ſo*). 1729: (few Fathers do so), adding a note, "A natural Reflection in the young Author, on his own Father's contrary Practice."

p. 76, l. 22. *In's Person.* 1729: In Person.

p. 76, l. 22. *his Implements.* 1729: of Implements.

p. 76, l. 25. *Combes.* 1729: Combs.

p. 76, l. 26. *Unleſs his Teeth.* 1729 reads: "His Teeth alone their whiteness could outvie."

p. 76, l. 41. *all good qualities.* 1729: all qualities.

p. 76, l. 42. *ſo jantyly.* 1729: Most jantyly.

p. 77, l. 16. *You ſacred Dame.* 1729 adds a note: "*Viz.* The Muse of *Hudibras.* who celebrated *Trulla*, the Mistress of *Magnano*, and the Tinker, See *Hudibras*, Part I, Cant. 2."

p. 77, l. 19. *Heros commendation.* 1729: Hero's Praises.
p. 77, l. 19. *though poor.* 1729: though Poet poor.
p. 77, l. 20. *I am, in Socket.* 1729: Yet in small Socket.
p. 77, l. 22. *Which likewiſe.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines, to continue: Hang not an Arse, good Muse—*Hero* then was.
p. 78, l. 6. *howſ'ere.* 1729: howe'er
p. 78, l. 7. *wive.* 1729: wife.
p. 78, l. 14. *And to her Mother.* 1729 omits this and the three following lines.
p. 78, l. 18. *For ſhe.* 1729: *Hero.*
p. 78, l. 29. *She made, and unmade.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 78, l. 31. *And now and then.* 1729: *Hero* full oft.
p. 78, l. 33. *The rageing.* 1729: His raging.
p. 79, l. 14. *bright Symptome.* 1729: bright Symptom, and adds a note "Red Hair."
p. 79, l. 28. *With a ſenſeleſs.* 1729: Once with a dull.
p. 79, l. 38. *or Annual Condoling.* 1729: annually condoling.
p. 79, l. 39. *Their Goddesses.* 1729 here omits twenty-eight lines, and inserts in their place one altered couplet:

> *Venus* lov'd none like him of all her Cronies,
> Good bit of Flesh, call'd as I said, *Adonis.*

p. 80, l. 25. *'im.* 1729: him.
p. 80, l. 39. *And in their warm Bed.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 80, l. 42. *Till out of Breath.* 1729: But beat the Bush till out of Breath at Home.
p. 81, l. 6. *Mean while.* 1729: Now while.
p. 81, l. 29. *Heroich Vertue.* 1729: Heroick Virtue.
p. 81, l. 34. *wont.* 1729: old.
p. 81, l. 38. *And to the Foreſt.* 1729 omits this and the following three lines.
p. 82, l. 2. *For through the ſurly.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 82, l. 12. *as bold Parthian.* 1729: like bold *Parthian.*
p. 82, l. 19. *Made a ſhew.* 1729: Made ſhew.
p. 82, l. 22. *For when the Sentinel.* 1729 adds a note: Alludes to Sir *John Denham's Cooper's-Hill,* of the Stag: But when the King a mortal Shaft lets fly, &c.
p. 82, l. 25. *toſſing his Snout.* 1729: with Snout high-toſt.
p. 82, l. 25. *the Duel.* 1729 has a note: Relates to a Duel of this Sort at that Time.
p. 82, l. 33. *To chouſe.* (To cheat.) 1729 misprints: To chuſe.
p. 82, l. 41. *Till's Stomach . . .* 1729: 'Till he his Stomach, as his Vengeance cloy'd.
p. 82, l. 42. *not only to o'erthrow.* 1729: content not to o'erthrow.
p. 83, l. 1. *Content'd but muſt.* 1729: Determin'd next to dine.
p. 83, l. 3. *while ſhe for it.* 1729: for which she starv'd.
p. 83, l. 12. *But moſt the youngſters.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines.
p. 83, l. 26. *But ſhe minding her Grief.* 1729: Fair *Hero,* Full of Grief.
p. 84, l. 22. *ſhe like her ſelf.* 1729: Frank Goddeſs, ſhe.
p. 84, l. 28. *Than in Madam.* 1729: Than e'er in fam'd.

p. 85, l. 31. *So ſhew'd her own.* 1729 omits this and the next four lines.
p. 85, l. 36. *To th' whoring.* 1729 has "Next to . . ." and writes *incog.*
p. 85, l. 39. *ramping Nymph.* 1729 notes: *Europa.*
p. 86, l. 6. *Guinnys.* 1729: Guineas.
p. 86, l. 7. *Meer Whore.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 86, l. 16. *With her he did not.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 86, l. 18. *Heav'nly Ruffian.* 1729 notes: Mars.
p. 86, l. 35. (As Francion). 1729: (Like *Francion*), and notes: In the Romance of *Francion.*
p. 87, l. 13. *And left they.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 87, l. 15. *white-breech'd.* 1729 notes: Alluding to *Homer's* Epithets, *white-arm'd* Juno, etc.
p. 87, l. 34. *no true man would grutch.* 1729: would the Sentence grutch.
p. 87, l. 35. *Her ſure the ſentence.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 87, l. 37. *Of fore-ſight.* 1729: And *Juno* ſage of Senſe.
p. 88, l. 3. *And had beſtow'd.* 1729 alters these four lines thus:

> Tho' she had favour more than that came to,
> For cunning Artist cross'd her Legs, that so . . .

p. 88, l. 11. *For there was left.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines.
p. 88, l. 21. *But ſuch as our bright Amazons.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines.
p. 88, l. 37. *Eſtrich.* 1729: Ostrich.
p. 88, l. 38. *And (as for Juno's).* 1729 omits these four lines.
p. 89, l. 11. *But ſtrait.* 1729 omits.
p. 89, l. 14. *The ſole unfeigned.* 1729 omits these three lines.
p. 89, l. 38. *heav'nly Apparition.* 1729: this blest Apparition.
p. 90, l. 12. *So Gods and him.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 90, l. 36. *thinking.* 1729: who thought.
p. 91, l. 17. *Alas, when I'm on Fire.* 1729 omits this line.
p. 91, l. 20. *We are but Paper.* 1729 omits these four lines.
p. 91, l. 32. *And four-legg'd.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 91, l. 40. *Nay when Whip.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 92, l. 5. *More generous.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 92, l. 9. *But ſuch as ne'er.* 1729 omits these three lines.
p. 92, l. 19. *and then.* 1729: and ſtrait.
p. 92, l. 20. *By force of Arms.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 92, l. 24. *And of remorſe.* 1729: Nay, of remorſe.
p. 92, l. 27. *As if Butter.* 1729 omits "if" and inserts "fair," "fair mouth."
p. 92, l. 36. *And while ſhe.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 93, l. 4. *reſponſible.* 1729: responserable.
p. 93, l. 19. *As you, becauſe you ſee.* 1729 omits this and the following seven lines.
p. 93, l. 33. *Which rais'd up lower.* 1729 omits these three lines.
p. 93, l. 40. *But ſhe good-natur'd Maid.* For these five lines 1729 substitutes:

> I to my self (quoth he) had kept my Fist,
> Had you but kept your Tongue so when you kist.

p. 94, l. 2. *Catſo, quoth Hero.* 1729: Indeed? quoth *Hero.*
p. 94, l. 18. *Therefore but for your ſatisfaction.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 94, l. 24. *For tears.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 94, l. 39. *For all your pains.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 94, l. 41. *For now not one.* 1729: No Lady now.
p. 95, l. 30. *For plaguy.* 1729 omits this and the following four lines.
p. 95, l. 39. *And none cou'd touch.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 96, l. 20. *Though he had all.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 96, l. 22. *As he ſtalk'd on ſometimes.* 1729: Whether, as he stalk'd on.
p. 96, l. 28. *'Till Emmet.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 96, l. 32. *Or in her murmuring.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 97, l. 13. *But ere the drawling.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 97, l. 15. *But firſt.* 1729: 'Twas then.
p. 97, l. 29. *Bawdy work.* 1729: Union-work.
p. 97, l. 40. *Nor unprepar'd.* 1729 omits this line.
p. 98, l. 3. *As thoſe who can't.* 1729 omits this line.
p. 98, l. 8. *Blanquet.* 1729: Blanket.
p. 98, l. 12. *Lover had ta'ne out.* 1729: Lover ſwallow'd had.
p. 98, l. 23. *Apple-pie.* For these three lines 1729 reads. Gingerbread, Custard, Prunes of her own stewing.
p. 98, l. 31. *And when ſhe had.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 98, l. 39. *But ſhe unfortunate.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 98, l. 41. *lewd Expectation.* 1729: her Expectation.
p. 99, l. 7. *And then let her.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 99, l. 22. *out's new Alliance.* 1729: As well as he cou'd, he made out his Alliance.
p. 99, l. 25. *And for his own.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 100, l. 8. *And jealous man.* 1729 omits this couplet.
p. 100, l. 10. *To this.* 1729: She said.
p. 100, l. 13. *All the World knows.* For this line 1729 reads: She was as good (confound her) as her word.
p. 100, l. 17. *When he was to return.* 1729: Then to return by fav'ring Candle-light.
p. 100, l. 20. *As he, and Hero.* 1729 omits this and the following thirteen lines.
p. 100, l. 34. *But through the huffing.* 1729: One Night, when all the surly . . .
p. 100, l. 40. *On watry hills.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines.
p. 101, l. 9. *Mean while.* 1729 omits this and the following five lines.
p. 101, l. 16. *Was fain to uſe.* 1729: The Lover us'd.
p. 101, l. 25. *Yet ſneering Fate.* 1729 omits this and the following three lines.
p. 101, l. 35. *dream'd of Flowers.* 1729: dream'd of Roses.
p. 102, l. 15. *haſty Lover.* 1729: hasty Reader.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Miscellany Poems

p. 4. *a Bubble.* A cully; a dupe. So in *The Country-Wife*, II, Alithea tells Sparkish he has been described as "A common Bubble."

p. 4. *Young Lufty Whore-Maſters.* So Dryden in a letter, 12 December, 1693, to Walsh, speaking of Congreve's *The Double-Dealer*, writes: "The gentlemen are offended with him for the discovery of their folleyes; and the way of their Intrigues, under the notion of Friendship to their Ladyes Husbands."

p. 12. *grutch.* Grudge. A frequent term. Cf. *The Way of the World*, IV, where Sir Wilfull bawls out: "'Sheart an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill." Also Crowne's *The History of Charles the Eighth of France*, produced early in December, 1671, being the first new play given at Dorset Garden, V, where Isabella says:

> No *Millane*,——
> Grutch not the love thy widow to him bears.

p. 26. *To the Duke of B*——. Parliament had been prorogued for fifteen months in November, 1675, and as soon as it met on 15 February, 1677, the Duke of Buckingham, quoting an obsolete statute of Edward III, raised the question whether the House was not dissolved. The King, who was naturally much incensed at this insolence, on the next day committed to the Tower, Buckingham together with his supporters, Shaftesbury, Wharton, and Salisbury. In the following July Buckingham was released on parole for a month, and presently, owing, as it is said, to the influence of Nell Gwyn, his enlargement was made permanent. Wycherley's sympathy is misdirected.

p. 28. *a Bawd, call'd J. C*——. Jenny Cromwell, a notorious procuress of the day. Cf. The epilogue to Lee's *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Caesar*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1675–6 (4to, 1676), spoken by Joe Haines:

> We'll deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
> And treat you like those Punks that love for pay;
> *Cartwright* and I, dress'd like two thundring Whores,
> With Rods will stand behind the Play-house Doors,
> And firk ye up each Day to Pleasures duly,
> As *Jenny Cromwell* does, or *Betty Buly*.

Betty Buly, "who began the Trade but newly," is mentioned in the extravaganza which burlesques *Macbeth*, and is printed as the Epilogue to Duffett's skit *The Empress of Morocco*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1674. She lived in Durham Yard.

In *Urania's Temple, A Satyr upon the Silent Poets* (i.e. those who wrote no threnodies on the death of Mary II), folio, 1695, we have:

> Besides Great MARY in the *Box*, our *Wit*
> Can no more reach—Our *Talent* lies more fit
> For little *Jenny Cromwell* in the Pit.

p. 48. *Loquere, ut te videam.* Cf. *Le Dépit Amoureux*, II, 8, Métaphraste, pédant seul:

> D'où vient fort à propos cette sentence expresse
> D'un philosophe: " Parle, a fin qu'on te connaisse."

p. 49. *So Fools.* The reverence paid by Orientals to madmen is of primæval origin. Cf. 1 *Samuel* xxi, 10. Also *Love for Love*, IV, where old Foresight says: " I am inclining to your *Turkish* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the Vulgar think mad."

p. 59. *The End of the Firſt Volume.* No Second Volume was ever published.

Hero and Leander

p. 75. *whuleing.* Squalling; crying. Cf. the kindred "whillaluh" =a screaming. At Sir Patrick's wake in *Castle Rackrent* there was "such a fine whillaluh, you might have heard it to the farthest end of the country."

p. 76. *Roman newly ta'ne from Plow.* L. Quintius Cincinnatus, who in 458 B.C. was called from the plough to the dictatorship in order to deliver the Roman consul and army from the perilous position in which they had been placed by the Aequians. He saved the Roman forces, defeated the enemy, and, after holding office only sixteen days, returned to his farm.

p. 76. *Cittern.* Or Cithern, an instrument of the guitar kind, but strung with wire, and played with a plectrum or quill. It was commonly kept in barbers' shops for the use of customers, and often had a grotesquely carved head. The Tyrolese form of the instrument, which is known of recent years, in England, is generally called the Zither.

p. 76. *copper Spanker.* A spanker is obsolete slang for a coin. It is generally used in the plural, as Cowley *The Cutler of Coleman Street* (1663), II, 5: "Mean Time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your plot, I'l go and provide the Spankers." Also Denham's *Dialogue* (Poems, ed. 1771), *circa* 1668: "Your cure too costs you but a spanker." The word was common until the late eighteenth century. It occurs in Foote's *Minor* (1760), and is given by Grose.

p. 77. *Magnanos dear.* Magnano was Simeon Wait, a tinker, and a hot Independent preacher. One of his favourite blasphemies styled Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil. Trulla was the daughter of James Spencer, so called because a tinker's whore was commonly dubbed his trull. See *Hudibras*, Part I, 11:

> Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
> *Magnano*, great in martial fame,
>
> . . . . .
>
> He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla*, more bright
> Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
> A bold Virago, stout and tall,
> As *Joan* of *France*, or *English Moll.*

p. 77. *merry Greeks.* A "Greek" or a "merry Greek" were long very common terms for a jovial fellow; a roysterer. In *Ralph Roister Doister* we have Matthew Merygreke, who is the parasite of the Greek New Comedy and its Latin reproductions. *Pergraecari*, in Plautus, is to spend the hours in wine, mirth, and banquets. Dick Litchfield, the Trinity barber, to whom Nashe dedicates *Have with you to Saffron Waldon*, is there described as "a rare ingenuous olde merry Greeke" (Nashe's *Works*, ed. Grosart, III, 47). Cf. *Twelfth Night*, IV, where Sebastian says to the Clown: "I prethee foolish greeke depart from me."

p. 78. *mumpt out.* Mumbled.

p. 80. *Nicker.* One who nicks it, *i.e.* hits the mark; is an expert at anything. Cf. the Prologue to Vanbrugh's *The Confederacy*, produced at the Haymarket 30 October, 1705:

> He 'as thank'd you, first, for all his decent Plays,
> Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for Praise.

p. 80. *'gan to peel.* To make off, to begone. Apparently now only surviving in American slang. Cf. Bartlett, *American Dictionary*, 1860: 'To run at full speed.' "Come boys, peel it now, or you'll be late."

p. 80. *mump'd.* Deceived; tricked. Dutch *mompen* =to cheat.

p. 80. *Ramp.* A virago; a romp. Cf. Middleton and Dekker's *The Roaring Girle* (4to, 1611), V, where Trapdoor says:

> Your son and that bold masculine ramp my mistress
> Are landed now at Tower.

p. 82. *the fly Roman.* The allusion is to the story of the battle between the Horatii, three Roman brothers, who fought with the Curiatii, three Alban brothers. Two of the Horatii fell; but the Curiatii, though alive, were severely hurt. Seeing this, the surviving Horatius, who was still untouched, pretended to fly and vanquished his wounded opponents by encountering them severally. See *Livy*, I, 25. ". . . duo Romani super alium alius vulneratis tribus Albanis exspirantes corruerunt . . . ergo ut [integer] segregant pugnam eorum, capessit fugam, ita ratus secturos, ut quemque uulnere adfectum corpus sineret. iam aliquantum spatii ex eo loco, ubi pugnatum est, aufugerat, cum respiciens uidet magnis interuallis sequentes, unum haud procul ab sese abesse. in eum magno impetu rediit, . . . iam Horatius caeso hoste uictor secundam pugnam petebat. . . ."

p. 82. *and Tartar-like. Hudibras*, I, 11, 23 sqq.

> So a wilde *Tartar* when he spies
> A man that's handsom, valiant, wise,
> If he can kill him, thinks to inherit
> His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit;
> As if just so much he enjoy'd,
> As in another is destroy'd.

p. 83. *Rosemary Posies.* In his translation of Horace, *Odes*, II, 14, Congreve turns

> neque harum quas colis arborum
> te praeter inuisas cupressos
> ulla breuem dominum sequetur,

by

> Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grots and Bow'rs,
> Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
> Nought shalt thou save;
> Unless a sprig of Rosemary thou have,
> To wither with thee in the Grave.

Rosemary was used indifferently at funerals as well as at weddings, but the former custom persisted far longer than the latter. In Plate VI of Hogarth's *The Harlot's Progress* the clergyman who presides at the harlot's obsequies has in his left hand a sprig of rosemary, and there are some branches of this herb in a platter upon the floor. Ireland says that sprigs of rosemary were always distributed on these sad occasions to the mourners, "and, to appear at a funeral without one, was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief." "It is still," writes Clerk in 1810, "frequently put into coffins of the dead." Henry Kirke White has a pleasing, if melancholic, poem *To the Herb Rosemary*, which he addresses as:

> funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
> With the pale corse in lonely tomb.

p. 84. (*Like Shock . . .*). The allusion here is to the dogs, sculptured in stone, which so commonly rest at the feet of knight and dame upon old tombs. A shock is more particularly a rough-haired dog, in especial a spaniel.

p. 85. *Arachnes bawdy Sampler.* Arachne was a Lydian maiden, daughter of Idmon of Colophon, a famous dyer in purple. Arachne, who excelled in the art of weaving, proudly challenged Athene to compete with her. The goddess accepted, and wove an embroidery which depicted the Olympians in all their dignity. The tapestry of Arachne showed the amours of the gods—Jupiter who as a bull enjoyed Europa; as an eagle Asterie, daughter of Caeus; as a swan Leda; as a satyr Antiope; as a shower of gold Danae; as a bright flame of fire Ægina, daughter of King Asopus; as a shepherd Mnemosyne; as a speckled serpent Deois. She also wove the story of Canace, whom Neptune seduced under the form of a bull, and of Iphimedeia, with whom the same god lay when he had assumed the shape of Thessalian Enipeus. There too was Theophane, transformed to a ewe, upon whom Neptune, as a sheep, begot the Ram with the Fleece of Gold. Nor were the strange loves of Mother Ceres with the sea-king forgotten; nor yet his pleasaunce with Medusa; and his rape, disguised as a dolphin, of fair Melantho. Phoebus Apollo, also, she shewed, and how vestured as a shepherd lad he won the favour of Isse; and Bacchus, crouching beneath the enchanted grapes to have his will of Erigone; and old Saturn, who as a neighing horse became the sire of wise Chiron. But Athene, angered at the scandal, yet unable to find fault with the work, tore the web asunder, whereupon Arachne in despair hanged herself. The goddess immediately changed the halter into a tiny filament, and the maiden became a spinning spider ever weaving her thread. See Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VI, 1–145.

p. 85. *Fawns Scut.* Scut is the technical term for the short tail of any animal (especially a hare), still in country use. Cf. Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, 4to, 1682, I, 2: "Thou art always coursing 'em about, and when you are at the very scut of them, thou loosest 'em." Also *The Way of the World*, III, 1, where Sir Wilfull cries: "And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly!"

p. 85. *Frizlanders Montier.* A montero was a hunting-cap with two flaps for the ears. Tuesday, 20 March, 1660, Pepys saw "two monteeres for me to take my choice of, and I chose the saddest colour." So in an old Prologue, which was afterwards prefixed to the second edition of Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer; or, The Moor's Revenge*, we have:

> You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay,
> There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
> And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot;
> Or, in Montero-Caps, at Feldfares shoot.

p. 86. *Asteria.* Daughter of the Titan Coeus and Phoebe, sister of Latona, wife of Perses, and (in some authors) mother of Hecate. In order to escape the embraces of Jupiter she is said to have taken the form of a quail (*ortyx*), and to have cast herself down from heaven into the sea, where she was metamorphosed into the island *Asteria* (the isle which had fallen from the sky like a star), or *Ortygia*, afterwards called Delos. Cicero makes her the mother of the Tyrian Hercules, for when discussing the various forms under which this hero was worshipped he writes: "Quartus est Iouis et Asteriae, Latonae sororis, qui Tyri maxime colitur; cuius Carthaginem filiam ferunt." *De Natura Deorum*, III, xvi, 42.

p. 86. *Springes.* A trap or snare to catch animals or birds. *Hamlet*, I, 3: "Ay, springes to catch woodcocks."

p. 86. (*As Francion*). The allusion is to an incident in Charles Sorel's picaresque romance *La vraie Histoire Comique de Francion* (1662), Book VII, where a misadventure befalls the amorous count during his wooing of the doctor's daughter: "De fortune il y avoit avec lui un gentil homme qui touchoit fort bien un luth, il le prie d'en prendre un, et le fit cacher derrière lui, pour jouer quelques pièces dessus, tandis qu'il entiendrait un autre avec lequel on croirait que ce fût lui qui jouât, ayant opinion qu'il enterolt d'autant plus aux bonnes grâces de sa maîtresse s'il la faisoit paroître qu'ii était donné de cette gentile perfection. Mais le grand malheur pour lui fût qu'il y avoit une des compagnons de la fille du médecin qui sçavait bien jouer de cet instrument, et voyant qu'il ne faisoit que couler les doigts sur les touches du sien elle reconnut que n'étoit pas lui qui faisoit produire l'harmonie. Même elle en fut plus certaine après avoir monté un étage plus haut d'où elle aperçut l'autre qui jouoit." Excellent use has been made of this slight incident by Dryden in Act V of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday, 1st August, 1668. The blunderer attempts to serenade his mistress, and whilst he fumbles at his lute, Warner, his man, who is concealed, plays and sings for him. The trick is discovered by the foolish knight grimacing and thrumming his instrument long after the music has ceased.

p. 86. *Æolian maidenhead.* Canace, or Arne, the daughter of Æolus, was enjoyed by Neptune under the form of a bull.

> Tu quoque mutatum toruo, Neptune, iuuenco
> Uirgine in Æolia posuit.
>
> Ovid. *Metamorphoseon*, VI, 115–6.

p. 87. *nimming.* Thieving. A very common word. Cf. Nym in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry V.* Also in *The Beggar's Opera*, Nimming Ned, a member of Macheath's gang. Cf. also L'Estrange, *Fables*, 1694: "They . . . would still be nimming something or other for the very love of thieving."

p. 87. *Mercury.* Mercury lay with the daughter of Cecrops, Herse, who was honoured at Athens in the festival of the Arrephoria or Hersephoria, when maidens in procession carried dew-laden branches.

p. 87. *Saturn.* Saturn, in the form of a horse, enjoyed Philyra, who became the mother of the centaur, Chiron.

Ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit.

Ovid. *Metamorphoseon*, VI, 126.

p. 87. *grutch.* Grudge. Cf. *The Way of the World*, IV, where Sir Wilfull says: "'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill."

p. 87. (*Like Angelo*'s). Michael Angelo's great fresco of the Last Judgement in the Sistine Chapel took eight years to complete. It was begun by command of Clement VII (1523–1534), and finished under Paul III in 1541.

p. 88. *Trulla.* A tinker's whore, commonly called his "trull."

p. 88. *Spaniſh Monarch.* When Madame D'Aulnoy was present at the *entrée* of Marie d'Orleans, bride of Charles II of Spain, into Madrid, 13 January, 1680, she tells us that the Queen wore a hat trimmed with white and scarlet feathers, and the pearl called the *Peregrina*, which is as big as a small pear, and of inestimable value, hanging from the agraffe of diamonds which looped up the brim.

p. 89. *Chalkes Temptation.* Cf. The conclusion of the Song in Shadwell's *The Miser*, II:

I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,
And nothing but *Chalk, Lime*, or *Oatmeal* can eat:
But in my Despair I'll die, if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a Man.

p. 92. *ſuch a Tearer.* A Tearer is a rampant whore. Cf. *The Old Batchelour*, IV, where Sir Joseph cries to Bluffe: "Hist, hist, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers?"

p. 94. *Catſo.* Italian *cazzo*, which is perhaps sufficiently explained by Gifford as "a cant exclamation, generally expressive among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance or contempt." *Cazzo diabolo*, cries Barabas in *The Jew of Malta.* The anglicized form *Catso* is common.

p. 95. *Lime-twig Words.* Words to catch or ensnare her.

p. 95. *Or where ſhe itch'd.* Cf. Stephano's catch in *The Tempest*, II, 2:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch.

p. 95. *black's my Eye.* To say Black is anyone's Eye (eyebrow, nail, etc.), is to find fault with, lay anything to his charge. Cf. *Tom Jones*, IX, iv: "I defy anybody to say black is my eye."

p. 96. *a Quaiting*=a Quoiting. Chucking stones about idly.

p. 96. *Anagram.* A word or sentence formed by transposing the letters of another word or sentence. Cf. *Mac Flecknoe*, 203–4:

> Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
> In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.

p. 98. *Juſt-au-Corps.* A sort of jacket called a *justacorps* came into fashion in Paris about 1650. M. Quicherat informs us that a pretty Parisienne, the wife of a *maître de comptes*, named Belot, was the first who appeared in it. In a ballad called *The New-made Gentlewoman*, written in the reign of Charles II, occurs the line: "My justico and black patches I wear." Mr. Fairholt suggested that justico may be a corruption of just-au-corps. Planché, *Cyclopaedia of Costume*, I, 318. 28 April, 1667, Pepys saw the Duchess of Newcastle "naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black just-au-corps." Dryden's *The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677–8, IV: "*Aldo.* Give her out the flower'd *Juſtacorps* with the Petticoat belonging to't." Also Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682, I: "Wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd have strapt your Just-au-corps, for puleing after Cavaliers and Noblemen."

p. 98. *Botargo.* A relish made of the roe of the mullet or tunny. The word is found as early as 1598. *Epulario.* To make Botarge, a kind of Italian meat, fish spawn salted. Cf. Pepys, 5 June, 1661: "Drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo, and bread and butter." Botargo was chiefly used to promote drinking by causing thirst.

p. 98. *Flip-flaps.* Biscuits; light delicacies; toothsome trifles. (Sometimes a flip-flap is a pancake.) In modern American slang, probably derived from this, it means a kind of cake or bun. Cf. Besant and Rice, *The Golden Butterfly*, XVIII: "As we sat over her dough-nuts and flipflaps."

p. 98. *Florentine.* "A made Dish of Minced Meats, Currans, Spice, Eggs, etc., Bak'd." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (*circa* 1700). Cf. Hake's *Newes Powles Churchyarde* (1567–1579), "With Custardes, Tarts, and Florentines the banquet to amende." From Mrs. Hardcastle's bill of fare Young Marlow read: "Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff-taff-taffety cream!" *She Stoops to Conquer*, II, produced at Covent Garden, 15 March, 1773.

p. 98. *Stypone.* A kind of wine made from raisins with lemon-juice and sugar added. Cf. Etherege, *The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub* (4to, 1664), V, 4: "Do you not understand the Mystery of *Stiponie, Jenny*?" Also Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1674, I, where Stephania says: "Let off the Bottles of Stepony, they may think th'are Guns."

p. 99. *his Nap.* His neck.

p. 99. *Col-ſtaff.* Latin, *collum.* A staff by which two men carry a load, one end of the pole resting on a shoulder of each porter. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III: "Where's the cowl-staff?" At the conclusion of Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause*, produced at Dorset

Garden early in 1682, Wariston "Goes to run away, they get him on a Colt-staff, with *Ananias* on another, Fidlers playing *Fortune my Foe*, round the Fire."

p. 101. *chous'd.* Cheated. Cf. *The Wild Gallant*, II, 1: "You shall chouse him of Hores, Cloaths, and Mony."

p. 101. *dream'd of Flowers.* The rules for the interpretation of dreams are far from universal. To dream of daffodils is often held to denote loss and misfortune; but lilies, on the contrary, portend joy. The second edition, 1729, reads: "dream'd of Roses." If an English country girl dreams of roses she should expect luck and happiness, but the *paysanne* of Normandy dreads disappointment and vexation for the very same reason. Many fortune-telling books say that to dream of roses denotes successful love, not unmixed, however, with sorrow from other sources.

p. 101. *Haut-Ghoſt.* A fragrant whiff. Haut-goût, a relish or savoury. That the lamp should be extinguished was accounted a bad omen.

Posthumous Works

p. 105. *Scribendi Cacoethes.* Juvenal, VII, 51–2:

> tenet insanabile multos
> Scribendi cacoethes.

p. 105. *round unthinking Faces.* Pope's Sir Plume in *The Rape of the Lock*, IV, 125: "With earnest Eyes and round unthinking Face."

p. 106. *Temple of Ephesus.* The first architect of the temple of Artemis (Diana) at Ephesus was the Cretan Chersiphron (seventh to sixth century B.C.), but it was afterwards enlarged. It was situated on the bank of the river Selinus. This building, which was accounted one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, was burnt by Herostratus (356 B.C.) on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great. It was, however, rebuilt, almost in the same proportions, by the architect Dinocrates. It was stripped of its riches by Nero, and finally destroyed by the Goths in A.D. 262. Herostratus boasted that he had fired the temple in order to win an immortal name.

p. 106. *Pulchrum est.* Wycherley's reference is incorrect. This famous line is not from Juvenal, but from Persius, *Satira* I, 28.

p. 108. *fine Words out of Use.* Cf. Dr. Johnson's *Lines Written in Ridicule of Certain Poems Published in 1777:*

> Whereso'er I turn my view,
> All is strange, yet nothing new;
> Endless labour all along,
> Endless labour to be wrong;
> Phrase that time has flung away,
> Uncouth words in disarray,
> Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
> Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

p. 108. *Nihil jam est dictum.* This should be: "Nullum est iam dictum, quod non dictum sit prius." Prologue to the *Eunuchus*, 41.

p. 109. *A Collection of Maxims.* Of these a number are taken from La Rochefoucauld, *Maximes*, 1665, but they have been turned with much wit and nice point. Thus XXX is: "Les vieillards donnent de bon préceptes pour se consoler de ne plus pouvoir donner de mauvais exemples." CII: "L'absence diminue les médiocres passions et augmente les grandes, comme le vent éteint les bougies et allume le feu." LVII is from Seneca's *Epistles*, III, 3. Seneca has just said "cum amico omnes curas, omnes cogitationes tuas misce," and he continues "Fidelem si putaueris, facies. Nam quidam fallere docuerunt, dum timent falli, et illi ius peccandi

suspicando fecerunt." Cf. Metastasio's *La Clemenza di Tito*, (originally produced at Vienna 4 November, 1734), I, 2:

Vitellia. Chi cieccamente crede,
Impegna a serbar fede:
Chi sempre inganni aspetta,
Alletta ad ingannar.

p. 121. *CXII. The Silence of a wiſe Man.* "This is a noble observation, and looks profoundly into the wants of society." Leigh Hunt.

p. 121. *CXIX. old Deucalion's Fable.* See Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, I, 318, *sqq.* Vergil, *Georgics*, I, 62–3, writes:

Deucalion uacuum lapides iactauit in orbem,
unde homines nati, durum genus.

p. 122. *CXXIX. A Diſhoneſt Trimmer.* The Trimmers affected to compromise between the Tories and the Whigs. They are well hit off by Dryden in the Epilogue to *The Duke of Guise*, produced at Drury Lane in December, 1682:

We *Trimmers* are for holding all things even.—
Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.—
. . . . . .
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither Fish nor Flesh nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they: nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a kind of Bat;
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.

See also *The Impartial Trimmer* (1682). *State Poems* (1710), I, 1, 166–8.

p. 143. *Tota licet veteres.* Juvenal, VIII, 19, 20.

p. 144. *Pulchrius multo parari.* Ausonius. *Septem Sapientum Sententiae*, Septenis uersibus ab eodem Ausonio explicatae. *Solon Atheniensis*, 5.

p. 144. *fruges conſumere nati.* Horace, *Epistolarum*, I, 2, 27.

p. 145. *If I may be allow'd to quote a Saint . . . Nihil aliud. Flores Doctorum pene omnium, Qui tum in Theologia, tum in Philosophia hactenus claruerunt, Per Thomam Hibernicum olim. . . . collecti, ac ordine Alphabetico digesti*: 1614, [Ex typographia Jacobi Stoer, *sine loco*] has p. 675 under *Nobilitas*: "Nihil aliud uideo in nobilitate appetendum, nisi quod nobiles quadam necessitate constringantur, ne ab antiquorum probitate degenerent. Non enim datur nobili patri palma, sed cursui, & plerumque nobilitas carnis ignobilitatem parit mentis." The marginal reference attached to this passage is *Ibidem*, that for the previous quotation being *Hieron. in quadam ep.* Exactly the same extract is given in column 1941 of Josephus Langius' *Polyanthea*, Lyons, 1659. The reference after the quotation is *ibid.* The reference for the previous quotation being *Hier. in quadam epist.* Langius gives the quotation under *Nobilitas*, where it is the fourth extract among "Patrum Sententiae."

Thomas Hibernicus, according to the 1858 edition of J. A. Fabricius'

Bibliotheca Latina mediae et infimae aetatis, "alias Palmeranus siue Palmerstonensis, in agro Kildariensi natus, Doctor Sorbonicus aliquando docuit, mortuus in monasterio Aquilae regni Neapolitani anno 1269." The first printed edition of the *Flores* is said to be 1483.

Apparently Lange took over practically the whole contents of the *Flores* for his collection. In the present article Lange has twenty-five quotations from the Fathers against seventeen in the earlier collection, but fifteen of these latter, in the same order, occur in Lange.

Wycherley, no doubt, derived his "Nihil aliud uideo . . ." from one of the above books or from some similar collection of commonplaces. But the quotation from S. Jerome's *Epistolae*, "a certain letter," seems vague. Further, Boethius, *Philosophiae Consolatio*, III, 6, has: "Quod si quid est in nobilitate bonum, id esse arbitror solum, ut imposita nobilibus necessitudo uideatur, ne a maiorum uirtute degeneret." This must have some connexion with the quotation in the commonplace book. One may compare Cassiodorus, *Variarum*, VIII, 16: "Similitudinem suorum felix uena custodit: quando pudet delinquere, qui similia nequeunt reperize. Hinc est, quod melius agnoscitur, elegisse nobilem, quam fecisse felicem: quia iste commonitus, per ueterum se facta custodit: ille exemplum non habet, nisi quod fecerit." Nor must Juvenal be forgotten: "Nobilitas sola est, atque unica uirtus."

p. 146. *as Plutarch obſerves.* The passage intended occurs in the *Lives* at the end of the Life of Sulla, being the Comparison of Lysander and Sulla; ii. 1, . . . ὃ καὶ φύσει που δίκαιον ἐδόκει, τὸν ἐξ ἀρίστων ἄριστον ἄρχειν ἐν πόλει τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἡγουμένῃ δι' ἀρετήν, καὶ οὐ δι' εὐγένειαν. Bernadotte Perrin, the translator in the *Loeb* series, thus renders it: "And it seemed but natural justice, in a way, that the best of the best should rule in a city which had the leadership in Hellas, by virtue of his excellence and not of his noble birth."

p. 151. *Mr. Waller.* Edmund Waller died at his home, Hall Barn, 21 October, 1687, and was buried on 26 October in Beaconsfield churchyard.

p. 151. *Vandike.* This is an extremely interesting reference. Vandyck was born at Antwerp, 22 March, 1599, and he died in London, 9 December, 1641.

p. 153. *Leaden Byaſs.* The bias here is the construction or form of the bowl imparting an oblique motion. The word is also applied to "the oblique line in which a bowl runs, and the kind of impetus given to cause it to run obliquely."

p. 153. *Cunctation.* Perhaps Wycherley was thinking of Fabius Cunctator.

p. 154. *Mr. Dryden's wanting an Epitaph.* "From some lines in the first of these collections ["*Luctus Britannici*, or the Tears of the British Muses for the death of John Dryden, Esq., late Poet Laureate, &c." Published 19 June, 1700.] we learn that there was then a general expectation that Mr. Montague would speedily erect a monument in Westminster-Abbey to the poet, of whom he had lately become a patron: but his remains lay so long without any memorial that Garth, at the end of seventeen years, publickly lamented, that he who could make Kings immortal, and raise triumphal arches to heroes, wanted a poor square foot of stone to show

where his ashes were deposited." Malone, *Life of Dryden* (1800), I, pp. 383–4. For Garth's comment see the Preface to the folio translation of Ovid, 1717. In 1717 Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, ordered a monument to be erected to Dryden, and received therefor a very handsome compliment from Congreve in the Dedication to Dryden's *Dramatick Works*, six volumes (12mo, 1717). But nothing was done. Finally John Sheffield, formerly Earl of Mulgrave and Marquis of Normanby, now become Duke of Buckingham, roused, it is said, by some lines intended for the tomb of Rowe, who died 6 December, 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 19 December, defrayed the charge of a simple monument to Dryden. This probably did not cost more than an hundred guineas. Various inscriptions were suggested, and the matter was placed in Pope's hands. The following words were at last adopted: "J. Dryden. Natus 1632. Mortuus 1 Maii. 1700. Joannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit. 1730."

p. 176. *To a Doctor of Phyſick.* Sir Richard Blackmore, whose *A Satyr against Wit*, which contains some reflections on Dryden, was published in 1699. There is a rejoinder to Blackmore, "A Satyr upon a late Pamphlet, entitled, A Satyr against Wit." Folio. Price 4d. 1700.

p. 198. *Almanzor-like.* *The Conquest of Granada*, II, 4, 3.

Almahide. My light will sure discover those who talk—
Who dares to interrupt my private walk?
Almanzor. He, who dares love, and for that love must die,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

p. 218. *Sir Godfrey Kneller.* Born at Lübeck, 8 August, 1646; died in London, 27 October, 1723. He was knighted at Kensington by William III, 3 March, 1691, and by George I created a Baronet in 1715.

p. 221. *Alexander.* See Quintus Curtius *De Rebus Gestis Alexandri Magni*, IV, 7, the visit of Alexander to the temple of Ammon. "At tum quidem regem propius adeuntem maximus natu e sacerdotibus *filium* adpellat; *hoc nomen illi parentem Iouem reddere* adfirmans. Ille *se uero* ait, et accipere et adgnoscere; Humanae sortis oblitus. Consuluit deinde, *an totius orbis fatis sibi destinaret pater?* uates, aeque in adulationem compositus, *terrarum omnium rectorem fore ostendit.* Humanae sortis oblitus, quamquam uulnera, uenena, mors illum saepe suae sortis admonuerunt. Pater Alexandri, Philippus, ut nunquam se hominem in tanta felicitate oblivisceretur, quotidie praecepit ephebo, ut mane ingressus Regis conclaue, proclamaret: *Philippe, memento te hominem esse.*" On the point of death Alexander "detractum annulum digito, Perdiccae tradidit; adiectis mandatis, *ut corpus suum ad Hammonem ferri iuberet.*" Quintus Curtius, X, 5. Ammon (better Hammon) was a name of Jupiter, worshipped in Africa under the form of a ram, on the present oasis Siwah. His oracle was world-famous.

p. 221. *Lucullus.* The celebrated conqueror of Mithridates, who on his return from that war, divorced his wife Clodia, the daughter of Appius Claudius

Pulcher, on account of her licentiousness and profligacy. See Plutarch, *Lucullus*, 38.

p. 221. *Cæsar.* There was grave suspicion that Julius Cæsar's second wife Pompeia, daughter of Quintus Pompeius and granddaughter of Lucius Sylla, was debauched by the demagogue Clodius. See Suetonius, *Julius Cæsar*, 5: "In Corneliae autem locum Pompeiam duxit, Q. Pompeii filiam, L. Sullae neptem: cum qua deinde diuortium fecit, adulteratam opinatus a P. Clodio: quem inter publicas caerimonias penetrasse ad eam muliebri ueste tam constans fama erat, ut senatus quaestionem de pollutis sacris decreuerit."

p. 221. *Pompey* the Great was married five times: (1) Antistia, 86 B.C., with whom he contracted a connexion to obtain a favourable judgement from her father Antistius, president of a court before which Pompey was to appear. Four years later he divorced her to marry (2) Aemilia, Sulla's stepdaughter. (3) Mucia, whom he divorced in 62 B.C. (4) The beloved Julia, 59 B.C., who died September, 54 B.C. (5) Cornelia, who saw her husband murdered.

p. 221. *Antonine.* The allusion is probably to Antoninus Pius, emperor A.D. 138–161, whose wife was Faustina the elder. Of him Julius Capitolinus writes: "De huius uxore multa dicta sunt ob nimiam libertatem et uiuendi facilitatem, quae iste cum animi dolore compressit." His successor, Marcus Aurelius, was married to his daughter, Faustina the younger, whose debaucheries were notorious throughout all Rome.

p. 221 *Lepidus.* M. Aemilius Lepidus the triumvir, *ob.* 13 B.C. His wife was Junia, the sister of that Brutus who murdered Cæsar. When Cicero was in Cilicia, in 50 B.C., he was told that she was not faithful to Lepidus; he speaks of her portrait as having been found among the chattels of P. Vedius, a notorious debauchee, and expresses his surprise at her brother and her husband taking no notice of her conduct.

p. 222. *Tunbridge.* "The place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable," says Grammont in his account of the visit paid to Tunbridge Wells by Queen Catharine of Braganza. Rochester has a famous satire *Tunbridge Wells.* A good comedy, *Tunbridge Wells; or a Daies Courtship* (sometimes ascribed to Rawlins, and by Antony à Wood to Sir Charles Sedley), was produced at the Duke's house in the spring of 1678, and printed quarto the same year. Burr's *History of Tunbridge Wells* will be found to give a very full account of that famous resort.

p. 223. *The Bill of Fare.* See Buckingham's famous *Timon, a Satyr. In Imitation of Monsieur Boleau, upon several Passages in some new Plays then acted upon the Stage.*

p. 224. *rivel'd.* Wrinkled. A fat double chin.

p. 225. *Stum.* Dead and insipid wine invigorated by mixing new wine with it and so raising a fresh fermentation.

p. 225. *Frontiniac.* A muscat wine made at Frontignan in the department of Hérault, France. Cf. Davenant, *The Wits*, licensed 9 January, 1633–4,

and produced a little later in the same month (4to, 1636), IV, 1, where Pallatine the Younger taunts his brother with

> Nothing could please your haughty Pallat
> But the Muskatelli and Frontiniack Grape.

p. 226. *Donne.* This allusion to Donne, as showing Wycherley's admiration for that great poet, is particularly interesting.

p. 226. *Lutrin's dull Tranſlator.* A note refers this to Crowne, but a correction was afterwards made: "Not *Crown*, (as is mistakingly said in the Contents to Vol. I) but *Ozell*, who had just at that time made a poor version of *Boileau's Lutrin*, and in it reflected upon Mr. *Wycherley* by Name."

The first four cantos of *Le Lutrin* were published 1672–4, the two concluding cantos 1681–3. A version of *Le Lutrin* entitled *Daeneids* had been made by Crowne (4to, 1692), licensed 27 January, 169½. This was reprinted in *The Third Part of Miscellany Poems*, 1716, with a separate title-page, *The Church Scuffle*, etc., and the imprint is "Printed in the Year MDCCXVI." Ozell's translation of *Le Lutrin*, dedicated to Halifax, was published in 1708, and prefaced by "Some Account of Boileau's Writings and this Translation," signed 24 April, 1708, by Rowe, who is highly complimented in the English version. It would appear that Cobb, a master at Christ's Hospital, and Johnson both assisted Ozell. The reference to Wycherley may be found in Canto V:

> All arm themselves with Ammunition-Books,
> Contract their Brows, and threaten with their Looks:
> One with vindictive Hand light *Durfey* shakes:
> Another, *Wycherley* more weighty, takes;
> A third tore *Wesley* from the dusty Wood,
> Where long untouch'd the mouldy *Epick* stood.

The allusion is, of course, to the folio *Miscellany Poems*, 1704. Ozell has substituted English authors in place of the original names. Rowe in his "Some Account of Boileau's Writings . . ." which introduces Ozell's version, says: "Indeed I think the whole translation to be so well done in the main, and so entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken notice of, for the sake of the Beauties." See the *Epigram* on Ozell, p. 70.

p. 226. *the Biter.* Rowe's solitary excursion into comedy has considerable merit of its kind. But Congreve, writing to Keally, 9 December, 1704, says: "Rowe writ a foolish farce called the *Biter*, which was damned." Yet one may entirely agree with Genest in his commendation of the piece, and with Lowe, who says: "It is a brisk bustling farce, with an amusing plot, good humorous characters, and fairly bright dialogue." Sir Timothy Tallapoy, "a great affecter of the *Chinese* customs" (Betterton); Pinch, "a Biting Squire" (Pack); and Lady Stale, "An affected, amorous old Widow" (Mrs. Leigh), are especially happy. The scenes, moreover, must have been magnificently acted with Verbruggen, Booth, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Barry in the cast. *The Biter*

was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 4 December, 1704, and printed quarto the following year. The piece was performed six times, and Dr. Johnson tells us that "although it was unfavourably treated by the audience [Rowe] was himself delighted, for he is said to have sat in the house, laughing with great vehemence when he had in his own opinion produced a jest." Lowe even goes so far as to question Dr. Johnson's accuracy, and says "the anecdote lacks confirmation." He is mistaken, for Congreve's words are conclusive.

p. 227. *Treaty of Nimeguen.* Or rather the Peace of Nymegen, 1678–9, actually consisting of four treaties, as a result of which Louis XIV reached the greatest height of his power.

p. 229. *Ad Lesbiam è Zannazariô.* Jacopo Sannazaro, Jacopo à Santo Nazaro (Actius Sincerus Sannazarus), the famous Italian and Latin poet, was born at Naples, 28 July, 1458; he died at Rome in August, 1530. In his youth he wrote an exquisite pastoral romance, *Arcadia*, blending the charm of fluent *terza rima*, *canzoni*, and sestines with the polished periods of roseate prose. A scholarly edition was issued by Scherillo, Turin, 1888. But Sannazaro's reputation is chiefly founded upon his Latin poems. The *Ecologiae piscatoriae*, written where the loveliness of the seashore is nowhere felt more vividly—on the bay of Naples, are full of exquisite pictures, and he has been aptly said to have brought the pastoral Muses down to the wave-kissed golden sand. But his chief work is that epic on the birth of Christ which cost him twenty years of labour, and not undeservedly won for him the name of "Our Christian Vergil," *De Partu Virginis*, a masterpiece of devout and brilliant genius. Praised by Leo X before it was published, this epic greatly delighted Clement VII, to whom it is dedicated, and who on 5 August, 1527, addressed the poet a letter of warmest congratulation with the Apostolic Benediction. Many of the lighter poems of Sannazaro are exceedingly delightful, but it should be remarked that his epigrams are often barbed political libels and untruth. One of the most recent studies of this poet is by Belon, *De Sannazarii uita et operibus*, Paris, 1895.

p. 234. *Sir John Cutler.* Of Sir John Cutler (1608?–93), a wealthy London merchant, whose avarice handed down by gossip and tradition has become immortal, a full account may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He died 15 April, 1693, worth £300,000, according to Lutrell. His only daughter, Elizabeth, married Charles Bodville Robartes, Earl of Radnor, and died issueless, 13 January, 1696.

p. 235. *boult the Matter to the Bran.* To bolt is to pass through a sieve, and *to boult the Matter to the Bran* means to sift or to examine thoroughly. Jasper Heywood, *Proverbes and Epigrams* (1562), has: "Fancy may boult bran and make ye take it floure." Cf. Pope, *Odyssey* (folio, 1725), XX, 134:

To bolt the bran
From the pure flour.

p. 237. *th' Ovidian Boy.* Narcissus, who fell in love with his own reflection, mirrored in a fountain, and pined to death.

Attenuatus amore
Liquitur; et caeco paulatim carpitur igni.

Whereupon the gods transform him to a flower.

Nusquam corpus erat: croceum pro corpore florem
Inueniunt, foliis medium cingentibus albis.

Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, III, 339–510.

p. 238. *a Poetical Philoſopher.* Thomas Creech (1659–1700), Fellow of All Souls, the translator of (1682) and commentator upon (1695) Lucretius. He was a sufferer from melancholia, and in June, 1700, after having been missing for five days his body was discovered in a garret at the house of Mr. Ives, an apothecary with whom he lodged. He had committed suicide very deliberately, but at the coroner's inquest he was found *non compos mentis*. The precise reasons for his act were much debated at the time. One rumour, which was current, that he had killed himself through sympathy with the principles of Lucretius is wholly unworthy of credence. There were printed after his death two tracts: "*A Step to Oxford*, or a Mad Essay on the Reverend Mr. Tho. Creech's hanging himself (as 'tis said) for love. With the Character of his Mistress [Miss Philadelphia Playdell, of S. Giles, Oxford], 1700," and "*Daphnis*, or a Pastoral Elegy upon the unfortunate and much-lamented death of Mr. Thomas Creech," 1700, and, second edition (corrected), 1701. Also reprinted in *A Collection of the best English Poetry*, Vol. I, 1717.

p. 248. *On a Sea Fight.* Leigh Hunt in his notice of Wycherley says: "we guess the fight to have been that with Opdam, the same in which his friend Lord Dorset was present, and that occasioned the gay verses 'To all you ladies now at land.'" The Duke of York gained a naval victory over Opdam, 3 June, 1665. The superficial Macaulay with some impertinent reflections says of this sea fight: "We believe that it was one of the battles between Rupert and De Ruyter, in 1673." In any case the point cannot be exactly decided, but Leigh Hunt is probably correct.

THE
LIST OF POEMS, &c.

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The World Unmask'd. (*A* Satyr.) *Againſt all Vain Pretenders, their Hypocriſie, Affectation, and Vanity; which generally make Men diſappoint their own Ends, by their own Deſires.* *Page* 3

A Song *to* Lucinda: *Upon the News of her Returning to Town in* Winter; *and, her Enquiry by Letter,* How Things went in Town, ſince her Departure. 6

To Play the Fool in General, is to be Wiſe in Particular: To a Conceited Fop, *who pretended to be more Wiſe, as more Singular.* 7

(*A* Song.) *To an* Antiquated Miſtress, *accuſed by her of Falſeneſs, and not being the ſame Man he was once to her; but call'd a* Renegade *to Love and Beauty.* 8

Upon a Lady's *Fine* Back-Side, *it being her Beſt Side; ſeen by chance, and given for a Subject to Write upon.* 10

A Song, *in praiſe of* Solitude. 13

In Praiſe of Induſtry *and* Action, (*preferr'd to* Good Senſe, Thought, *or* Wit,) *in* Buſineſs *or* Love; *to a* Miſtreſs, *who commanded her* Lover *to ſit ſtill, and be more Quiet, to be leſs Idle.* 14

The Recantation. (*A* Song.) *To a Vain, Inſenſible Miſtreſs, who ſaid,* Her Beauty, as her Heart, was her own; *asking her* Lover, What he thought of her and them. 16

Againſt Induſtry: *To a* Laborious Poetaſter, *who preferr'd* Induſtry *to* Wit. 17

To a Lady, *with* Sleepy Eyes, *and a* Cloudy Look; *affecting to make her* Eyes *more* Sleepy *by* Art, *than they were by* Nature. 18

The Poor Lover *to his* Rich Miſtreſs, *about to* Marry *his* Coxcombly Rival; *but for his making better* Preſents, *and offering* Better Settlements *to her.* 19

(*A* Song.) *To* Phillis, *the Cruel, and Proud.* 22

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(*A* Song.) *To a* Lady *ſomething Superannuated, who ſtood more upon her* Good Name, *than the* Ill Deed *of* Love; *and told her* Lover, She 'was afraid, he cou'd not keep a Lady's Secret. 25

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